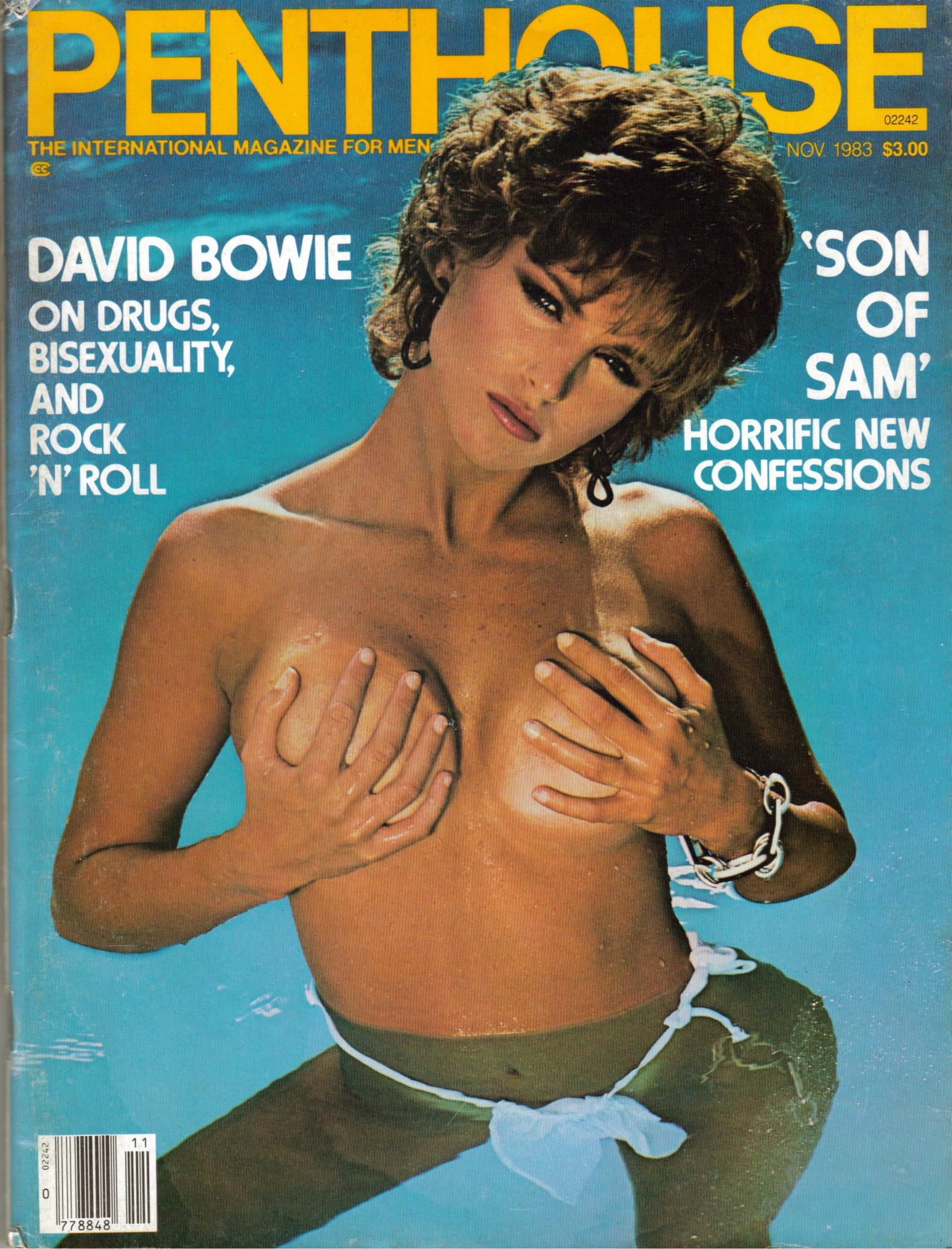
PENTHOUSE
02242
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
NOV. 1983 $3.00
DAVID BOWIE
ON DRUGS, BISEXUALITY, AND ROCK 'N' ROLL
'SON OF SAM'
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This month's cover features Pet of the Month Lale Hansen, who was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and a Norman 200B portable strobe. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 37.

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Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, California 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831; *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181.
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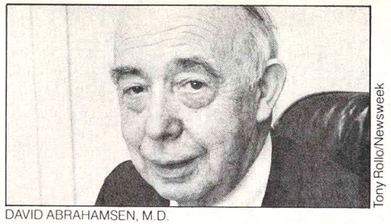

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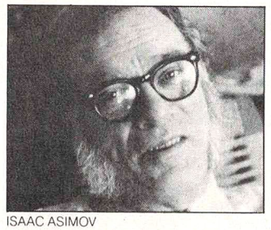

ISAAC ASIMOV

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HOUSECALL

"I circled the car at a distance like an animal stalking its prey.... I approached, took my revolver out of a paper bag....I faced Donna, aimed my gun...and fired all five rounds very rapidly at the window. And I just saw the glass come in. My eyes were transfixed to the glass. Thousands of little pieces–you could see them, you know. You could see...almost count every one... I saw Donna. She had dark hair. She was covering herself from the glass....I was still pulling the trigger and it was clicking, but I didn't know it." Thus did **David Berkowitz**, the notorious "Son of Sam," whose brutal and apparently random murders held New York City hostage for a year, describe his first "job" in an extraordinary series of interviews with well-known psychiatrist and author Dr. **David Abrahamsen**. Abrahamsen, who testified that the so-called .44-caliber killer was mentally fit to stand trial, had received a strange letter from Berkowitz almost a year after Berkowitz was sentenced to several hundred years in Attica prison. The Son of Sam wanted to discuss fully his life and crimes in an attempt to understand why he was driven to kill. Abrahamsen's horrifying but revealing, and even moving, account, "Confessions of 'Son of Sam'" (page 60), is adapted from his forthcoming book about the case, to be published by Columbia University Press. "Berkowitz was not a mindless, psychotic killer," the doctor found, "but rather a complex human being, inexorably driven to destroy himself and others. By tracing his feelings, thoughts, and deeds, one can see where tenderness fought rage, where love battled hate, where reality and fantasy lived side by side."

Isaac Asimov's "The Robots of Dawn" (page 78) is a murder mystery literally light-years away from the Son of Sam–taking place, as it does, many centuries hence on the distant planet of Aurora. Jander, a super-robot, has been found lifeless, and Earthman detective Elijah Baley has been assigned to uncover the "murderer"–a seemingly impossible task, as he soon discovers. This excerpt from his forthcoming novel (to be published by Doubleday & Company) proves once again why, in ingenuity and creative imagination, Asimov is today's perennial master of science fiction.

Superstar **David Bowie** mastered his own brand of science fiction years ago when he transformed himself into Ziggy Stardust, who, writes *Penthouse* contributing editor **Robert Palmer**, "looked like some sort of androgynous spaceman in flame-red hair, but who was recognized by young fans the world over as a figure who represented the alien in every misunderstood, sexually insecure adolescent." Now, having undergone yet another metamorphosis, Bowie has become today's most popular and elegant rock star–and has developed an increasingly successful acting career in roles as diverse as the Elephant Man and the Man Who Fell to Earth. Earlier this year, Bowie took time away from his blitzkrieg U.S. tour to discuss with Palmer his life and art in an exclusive *Penthouse* interview (page 118). "Bowie talked about his sexual experimentation, bohemianism and drugs, and racism in pop music," Palmer tells us, "but he is now tackling what may turn out to be the toughest role of his career–playing, of all people, David Bowie. The 'real' one."

Ray McCloud and Gary Ellis were two recently divorced used-car salesmen who tackled the toughest two roles of *their* lives with a determination that even David Bowie would admire. "Like most men their age," write California reporters **Steve Greene** and **Eric Alter**, "they had watched the beautiful young girls skating past them and had dreamed about partying with them. Unlike most men their age, McCloud and Ellis decided to do something about it. They decided that they would dedicate their lives and a substantial amount of money to the pursuit of Hardbodies–those impossibly perfect girls, seventeen to twenty years old, you see on the Southern California beaches every sunny weekend of the year." Learning the secrets of "dialoguing" Hardbodies–taking advantage of the girls' insatiable lust for Bigger and Better Deals–Ellis and McCloud finally achieved the nirvana they described as "medicating, dunking, and dipping." "Hardbodies" could well be fiction, but–eat your heart out!–Greene and Alter assure us that it's all true. Their story begins on page 134.

Young, attractive, sexy women, **Michael Korda** tells us in his definitive article on "Status" (page 74), are–despite women's lib –the ultimate status objects for men. But becoming a "status person" is not just a matter of finding the right girls. "Successful status-seekers," Korda writes, "think about it all the time and see everything in terms of status. A raise is less important to them than a bigger office, a better title, or a space with their name in the company parking lot." In this witty, insightful, and informative essay, as in his books *Power* and *Success*, Korda shows why he's America's foremost observer of the social and professional behavior of the rich and powerful–and of those who strive to be that.

Other high-status features include *Esquire* columnist **Laurence Shames**'s tips on how to set up a bar in your house or apartment (page 148); Men's Rights editor **Sidney Siller**'s advice on going to court to protect your interests (page 42); a portfolio of sensuous and erotic drawings and paintings by **Olivia de Berardinis**, an exciting new talent who is now a permanent member of the mighty *Penthouse* family (page 124); and a rousing salute to Thanksgiving by cartoonist **Leo Collum**–appropriately entitled "Get Stuffed!" (page 163).

Our real salute, of course, to this most American of holidays can be found in the many beautiful and loving photographs of this month's very special Pets–a true cause for Thanksgiving in this or any other month. O

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PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

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ADVERTISING OFFICES

New York (Howard S. Plissner): 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex no. 237128. *Midwest* (Gene Smith): 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. *South* (Peter Goldsmith): 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006, Tel. (202) 298-6050. *West Coast* (Wendy Bloxham): 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. *Northeast and Canada:* The McCord Corporation, 1200 Post Road East, Westport, Conn. 06880. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. *London:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., 141/143 Drury Lane, London WC2, England. Tel. 01-397-6342, Telex no. 24676

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Sen. V.P./Foreign Editions: John Evans; *Australia:* Penthouse Editorial Services Pty. Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062; *Brazil:* Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411, Curitiba; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Wope Verlags Ag, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104, Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., 141/143 Drury Lane, London WC 2, England

NOVEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

RAMA-BANANA

I'm a twenty-two-year-old male. I weigh 130 pounds and have long, jet-black hair, which I keep in a ponytail, that reaches down to my ass. I am presently in prison, and am considered a straight, stand-up person by my fellow incarcerated brothers. But little do they know: when we're all locked in at night in our own cells, my thoughts and hands start to wander, and I find myself thinking about sex once again!

I get out of bed and look at myself in the mirror. I see I look like a very attractive girl, thanks to my hair and high cheekbones. I run my hands over my nice, round ass, up and down the crack, while I suck on the banana I've saved from breakfast. All this time, my cock is rock hard, and slaps against my stomach, but I leave it alone. I'm supposed to be a woman.

I get some grease, lubricate my finger, and slowly push it into my ass while I suck like crazy on the banana. By now, my ass hole is completely loose and I can push my finger in and out with ease. I take the banana from my mouth, get on all fours, and place the tip at my waiting ass hole. I slowly push it up my lovehole, and wish it was a man who won't let my secret out of the closet.

As he tenderly fucks me, I take the finger from my ass. After fifteen minutes of this, I lie on my back with the banana buried in my ass. I can't take it anymore! I grab my cock and start jerking off, moving my ass around so I can feel the sensation of my make-believe lover. When I feel my juices about to pour, I point my cock toward my other hand so I can catch the spunk. When I'm totally spent, I raise my hand to my mouth and start lapping up my own sweet juice while my other hand pushes the banana like crazy in and out of my backdoor pussy.

When I'm all finished, I peel the banana, thank it for a good time, and eat it. I wash my ass with a warm rag, then lie down in bed and wonder what it would be like to have a real cock in my virgin ass and mouth!—*Name and address withheld*

THROUGH THE CRACK

My wife and I have been reading your magazine for some time, and we both enjoy sharing the experiences of others. We often find ourselves reading about someone's past experience and getting aroused to the point that we have to act out one of those beautiful fantasies and fuck each other silly.

I have read a lot about people peeking through windows, keyholes, etc., but I haven't read of anyone using a mirror the way I do. So I would like to share one of my favorite voyeuristic pastimes with your readers.

First you obtain a small mirror, approximately four inches long by three inches wide, with no backing or edges. Then while your wife, girl friend, or whoever, is running her bath, take off your clothes, grab the mirror, and go to the bathroom door, making sure the lights are off in the hallway. Now, while either kneeling or lying on your side, quietly place the mirror at the proper angle in the crack between the floor and door. You can then watch your girl have her bath. As for myself, by this time my cock is stiff and I can't resist fondling it. I love to watch as she washes her gorgeous tits, making her nipples grow to their fullest. I get really horny when she grooms and trims her pussy hair.

When she gets out of the water and dries herself, she sits facing the door on the edge of the tub and begins to rub her favorite after-bath lotion all over her breasts, teasing her nipples.

After she lotions her stomach and ass, she takes one of your magazines from the clothes hamper, sets it on the toilet-seat cover, and chooses a story to read. She then sits back down on the tub and begins to massage lotion on her inner thighs, right up to her quivering, moist pussy lips, of which I'm getting a full view. Soon she spreads her legs even wider and puts one leg up on the toilet and starts to finger her hot, love-juice-soaked, eager cunt. Needless to say, I'm pumping my throbbing hard prick like crazy.

When her pink clit can't wait any longer, she rubs it in a fast circular motion until she fucks her hot, horny love tunnel to make us both come together in one, enormous, shuddering orgasm.—*Name and address withheld*

APPARENT APPROVAL

My wife, Karen, and I just returned from a *great* vacation! I could tell it was going to be sensational by the way it began. At first, I wasn't thrilled at the prospect of spending ten days (and nights) with my wife's parents on a vacation down South, but I soon changed my attitude.

Her parents picked us up at 3:00 A.M. to begin our vacation early and to miss traffic. Karen and I piled into the backseat and briefly talked with her parents about our vacation plans. After about thirty minutes of riding in the backseat, Karen complained of being sleepy. She tossed a pillow onto my lap and laid her head on the

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pillow, with her head facing me. I stroked her hair softly as her left hand silently slipped beneath the pillow to massage my slumbering member. My cock began to swell under her caress, and she grinned at me when I squirmed, trying to relieve the confining pressures of my blue jeans. The backseat was completely dark except for an occasional reflected light from the interstate highway.

Karen then tugged my zipper down as I put up a silent but feeble protest. She just smiled and unbuckled my pants completely. She was very smooth in her actions. Her mother occasionally turned and asked me a softly spoken question, and because of the darkness that covered Karen's movements, I could answer her with difficulty. Deftly, Karen reached in and pulled out my hard, throbbing, seven-inch cock, and placed him an inch from her lips. I stiffened and squirmed as she slowly pumped my cock in and out of her soft fist. Her head shifted on the pillow and I could feel her tongue licking the swollen head of my cock.

I immediately looked toward the front seat to see if her parents were suspicious of anything. Unbelievably, they weren't.

Another shift of her head, and I felt Karen's lips open wide and smoothly engulf the first three inches of my stiff rod. As she slowly withdrew it from her mouth, she dragged her lower lip and tongue along the rippling shaft. She began an excruciatingly slow rhythm of silent cocksucking.

As we crossed the Illinois-Indiana state line, Karen's mother turned quickly to ask her a trivial question about an Indiana relative. She had just completed a six-inch downstroke and had to slip my cock from her swollen lips and hide him under the pillow before she could answer the question. Undaunted by this close call, Karen giggled and resumed her concealed sucking.

As we neared Indianapolis, I squirmed and thrust my hips quietly upward to meet her hungry mouth. It was driving me crazy! I tried to keep quiet as I watched her parents in the front seat and smoothly fucked Karen's mouth in the backseat. The occasional glimpse of my glistening, hard cock gliding in and out of her mouth and throat were too much for me, so with one hand tightly gripped on her ass and my other hand on her back of her head, pushing ever downward, I came in Karen's mouth. She smoothly continued her sucking until she had swallowed it all with no problem.

Karen then rubbed my cock lightly over her cheeks, chin, and lips as it slowly dwindled to softness, then covered my spent prick, sat up, smiled at me, and said, "I feel so much better after a nap!"

The remainder of our vacation was spent trying to outdo the daring of that early morning blowjob. One night we fucked doggie-style beside their bed in a motel room we shared. The next day, we even sucked each other behind an exhibit counter at a museum with her parents in the very next room.

It turned out to be our most memorable vacation yet, and we are making plans to go on another vacation with them as soon as possible.—*Name and address withheld*

"I understand you've written your own wedding ceremony."

TRAINING GROUND

My wife and I recently moved back home after ten years out west. She has requested that I write this letter about the group we left behind.

The group (or, as my wife sometimes calls it, "the stable") is an informal but highly organized women's club devoted to husband-swapping. When we left, the club had over forty members, with more in the process of joining. The group was founded on the belief that men exist solely for the sexual gratification of women and that the first and best purpose of any man is to be a worshipful provider of that gratification.

Our initiation into this club took place seven years ago. I had just finished school and had landed a sizable salary, so we joined a couple of the health clubs nearby. We are both very athletic, but my wife, in particular, wanted to stay in great shape.

She quickly became close friends with some of the women at the clubs, and they would all work out together. It was at this time that our sex life, which had always been super, began to undergo a subtle shift. My wife became very teasing and manipulative during our lovemaking. One of her favorite tricks was to ask that I lick some part of her body—her feet, her hands, her neck—and slowly lick and kiss my way to her cunt. I've always been very oral, so I'd happily agree. She would supervise my progress, having me work as long as an hour on her breasts, her armpit, or the back of her knee. When I'd finally reach her pussy, really hot for it by this time, she'd push my face away and hold it, just out of tongue's reach, and ask me to tell her how badly I needed to lick her crotch. "Beg for it," she'd sweetly command. And beg I did.

Through this, we discovered my submissive streak.

She soon had me totally in her power. She let me know that she'd made friends who had a different outlook on sex. I found myself preparing dinner and serving her in the nude, licking her cunt and ass for hours, giving her baths and massages—anything a slave would do. She lectured me on female versus male sexuality, explaining that the female orgasm is superior to, and always takes precedence over, the male orgasm. She tutored me in how to serve a woman's desires while denying the demands of my own raging-hard prick, how to maintain the proper respectful subservience, and how to come only at her command by masturbating in a way which she found attractive. I also had to increase my already rigorous exercise regimen, for she said it was a man's lot to be built like an Adonis but obey like a dog.

Consumer Orientation
No. 24 in a series
Subject: Design objective: maximum performance, not maximum production.

24

Porsche 944

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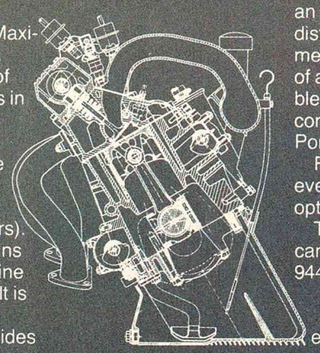
To counter the vibrations an engine of this magnitude would normally produce, Porsche engineers have incorporated a system of counter-rotating silencer shafts and special engine mounts (actually mini shock absorbers).

The result: a 4-cylinder power plant that runs with the smoothness of a 6. Building the engine is, by necessity, a slow process, but the result is a high performance automobile.



Porsche's exclusive transaxle design provides an almost perfectly balanced front/rear weight distribution. This design requires drive train elements to be constructed as a single unit, instead of as individual components. Difficult to assemble, it contributes to the exceptional handling, cornering and directional control unique to Porsche.

From its internal mechanics to its ergonomics, every aspect of the Porsche 944 is designed to optimize performance.

To insure high performace and quality, every car is inspected, every engine is tested, and every 944 is run on the open road prior to shipment.

The Porsche 944 is the antithesis of the mass produced automobile. But then, at Porsche, excellence is expected. PORSCHE + AUDI
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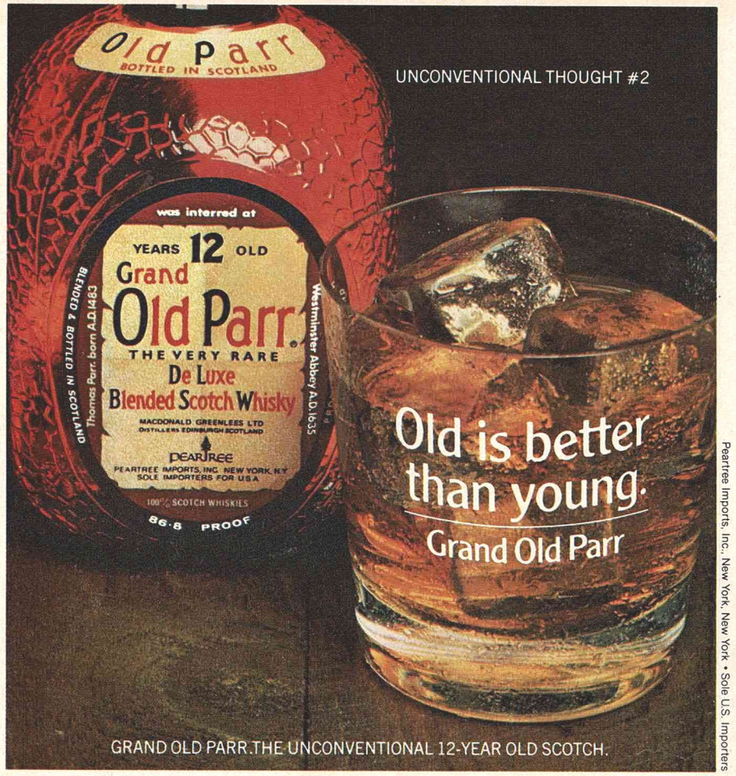

She started to tie me to our bed on Saturday nights while she went to meetings with the mysterious group, returning hours later to untie me. One Saturday afternoon, she announced that my training was complete and that a member of the group was coming that night to "interview" me. I wasn't at all sure that I was ready for this, but curiosity and my wife's reassurances convinced me. That evening, while I was cooking dinner, the interviewer arrived. Clad only in a flapping loincloth—my ass completely exposed—I greeted our visitor at the door. She was a very attractive woman in her late twenties, and I recognized her as an aerobics instructor at one of the clubs. I made drinks for the women (I was not allowed any) and sat on the floor at my wife's feet. The interviewer asked my opinions on the relationships between men and women, then asked me to recite my biography, making sure to include all of my sexual experiences and fantasies. This took a long time, because she insisted I go into great detail, especially my masturbatory fantasies. I had never told them to anyone before, but under her determined questioning, I finally told all—with a rock-hard erection.

The interviewer said that since I had demonstrated a cooperative attitude, I was now a slave of the group, and the members would take turns using me for their pleasure. My wife had asked to participate in their weekly slave-swap in which the husbands and boyfriends of the members are farmed out to each other. I was instructed to leave my house on Saturday at precisely 5:00 P.M. and go to the address my wife would give me. A member of the group would be waiting for me, and I was to serve her as I would my wife. At exactly 1:00 P.M. Sunday I would come back home. Promptness was essential because all the slaves were on the same schedule. I was not to know the name of the mistress I served (though it was inevitable that I learn some names—for example, I knew my interviewer from the health club) nor the identity of my wife's slave. An elaborate but efficient procedure had been developed by the group to limit the slaves' knowledge of its membership and of each other. This was for the slave's protection, she said, as it allowed our service to the group to be completely separate from our daily lives.

On Saturday afternoons, my wife would give the address I was to go to, and I'd leave our house at precisely 5:00 P.M. I would identify myself to the mistress at her door, and she would let me in. Most mistresses call me slave, others call me by my first name.

There is a loose procedure for the slave sessions that the mistresses adhere to: I am to strip for the mistresses' inspection immediately upon entering the house. I strip with some pride, knowing that my lean, muscular build will meet with approval. I have to maintain an erection at all times, and some mistresses take pictures of me for their scrapbooks. I cook, serve dinner (always something light and quick), and wash the dishes. I mix drinks, roll joints, and cut lines of cocaine for the mistress: I am not to partake of these myself.

Massages are a popular prelude to more serious activities. I am an excellent masseur, particularly good on feet. No massage is complete without a thorough toe and finger suck. Many mistresses have very sensitive breasts and like me to suck and lick their nipples as I gently knead them. I always finish by going down on the mistress: Totally relaxed from the massage and often a little high, I lick her for hours, fore and aft, while she reads, watches television, or listens to music. She is in no hurry and lazily reaches many orgasms.

I love the slave sessions, admittedly because I have a need to be dominated, but also because the group members are so damned beautiful. The group recruits through the health clubs, and these women take very good care of their bodies. They are all in peak physical condition—strong and tight and worthy of worship. There are quite a few models, and I thrill with pride when a mistress I've served is featured in an advertisement or catalogue. They range up to forty years of age, although most are in their twenties—in all the full bloom of their beauty and sexual power.

Some mistresses are more dominant than others, and enjoy humiliating me. One very young, very beautiful (my wife describes her as angelic) mistress is especially adept at this. Her breathtaking beauty and innocent age (nineteen when I first served her) belie her awesome strength of will. A relentless tease, she wears a terrycloth cover-up that barely conceals her incredible ass and pussy. Although slaves are strictly prohibited from fucking a mistress, she likes to stretch the rule. She has me lie on my back with my erect cock bobbing over my belly. Stripping down to her panties, she sits on my face and I eat her through the sheer fabric. After a few minutes, she slides down my body and, straddling my hips, drapes her wet, pantied cunt over my shaft, rubbing her hot slit up and down its length. "Don't come," she commands. Leaning forward, she has me suck her tits as she humps me. "Doesn't it feel wonderful?" she teases. "It's a shame you can't come." My self-control soon disintegrates, and sensing my impending explosion she hops off my cock and onto my face. As she grinds her crotch on my nose and mouth, she picks up a glass of ice water. "Time for you to cool off," she giggles, and dribbles some onto my aching dick. When I calm down sufficiently, she returns to my cock, repeating the cold-water treatment when necessary. She comes very easily and has remarkable endurance, so her lovely body is racked by innumerable orgasms. I ride out the storm, pinned be-

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neath her and trembling with frustration. Once while coming she moaned rapturously that I was her captive, her thighs my prison.

Finally tiring, but not yet completely sated, she sits on my chest and skins off her sopping panties. She tells me I've been a good slave and will now get my reward. She reverses her position and plants her ass on my face, at the same time slowly tickling and squeezing my cock and balls. She says the further I get my tongue up her ass hole, the sooner I'll come. I do my best, wriggling my tongue past her tight sphincter and pushing as hard as I can, but it's never enough. "Farther," she urges, rhythmically pulling my dick. Finally her hips start to buck and she strokes me faster, commanding me to come. We explode together: she onto my face and me into her panties, which she has positioned to catch my load. She rests briefly—heaving, resting her full weight on my face—then limply collapses off me.

A critique of my performance is given to my wife when I return. My wife (who always looks refreshed and invigorated after a swap) has me bury my face deep in her crotch as she reads it, and I must tell her everything that happened. Her own session is never discussed. Her total knowledge of my activities and my ignorance of hers translates into a real psychological dominance—a point that is symbolically reinforced as I answer her questions while rubbing my nose in her generously endowed butt.

Since we've been active with the group, the mistress-slave aspect of our marriage has faded into the background—now it's merely a game we play on weekends. The weekends satisfy my submissive streak but exacerbate my need to come, so I fuck my wife with abandon the rest of the week. It's funny, but the harder I fuck her, the better she likes it—meeting me thrust for thrust and screaming with pleasure. We are both very strong, so it gets pretty wild. We go at each other like two great sexual predators locked in loving combat. Swap nights are exciting, but we reserve our passion for each other.

We occasionally take a weekend off to go sailing or hiking. On one of these trips—snuggled into a sleeping bag high in the Sierras, counting shooting stars and trading sips from a jug of wine—she broke down and told me what she did to tease and torture her poor slaves. We giggled like children as she told her stories, then fucked until it felt like either the stars were falling around us or we were ascending into the heavens.—*Name and address withheld*

YUMMY GUMS

I read with interest the recent "Forum" letter from a self-proclaimed "baldophile" who gets off on shaven-headed ladies. I, too, appreciate a woman with a good, close haircut, but my secret passion is gums.

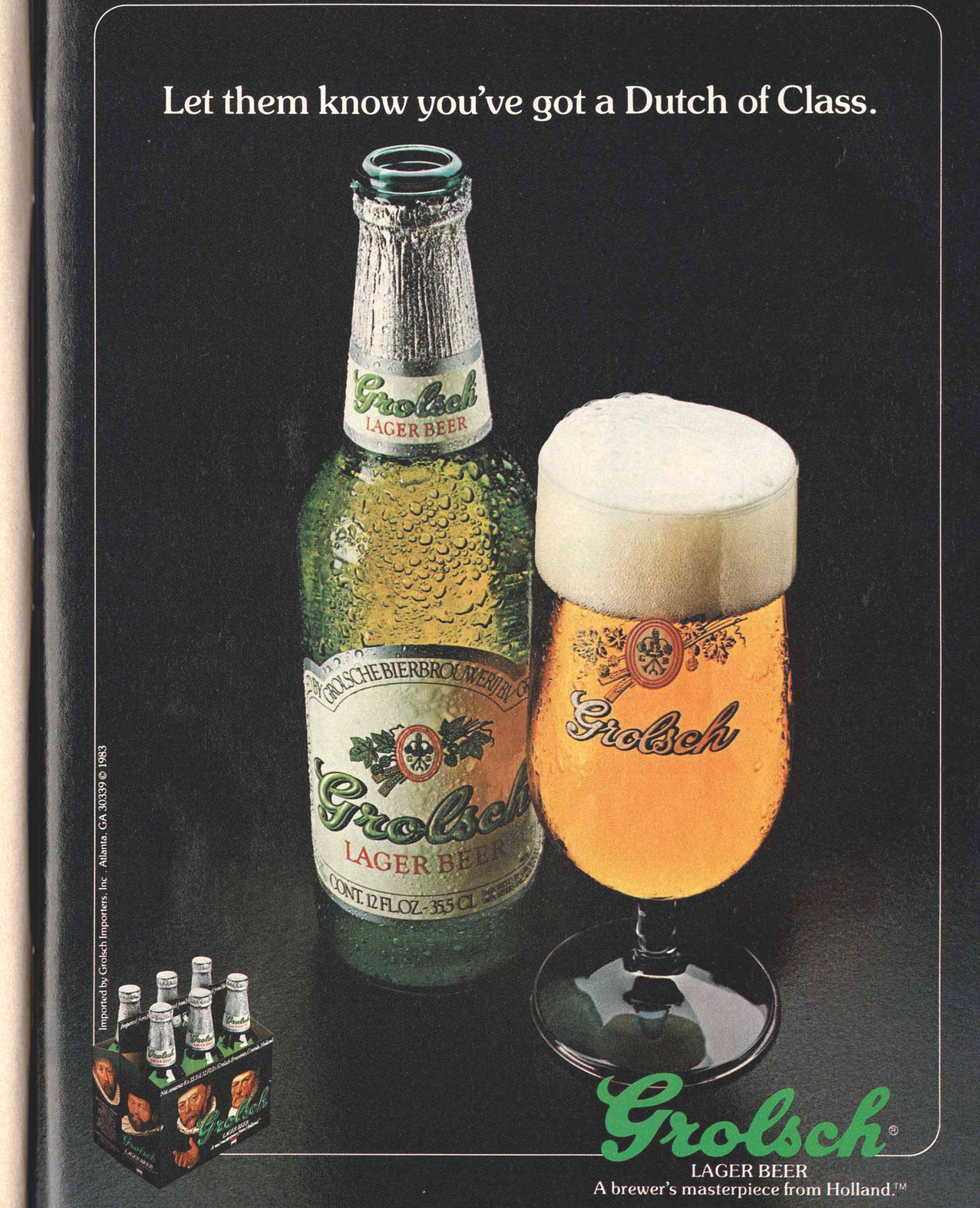
I have been a "gumophile" for as long as I can remember. Nothing turns me on more than the thought of a woman's toothless gums, and I don't mean wrinkled old ladies either. I mean young, attractive women who for one reason or another have had all their teeth pulled and now must wear dentures. Such women are not uncommon—what with all the sugar in our diets—but they are hard to meet.

My first experience with a denture wearer was a beautiful twenty-four-year-old model. She couldn't afford the expensive capping many models have done, so when she was eighteen and living on her own, she had all her teeth extracted and was fitted with a perfect set of dentures. Not only were her looks enhanced, but she could give the most terrific head by simply slipping out her dentures and giving "gum." I enjoyed the pleasures of her delicious mouth for almost two years, until she married one of the executives from her advertising firm.

My wife has known about my passion for gums since we were first married. She is very attractive with a nice ass and beautiful, close-cropped, red hair. Although she loves to engage in sexual fantasy, she drew the line at having her teeth pulled. She didn't relish the idea of having to wear dentures, and, if I lost interest in it, she'd be stuck with dentures! Finally, we made a deal. We'd wait two years, until she was thirty, and then if I was still into it she'd have it done.

The two years went quickly and as her thirtieth birthday approached, I became increasingly excited. On the night of her birthday she said she had a present for me, to reward my patient waiting. She showed me her appointment slip for the dentist the next day. That night we had terrific sex, fantasizing about her mouth, with teeth gone, as a second vagina. The next day she saw the dentist for her "birthday present." The dentist said he'd never had a thirty-year-old woman ask for dentures before but saw no reason she couldn't wear them as long as she realized that they would take some getting used to and, of course, would be permanent. He arranged for all of her teeth to be pulled at one sitting and for her new dentures to be inserted the same day. As the big day approached, we were both excited. The night before, we invited a few close friends over and had a farewell-to-her-teeth party. The next morning she put on her sexiest outfit, for luck—boots, skin-tight chino slacks, and a blouse—and bravely marched off to the dentist. Two hours later, it was done: she came out with her new dentures in place, wearing a little half-smile.

One night about two weeks later, she said she had a surprise for me. She came to bed wearing her sexiest nightgown and quietly slipped out her teeth. She took my penis into her toothless mouth and gently massaged it with her gums. The sensation



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was indescribable and certainly worth the two-year wait. Her pulpy gums chomped on my swelling organ harder and harder, until I literally exploded into her mouth, leaving her gums dripping with come. Kissing her afterward was a new experience. Her mouth was softer and deeper. I ran my tongue over and over her naked gums. We made love for hours.

She sometimes still misses her own teeth, but her dentures are comfortable and look great and, except for a few close friends, no one suspects she wears them. If there are other "gumophiles" out there, I hope you can convince your girl to try going toothless. It's worth the wait.—*Name and address withheld*

DOGGED BEHAVIOR

I have a very lovely and loving partner in life. She is extremely attractive, with long, dark hair, lovely, trim legs, and an exceedingly tight, firm ass. She has strong shoulders and arms and a beautiful walk. She always turns heads. We have a very active sex life, and though she is often less aggressive than I, she sometimes is able to surprise me.

One evening she suggested that we go out to dinner at a seafood restaurant we often visit. I asked if it was a special occasion. She said it was just for the fun of it. After we were seated and had talked a bit, she pulled out an envelope and handed it to me without a word. When I looked surprised, she indicated that I should open it. Inside was a polished wooden disc and a letter which read:

"We used to play a little game with these discs. You remember the rules, I'm sure. I'll give you a chance to back out now if, for some reason, you can't commit yourself to the rule of obedience required by this game. If you agree to continue, indicate your intention by answering all my questions from now on with 'Yes, ma'am' or 'No, ma'm.' When you indicate your willingness to continue, I'll give you further instructions."

I was both surprised and pleased by her note. The game meant an evening of superb sex. The rules required the recipient of the disc to blindly obey orders from the other partner. I was thinking of whether I trusted her enough not to humiliate me when the waitress arrived. My partner looked at me and asked, "Ready to order?" I stammered, "No," and when the waitress left, added a meek "ma'am." She gave me a very discreet look, with the beginnings of smugness, and said, "I couldn't hear you." "No, ma'am," I replied. "Ah, then you would like to continue?" "Yes—er, yes, ma'am," I said.

She pulled another envelope out, asked, "Don't you need to go to the men's room?" while handing it to me. "Ah, yes, I do," I said. "Yes what?" she asked. "Yes, ma'am" I replied. "That's better, you're catching on. Now hurry along, and here, you'll want this." She scooped a large dollop of butter into a napkin and handed it to me.

Once in the bathroom, I opened the envelope. Inside was another letter and a small, wooden object, bulbous on one end, with a ringlike hole at the other. The letter was explicit. I was to lubricate the plug with the butter and stick it up my bunghole as a symbol of submission. I slid the bung-plug into place, counted to fifty to diminish my throbbing erection, and headed back to the table.

She greeted me with a smile. "Comfy?" she asked. I winced and said yes just to keep her from repeating it. "Yes, what?" she demanded. "Yes ma'am," I said quickly.

During dinner, our conversation was absolutely normal. We acted as if the sexual energy we both felt did not exist. Dinner finished, we departed after she had graciously allowed me time to compose myself, particularly in terms of my raging hard-on.

In the car, I tried to start the engine but was told to stop. She told me to put my hands on the wheel and keep them there. She slid her hand into my lap and squeezed my cock firmly through my pants. "That's no fun," she said "I can't feel anything through those pants. Take them off!" I started to protest, but she told me to shut up. "Get them off!" she said. Fortunately, or perhaps by design, we had parked across the street from the restaurant in a darkened lot. I rapidly removed my shoes and socks and pulled off my pants. "That's better," she said, "Now drive home, the back way." We pulled out, and I prayed we wouldn't stop next to a semi (truck) at a stoplight.

Luck was with me and we reached the dark back road without incident. "Pull over here," she said, indicating a dark shoulder on the road. "Hands on the wheel and smile," she ordered as she bent into my lap and enclosed my cock in her lips. She slid it deep into her throat, and slowly withdrew while her tongue darted along its length. The blood was pounding in my ears and my breath came in short bursts when I heard her say, "I see you enjoyed that. If you're really good, you may even get to fuck me, but first you're going to make me come as often as I like." She reached between my legs, felt for the plug in my ass, gave it a twist, and said, "By the time I'm finished with you, I won't need this in your butt to make you do my bidding. Now, take off the rest of your clothes." I throttled my protest at the look on her face and removed my shirt. "Drive," she said.

I was totally naked now, veiled only by the night, and eager to get to the safety of our dirt driveway.

On our arrival, she pulled out a ring of rope, which I recognized as our cock-ring, as well as a jockstrap. She told me to count to one thousand before coming up to the house and, while I waited, put the ring around my balls and cock and the

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In Germany, the Love Boat never sails on TV. Frisbees only come and go occasionally. And how many Germans have ever heard of a Pet Rock?

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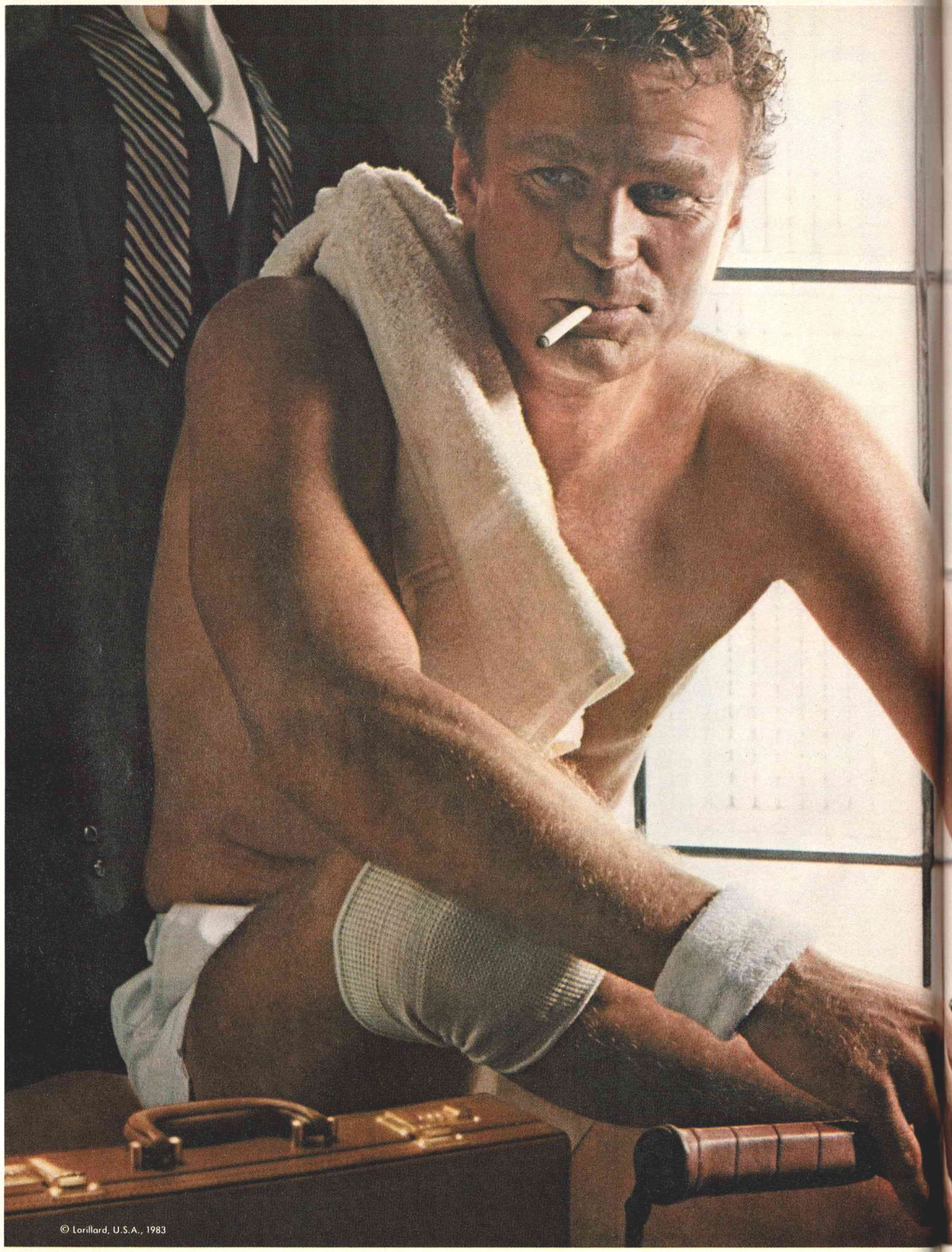

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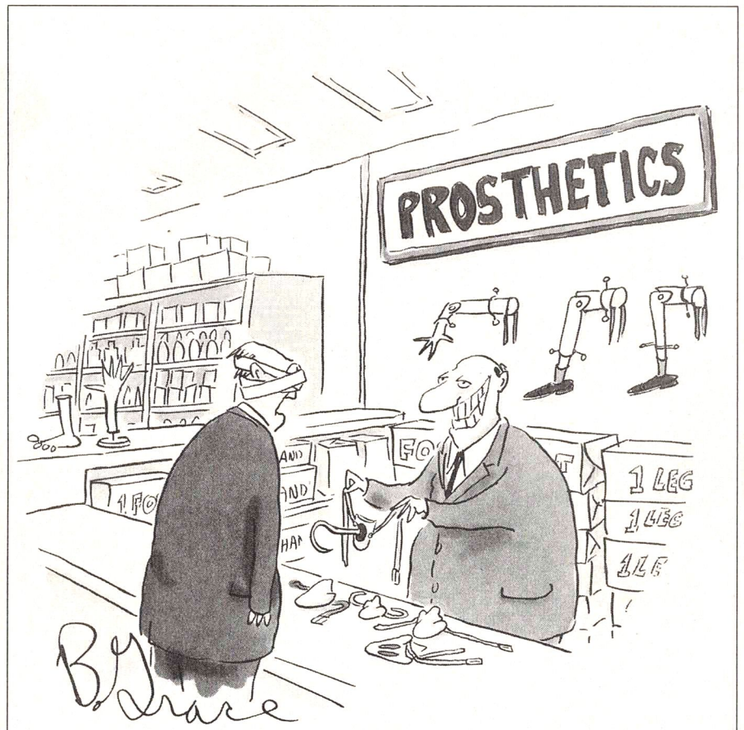
jockstrap. After counting, I was to walk up to the picture window and wait there until beckoned inside. I counted to one thousand and was able, with some difficulty, to slip the ring over my erect penis. The jock was very sexy, as the thin bands lodged between my cheeks, and the evening felt nice and cool. I slipped through the heavy foliage and approached the window. I could hardly believe what I saw.

She had moved the large armchair so that it faced the window. The only light was a candle set on the floor. She was dressed in a black baby-doll with black stockings and heels. Her hair was brushed and fell in a cascade over her strong shoulders. She looked like a woman in charge. She played with her breasts and cunt. She started out innocently enough, but soon it was obvious that the show was designed to drive me crazy. She writhed and rolled in the chair, opened her legs wide, then coyly turned away. I could tell her excitement was genuine from the glistening texture of her vaginal lips as she opened them in my direction. I don't know how long I waited outside. Never did she acknowledge my presence. At one point she pulled out a vibrator and brought herself, if not to climax, painfully close to it. She probed all her orifices, and just when I thought she had forgotten me completely she looked directly at me, held her cunt-lips open, and crooked her finger in my direction. I was inside as fast as possible and went toward her. She told me to get on all fours across the room and face her. She asked me if I liked what I saw. She asked me what I would like to do to her. Finally she said, "Would you like to lick my cunt now?" "Yes, yes, yes, ma'am," I replied. "Please let me lick you." I moved to touch her cunt with my lips, but she suddenly brought a riding crop from behind the chair and laid it smartly across my uplifted butt. "First you need a little discipline," she said, and told me to take the footstool into the bedrom and hoist the circular mirror up to the ceiling. Meanwhile, she watched my naked body moving in the semidarkness.

When I'd finished my chores, she came in and directed me to sit while she tied stout cords to my hands and feet. There was plenty of excess to tie with, and that she did: I was face down over the footstool with a pillow under my stomach, leaving my butt pointing skyward and my throbbing member dangling. To this point, I had still harbored thoughts of possibly turning the tables, of somehow getting her to remove the plug long enough for me to take back control. My thoughts were interrupted when she said, "I'm going to give you some discipline for your mistakes earlier in the evening. Then came a sharp slap across my butt. The blows got sharper and sharper. "You can stand quite a bit, my little puppy," she said. "I'll get an 'uncle' out of you yet." I pleaded with her not to punish me so much and told her that I would be obedient, but she continued until, after one particularly sharp blow, I yelled "Uncle!" She then delivered a couple of blows of slightly lesser force and declared me chastised for the time being.

I was untied, with the blindfold still in place, and made to kneel in front of the bed, where my hands were tied securely. The next thing I knew, her fingers probed between my cheeks, and with a deft motion she removed the butt plug. I tested my bonds but they held me tight. She tried to insert something else in my bunghole but I struggled. Then lips closed on the tip of my cock, the sensation was so exquisite that I froze. Her hand closed tightly around my balls. The pressure she demonstrated let me know she meant business, and I had no choice but to relent while she inserted a well-lubricated but obviously larger plug up my ass. Once it was in place, I was a prisoner again and felt my chances of turnabout diminished. She ordered me to kneel in front of the bed and I felt her thighs come to rest on my shoulders. "I've inserted a little speed control in you, my little puppy, and now you're going to see how well it works." With that, the plug began to vibrate, first slowly and then fast. I jerked at the shock and then, when the speed receded to a steady hum, she pulled my head firmly forward and I smelled the delicious odor of her hot cunt before me. As my lips touched her silken hairs and my tongue reached eagerly for its target, I heard her say, "Now do your very best, and if you're good, I'll blow you a bit or let you masturbate. And if you're really good, I might let you take a dip or two in my pool." By this time I wanted nothing more than to eat her. As the buzz in my butt increased in speed, so did I. To please her is all I wanted.

After that, the evening became a blur. I remember being harshly pushed away as she neared climax, getting more and more cocaine, and rest periods in which she teased my cock and nipples. Still blindfolded, I was told to masturbate for her, and I heard the telltale click of a camera. I was ordered not to come without permission. Periodically, with great fanfare and warning, she would tan my blushing bottom. At other times she would give me a whack unexpectedly, never hard enough to really hurt, but hard enough to make me jump. She made me lick her everywhere and, towards the end of the evening, allowed me dips into her honey pot. At first I was permitted only one or two strokes, and then she would drive me off with the crop, saying, "Down, puppy! You'll get yours." My cock throbbed with almost unbearable pressure. I wanted nothing else in the world than to be brought off. Suddenly she reached behind me and slid the plug from between my legs. I was free, but when I started to rise, I felt the tip of her crop pushing me back. "Take off the blindfold," she ordered, and I obeyed. "Get onto your knees," she said, and again, without thinking, I obeyed. "You

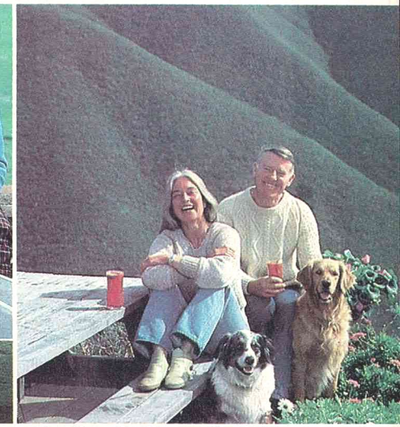


"No, thank you. I had a hooknose before the accident."

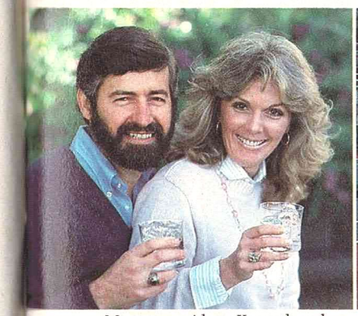
Rum. It's What's Happening.

America is switching from vodka and gin to Puerto Rican white rum.
It's happening in Monterey and everywhere else.

After a round on the fabulous Pebble Beach course, there's nothing like a refreshing white rum and tonic. Just ask Cypress Point's Jim Langley and Johnny Pott of Carmel Valley Ranch.



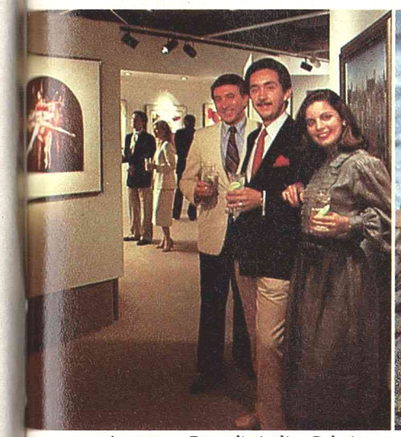
A pre-brunch white rum Bloody Mary at the scenic Big Sur digs of Will and Carol Surman.



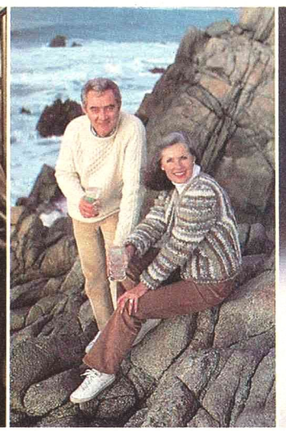
Monterey residents Kenneth and Virginia Bartlett with smiles all around and rum on the rocks.

After a lively doubles match, Tricia Alliotti, Theresa Briant, Maureen Duffy and Vance Killen pause for rum screwdrivers. Seen with Pebble Beach Tennis Club Pro Andy Briant.

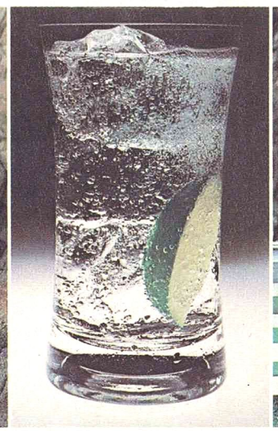
Imagine savoring a rum and tonic on the running board of your own 1923 Rolls-Royce! Antique car collector Win Estes.



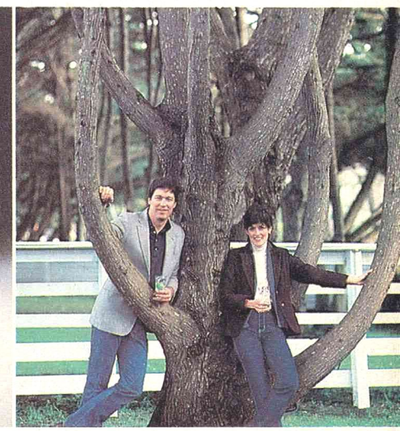
A party at Carmel's Atelier Galerie. Owner Sam Ehrenberg and Puerto Rican visitors Ricardo and Ingrid Jimenez. With white rum, of course.



Carmel attorney Don Hubbard and his wife Phyllis like white rum with their whitecaps.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.



Airline executive Norm Edwards and his wife Jackie take a rum and tonic along on a Saturday afternoon stroll.

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see, I have you so well trained, my little puppy, that you'll do what I want even when you're free." I started to protest and gather myself, but she grabbed my hair roughly and pressed my face into her cunt. "Eat it! Come on, eat it, just like a good puppy!" she exhorted. And in a whirlwind, she dragged me onto the bed and threw me on my back and straddled my face for the millionth time that night. She told me to suck her swollen cunt as her hands roamed over my body, jacking my cock harder and harder. Suddenly, she rolled off me and ordered me onto the floor. I was no sooner on my knees than she crouched on all fours on the bed, raised her beautiful firm ass into the air, reached back with both hands—spreading her labial folds—and said, "Come and get it my little puppy—doggie-style—just the way you like it. And I do mean come."

I felt an incredible surge of energy. The sight of her charms arrayed that way were overwhelmingly erotic, and I was on her in a second, thrusting deeper than ever before, slamming my thighs against her ass as she gripped the headboard. I came in a glorious roar that seemed to last for minutes.

We slept in dreamless bliss, secure in the knowledge that one day the roles would be reversed and she would have a chance to enjoy the abandonment and uncertainty that make submission so delicious.—*Name and address withheld*

THE PRINTED WORD

My husband Don and I have been avid readers of "Forum" since we first met five years ago. Some of my fondest sexual memories are of Don and me lying in bed spoon-fashion—his balls tucked comfortably between the cheeks of my ass and the head of his dick gently probing my wet pussy—with Don reading "Forum" aloud. Naturally, the combination of his incredibly sexy, deep, vibrating voice in my ears and your readers' stories always led to our sexual release.

Recently, because of our jobs, we have been forced to live apart. Our sex life has been limited to erotic letters and phone calls, during which we talk the other to orgasm while masturbating. I would like to share one of Don's letters with you. Perhaps one day when we are again lying in bed, he can read our own story aloud from the latest *Penthouse*.

Here's the letter:

"I just got off the phone. I saw you sitting with your legs spread as your finger made small, soft circles on your clit. I got a raging hard-on just thinking about you doing it.

"As your pussy tightens and your nipples rise from your breasts, you lay your head back. Your ass comes up off the chair and the come slowly oozes out of your lips and runs down the crack of your ass. After you relax, I slowly lay you on your tummy and pull you back onto your knees. Spreading your crack wide open, from your pussy to your pink, tight ass hole, I slide my left hand between your legs. You reach down and spread your lips apart, allowing me to look deep into your cunt.

"Meanwhile, my right hand works my cock up and down. The head of my prick turns purple and my balls tighten, just wanting to explode in your ass. We both want it so badly we can hardly wait. My left hand gently rubs your come all around your tight little ass hole, lubing it up for the best butt-fuck we've ever had.

"Your hand meets mine at your pussy. You start to massage your clit gently and slide your fingers in and out of your cunt, keeping it moist and taut. I take one last dip into your pussy with the head of my dick. Your hips start to rotate as if you're about to get off again. I rub the head of my dick up and down the crack of your ass as you begin to moan. Then I ask, 'Are you ready?' and all you do is push your ass up closer and begin to rotate against the head of my dick.

"But not yet. I want to lick your ass hole and suck on it for a short while. I gently spit onto and into your tight little ass. Now it's time.

"I begin by slipping the head of my prick in just past the head, and holding it there. All this time you continue to massage your clit and rock back onto my dick, wanting more of me. I start to move in and out ever so slowly and gently—deeper and slower until my dick is buried all the way up to my balls. I rock around and place my hands on your hips as I begin to fuck you from the tip of my dick to the end of my shaft. As I slide in and out with a steady rhythm, you meet my every thrust.

"I feel my balls tighten again and I know I'm going to come. You can feel my dick start to swell deep in your ass. I pump harder and faster. You rock in perfect rhythm and continue to rub your hot, juicy cunt and clit. I erupt in your ass just as you explode over your hand. We fall together, exhausted."—*Name and address withheld*

"Okay, okay! I guarantee it's free of cholesterol and caffeine, and low in sodium!"

DRIVE-IN, PUT OUT

One Friday night we were all quite bored, so Ann, Sue, and I went to the drive-in. It was definitely a B-movie, but since we had been drinking tequila most of the evening, we didn't really care. A car was parked next to us in which a beautiful man sat alone. When he got out of his car to go to the concession stand, Ann dared me to get the blanket out of the trunk, get naked, and sit in the backseat of his car. You see, ever since childhood we've dared each other to do pretty bizarre things so, of course, I couldn't say no.

As soon as I was in his car I began to have doubts, but before I could escape, I saw him heading my way. I held my breath, put the blanket over my head, and prayed I'd wake up and find myself at home in my own bed. I stayed that way for what seemed like hours when I felt this

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hand on my hip. He turned the inside light on and jerked the blanket off my body. I found myself looking into the most vivid amber eyes I've ever seen, and what a face: dark hair, sinister brow, straight aquiline nose, severe mouth; very good-looking but definitely not the type of man one plays practical jokes on. He just stared at me—sapping all my courage.

After I found my tongue, I made my apologies, and said I thought he was someone else. I tried to laugh but it sounded only like a croak. I wrapped the blanket around my body, made more excuses, and had started to leave when I noticed my friends were no longer in the parking lot. Then I got panicky! When he asked what my delay was, I informed him that my friends had left. "I ought to leave you here, you know?" he said. Now I was really scared. I just glared at this guy, barely breathing, when he said, "I'm going to teach you a lesson. You should never start something you don't intend to finish." With that, he turned on the ignition and drove out of the lot. I was so petrified I couldn't move. I knew I was going to die. I was sure this strange man was going to take me somewhere and kill me. I couldn't move, speak, breathe—nothing. I finally found enough courage to ask where we were going. "To my place. Where else?" he said. I sat in silence for the remainder of the ride. My teeth were swimming because I hadn't used the bathroom in hours. Just when I thought I'd wet myself, we pulled into this long, circular drive. This was no house, it was a fortress.

He stopped, pulled me out of his car with a jerk, and led me up the stairs into a huge foyer and down the hall into a very formal living room. At one end, glass doors led to a music room furnished with a spectacular grand piano. He poured liberal amounts of brandy into two glasses and handed one to me. "I can't mix my liquors," I said. "I've been drinking tequila and don't want to be sick." "Don't be silly," he said. "This will help you relax." So, with shaking hands, I put the glass to my lips and swallowed. The amber liquid burned my throat and made my eyes water, but soon I noticed my body was loose and warm.

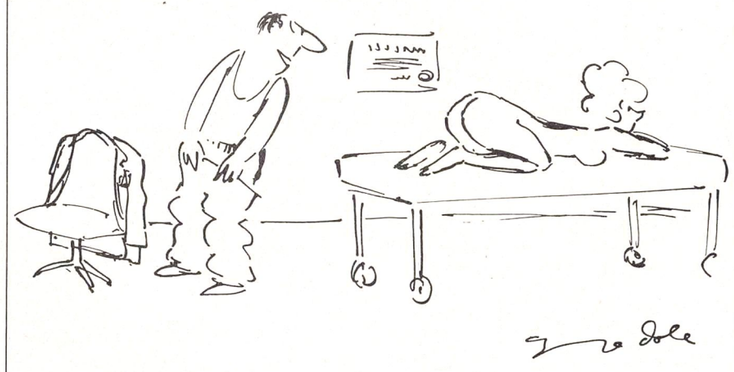
Bravely, I wandered into the music room and started plucking the keys. "Do you play?" he asked. "Some," I replied. "Then please entertain me." I set my glass on the piano, wrapped the blanket tightly about my breasts, sat on the cushioned bench and began playing. Relaxed, I closed my eyes and let my fingers go where they would. Halfway into the piece I felt warm breathing on the nape of my neck. I kept my eyes closed as he kissed my shoulder and collarbone. I tried to concentrate on the music, but my fingers became clumsy, so I stopped. "Go on," he whispered. "I can't when you do that," I moaned. He closed the cover over the keys and pulled me to my feet. He was naked! My heart caught in my throat for I was in front of the finest specimen of a man I've ever encountered. His entire body was tanned and his shoulders broad. His stomach was flat, with muscles rippling down his sides, narrow hips, and beautifully formed athletic legs. His chest was lightly furred and a line of hair ran from his navel to his pubic area. His mammoth penis seemed to wink at me. I blushed crimson from head to toe.

He took my face in his hands, lifted my head, and kissed me deeply. I could taste the brandy on his lips, his tongue, deep in his throat. I was feeling wonderfully dizzy. His fingers left my jaw and traced their way down my neck, over my shoulders, down my arms. His fingers entwined with mine as he tickled the palms of my hands. His lips left mine and traced a molten path down my cheek. His tongue danced around my neck to my ear where he began to nibble my earlobe. I could feel my breasts becoming taut and I longed to pull him close to me. His hands left mine and made their way back up my arms to my shoulders, his fingers lightly playing with my skin, tracing between my breasts to my belly, over my hips, and up my sides. I reached out to touch him but he pushed my hands away.

He sat me on the bench and knelt down in front of me. Looking into his eyes, I could see his pupils were dilated and his eyes were a deep-gold color. He smiled up at me, put my legs upon his shoulders and started teasing my thighs with his tongue. I rested my elbows on the piano and leaned back trying to maneuver my bush to his mouth, but he kept avoiding it. I needed to come badly. I could feel it building up. My legs started quivering and my juices were flowing unbelievably. Suddenly he separated my lips with his nose and started nibbling my clitoris, licking and biting. I reached down and pulled him closer. Licking faster, he released my legs and planted two fingers within me, massaging a spot deep in my tunnel. I exploded in no time and I didn't think I'd ever stop. My entire body shook with the orgasm. I couldn't breathe and thought I was going to pass out.

He kissed the insides of my legs and began massaging my feet. When my breathing became steady, I opened my eyes to find him standing above me. He pulled me into his arms and pressed his body against mine. I started exploring his back, buttocks, and hips. He turned me around and laid me on my stomach across the piano bench. Although he was gentle and moved slowly, he was so big I could taste him. Soon he was pumping faster, grinding deeper, faster, deeper. I started playing with his balls. He pumped harder and harder, groaned, and shot his semen deep within me.

We lay there for a long time before he withdrew, but I wanted more. I stood up and pulled him to me, teasing his neck with my tongue, his nipples with my finger-



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nails. "More," I said, and with a sly smile he took me by the hand and led me upstairs to his bedroom.

We took a shower and went to bed, where we spent the entire weekend in bliss. He never let me venture out on my own and when he left me by myself, I was shackled to the bed. He said he didn't want me to escape, but who wanted to? —*Name and address withheld*

HIT THE HEIGHTS

While at the swimming pool at our hotel during a recent trip to Israel, my wife noted a poster advertising the services of a masseur. After inquiring at the desk, she made an appointment for a massage at four the following afternoon. The next day, she left the room for her appointment while I rested from the rigors of a week of sightseeing. Upon her return an hour and a half later, she related the following tale.

The masseur, a young, handsome Italian, introduced himself, and they entered a small room furnished with only a table, chair, and several shelves that contained stacks of towels and jars of lotions and oils. There was no private provision for disrobing, so, amid small talk designed to ease the mounting tension in the air, my wife removed all of her clothes and lay face down on the massage table. The masseur laid a towel over her ass loincloth-style and raised her hips so he could tuck the other end under her pussy and stomach. She said this action increased her awareness of the sensuality of the situation she was in.

Under the ministrations of his talented fingers, aided by generous amounts of warm oil, she rapidly relaxed. When he started to rub the sides of her breasts, she lifted her torso to allow access to her tits, which he promptly palmed and thoroughly massaged. She decided not to object to his attention to the intimate parts of her body and to go along with whatever happened—as long as it was pleasurable.

He worked his way down her back to the twin globes of her shapely ass, inserted one oiled finger deep into her ass hole, and probed the depths of her steaming pussy with his other hand. My wife said she reached a satisfying orgasm in record time. The masseur then dropped her arms over the sides of the table and moved to the end to continue massaging her neck and shoulder muscles.

In this position, her face and forehead nuzzled the crotch of his gym shorts. His excitement was most obvious. My wife stretched her arms slightly forward and ran her hands up the back of his legs to his ass. He pulled down his shorts, revealing to my wife, at eye level, his erect cock. Without hesitation, she grasped it at its base with both hands and directed it to her mouth. In less than a minute, he shot his load, which she hungrily swallowed. After a few minutes, the session ended.

Although she obviously had more fun than I that afternoon, the incident had an aphrodisiacal effect from which we've both continued to benefit long after.—*Name and address withheld*

HAIRDRESSER—CROSS-DRESSER

I am a twenty-seven-year-old male hairdresser in the downtown district of a small city. I'm five feet nine inches tall, 135 pounds, clean-shaven, thin, and in good shape. I'm also a closet cross-dresser.

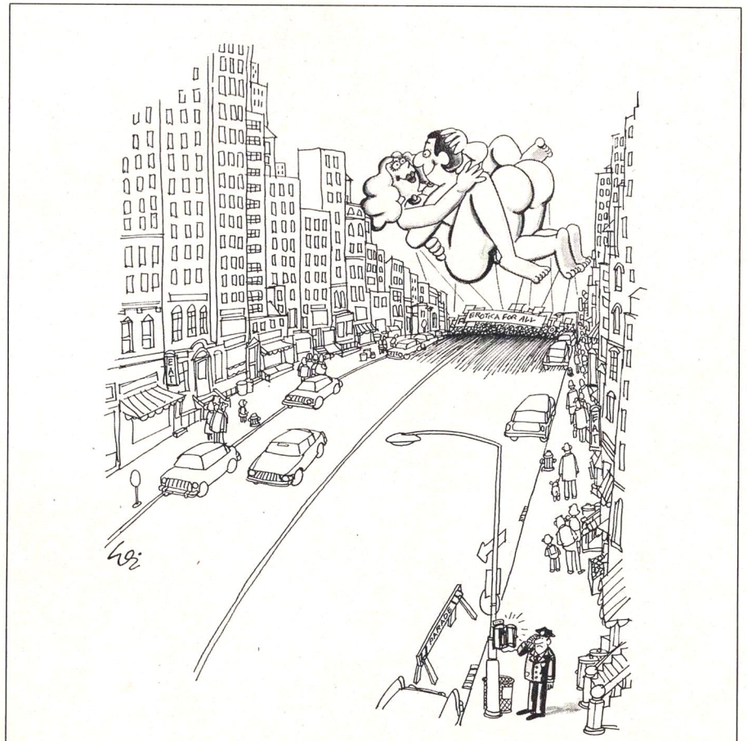
I've been cross-dressing since I've been old enough to get a hard-on. I used to sneak into my sister's bedroom and take her panties and nylons, put them on, and masturbate. To this day I still wear women's lingerie under my regular male attire. Even at work, I usually wear nylon panties, sheer, colored pantyhose, and a Lycra leotard under my clothes. No one ever knows. I have a complete selection of dresses, shoes, wigs, and lingerie all hidden away in my apartment.

Well, one day a woman came into the shop from the bank across the street and asked for a haircut and style. She was about five feet two inches and 100 pounds, with a nice body. She wore a dress with a slit up the front. Her name was Jan.

As Jan sat in my chair, her dress fell open at the slit, revealing the tops of her stockings and garters. My eyes almost bugged out of my head at the sight of her beautiful nylon-clad legs. I asked Jan why she preferred to wear stockings with garters instead of pantyhose. She said she felt sexy this morning and wanted to feel more feminine. Anyway, she said all her pantyhose had runs in them and that she and her boyfriend were going to the shopping mall tonight to buy some new ones for the both of them. Hearing this, my heart skipped a beat.

Jan told me her boyfriend, Mike, was a closet transvestite who always wears lingerie under his male attire. When they are alone at home, Jan makes up his face with mascara, shadow, liner, and lip color, paints his nails, and shaves his legs and underarms. He wears her panties, nylons, bras, and heels around the house. Mike also has a favorite miniskirt. Jan said she really gets turned on at seeing guys dressed in frills and lace. She said more guys should do it instead of always trying to be macho.

After I finished her hair, I told Jan I had a surprise for her in the stockroom in the far end of the shop. When we got to the stockroom, I took off my shirt and pants and let her get a good look. I was wearing a black-lace garter belt, black-lace tap pants, and black fishnet stockings. Jan just looked for a long time and didn't say a word. Then she walked over to me, took down my tap pants, and sucked my cock. She ran her hands inside my legs, feeling my stockings from the tips of my toes up to my balls. She squeezed my balls lightly just as I came deep in her throat! Afterwards, she told me to come to her house



"No, I've never heard of the Erotic Day Parade. Why?"

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that night. She removed her panties, gave them to me and told me to be wearing them when I came. She wrote down the address and left—very excited.

I left work early so I could take a nice, long bubble bath. I shaved my legs, my underarms, and around my balls. I tweezed my eyebrows thin and pretty and did my face with shadow, liner, mascara, and lip color. I wore pink garters with sheer pink stockings and the panties she gave me to wear, a plain button-down shirt, a jean skirt, and navy-colored pumps, and I donned my favorite wig.

At Jan's house, I expected her to answer the door. Instead, I was greeted by another woman. She let me in and I couldn't take my eyes off her fantastic body! She wore a powder-blue leotard, navy pantyhose, and a cute little pair of shorts. I had just asked where Jan was when, suddenly, she walked into the room and said, "I see you met my boyfriend, Mike." I couldn't believe this girl was actually a guy!

They told me how pretty I was and asked me to spin around like a model. Jan was wearing a black sheer body stocking that was open at the crotch and a pair of red high-heeled pumps.

She told me to remove my skirt and blouse so she could see the panties she gave me. My cock stood straight out, straining against the silky panties, so I started jerking off through the material. Jan produced an eight-inch dildo and fucked herself on the couch while she watched me play with myself. Mike said he had to change and would be right back.

I went to Jan and started sucking her cunt through the hole in her body stocking. She got hotter by the minute and said she wanted to suck my pretty dick. After about three minutes of my sucking her cunt, she came in a shudder that ran through her entire body.

I stood up and Jan removed my panties. She sucked my cock like it was her last meal as she shoved the dildo into her cunt and fucked herself.

Mike came into the room and had changed into a black, sheer teddy and a pair of black-lace crotchless panties. His seven-inch cock was standing out straight. Seeing this, Jan screamed out in delight, ran to Mike, and massaged his cock through the teddy. Then she greased Mike's ass hole and slid the dildo all the way in. Mike sucked Jan's cunt like a dog while she sucked Mike's cock and fucked him up the ass with the dildo. It looked like two women in a hot lesbian orgy. Mike came in a frenzy all over Jan's face just as she had her second giant orgasm of the night.

Jan rolled onto her back and begged me to fuck her. I practically ran over! I shoved my cock into her cunt and moved in slow, even thrusts as Jan felt my tits and ran her hands all over my stockings.

Mike came back with another huge hard-on. He straddled Jan's head and faced me. He took off the teddy and wore only the crotchless panties, with his prick staring me right in the face. I reached for Mike's cock and sucked. I'd never sucked a cock before, and with my being new and inexperienced, Mike took my head and moved his cock in and out in a nice, even tempo. I could feel his cock inside my mouth and I loved it. I pulled out of Jan, and Mike and I got into a sixty-nine position and sucked each other off. I couldn't hold back any longer, especially when Jan slid the dildo up my ass and fucked me while Mike swallowed my load. Mike was ready to come and wanted to unload in Jan's ass, so they went at it. In less than a minute, Mike was spent.

Now, we meet every weekend at Jan's house. She dresses Mike and me and we go out as three girls. I still wear panties and pantyhose under my regular male attire, but I stopped wearing socks. If anyone looked carefully at my ankles, they would see that I have nylons on! I love the feeling of almost getting caught! Mike and Jan have a trip planned for us to Las Vegas, and we are going as three women. I can't wait. Needless to say, they always get their haircuts free of charge!—*Name and address withheld*

"Your wife says you might as well jump. She's not going to blow you."

LOVE-DRENCHED

I recently opened a new office in a high-rise building out west. I had decided to buy a really good computer for my private use and Barbara, who represented a local computer company, had made several calls on me in an attempt to sell me her particular line. I had decided to buy her brand of hardware, but had stalled her on the last two calls, hoping to get better acquainted, since she could easily be one of your Penthouse Pets. She delivered my new purchase late one afternoon, and after setting up the unit and giving me brief instructions she asked me about my software needs. I decided to make my move and told her that her software was my main interest. She laughed at what she assumed to be a little joke on my part. Since the hour was past our office closing time, we were alone in my office. I asked if she would have a drink with me and proceeded to show off the new bar in my office.

After a couple of glasses of wine, we were sitting on the sectional sofa by my office window overlooking the city. My mind was filled with desire for this gorgeous creature. I was trying to get up the nerve to make a move when she simply put her wine glass down and leaned over to me. In one swift move her arms were around me and her mouth was on mine. I was caught completely off guard, but only for a moment. I probed her soft lips with my tongue and she responded by slowly sucking my tongue into her mouth, biting it gently. She pushed away from me and told me that she didn't mean to be so aggressive but that she had been turned on by me since her first call on me and had just made the move impulsively. I was not about to let the opportunity pass, so I told her that I had been sexually frustrated since I first met her, thinking constantly about a number of fantasies with her, the most recent one being taking her clothes off and screwing her right in my office.

Without a word, she stood up and started to remove her clothes. I was out of mine before she was undressed. She moved toward me—I was still sitting on the sofa—and sat down on the carpet between my legs. She took my now rigid cock in her hands and, stroking it slowly, staring at it, then leaning over it, took it in her mouth and licked me from my balls to its tip and back until I was shaking with desire. I knew that within seconds I was going to come in her mouth and although I had no objection to doing just that, I wanted to feel the lips of her cunt covering my cock and feel the surge of come going up inside her. I pulled her up, taking her face in my hands, my mouth covering hers, sucking her tongue. She straddled me as I sat on the sofa. Squatting over me, she lowered her hot cunt down on my throbbing cock. She sat down on me hard and I could feel the tip of my cock pushing against her cervix, as deep as it could go. Her huge tits, the nipples now hard, were pressing against my chest as she slowly moved up and down on my cock.

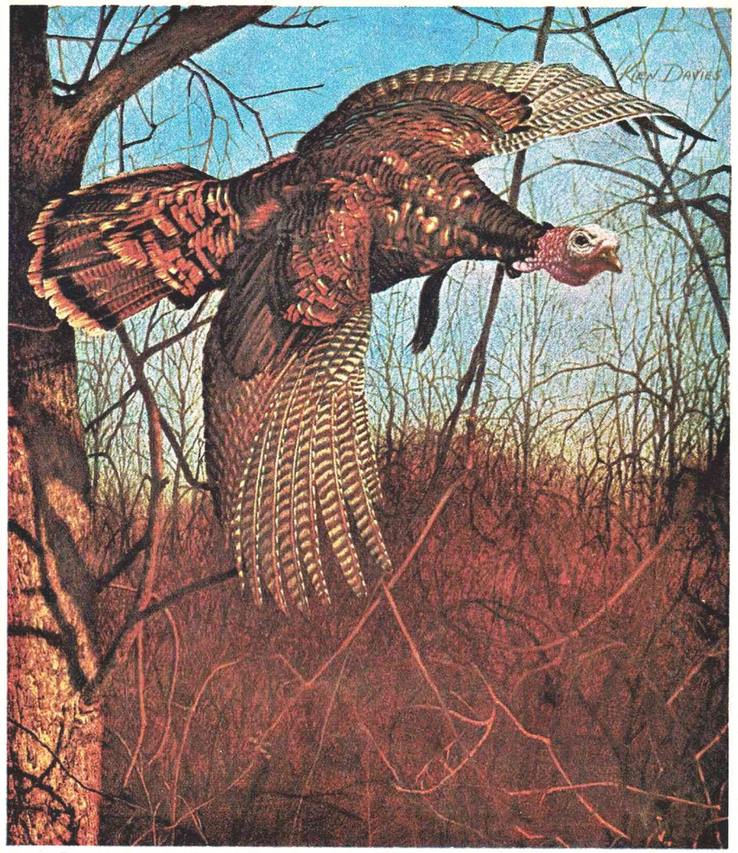
Her movements were fluid, as though she were dancing on my body. I could feel a load of come surging up the shaft of my cock, then I felt a flood of warm fluid pouring down on my thighs. I suddenly realized that she was apparently uncontrollably pissing on me. She pushed back from me and, with embarrassment, said that she could not stop herself from pissing and coming at the same time. She was so embarrassed that she started to cry. My cock was soaking in her juices and although I've never been into water games, my dick was harder than it had ever been and the scene before me so exotic—this gorgeous woman sitting on my lap, my cock deep in her pussy, her body fluids spilling down on my loins, and her holding me close to hide her shame—that my cock exploded with torrents of come. I was crazy with lust and desire, and as my cock was gushing I quickly pushed her down on the sofa beside me and went down on her wet pussy. We spent the rest of the night playing out our mutual fantasies, and we have continued to do so for some time now.—*Name and address withheld*

NERD WITHOUT NERVE

This is an unusual story about the way that I lost my virginity.

When I was nineteen, I moved to a small town in Minnesota. At the time, I was slightly overweight, but none of the girls seemed to mind. At least, it didn't stop them from looking and propositioning me. My problem was that I was so afraid of sex that I rarely even went on dates.

One hot summer day, I went swimming



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in a local pond by myself. As usual, I was skinny-dipping. After a few minutes of swimming I looked up, and standing next to my clothes on the shore were two girls from school, Lisa and Julie. They laughed at the situation as I treaded water with a red face.

Julie picked up my clothes and moved them farther from shore, about one hundred feet from me. Then they sat and waited. My cries for help were ignored, and I realized that sooner or later I'd have to get out and get my clothes. I decided not to put it off any longer.

Quickly, I ran out of the water and grabbed my clothes. I was bent over, trying to pull my shorts on, when I was tackled from behind. Now, I'm a pretty big guy, but I couldn't break the hold they had on me.

Lisa pulled out a rope and tied my hands and feet, ignoring my pleas. She told me she would help me overcome my fear of women. Julie reached down and began playing with my cock, while Lisa began undressing. She slowly removed her shorts, allowing her beautiful fire-red mound to come into view. Then she took over for Julie and gently stroked my thighs and legs. Finally, her hand moved to the base of my rock-hard cock and she slowly began to masturbate me. Lisa must have seen a few cocks before, because she hadn't done ten strokes before I shot my white, creamy load all over her delicate little fingers. She said she liked a man who didn't waste any time.

Julie, who had been watching, now undressed. I knew that she would be hot for me, because while Lisa was getting me off Julie sat a few feet away, fingering her clit and getting that beautiful snatch about as hot as you can imagine. She walked over and stood above my face so I could see the moist, pink lips between her perfect legs. She began to lower herself to my mouth, ordering me to lick her steaming twat. Despite the smell that I was not accustomed to, I eagerly began to lap it up. I quickly got the hang of it, and after a few minutes Julie came in a shuddering orgasm.

By that time I was hard again, and Lisa gently slipped my cock between her legs. As I entered her, I thought nothing could ever feel so good. She began to rock up and down rhythmically while Julie continued to sit on my face. Suddenly we all came simultaneously, sending shouts of pure ecstasy ringing throughout the countryside.

Both girls finally untied me and let me up. They asked me if I felt any different, and I said that I had never been better. After thanking them for showing me the light, I got dressed and ran off to tell my best friend.

I'll never forget Lisa and Julie. I'm now in the navy and have had the opportunity to meet women from all over the world. None, however, will ever be able to do to me what those two women were able to do.—*Name and address withheld*

A SPOILSPORT

I finally decided to write to you about an experience I had a few years ago, when I was eighteen. Although it had to be the most humiliating event of my life, I now look back on it happily, and remembering it still makes me horny.

My parents had gone away for the weekend and my sister, who is two years older then I am, had two of her girl friends, Sarah and Maggie, over on Saturday night. They were sitting in the kitchen talking while I was watching TV in the den. My sister came in and asked me if I would like to play cards with them, and since there wasn't anything too worthwhile on TV, I agreed. So we all sat down at the card table in the den and began playing poker.

We weren't betting or gambling, so the game got pretty boring after a while . . . until one of my sister's friends suggested we change the game to strip poker! At first I thought she was only joking, but my sister and her other friend went along with the idea. I didn't know what to say. I had never been naked in front of a woman before and the idea made me really nervous, especially in this setting. I thought for a moment and figured that someone would call a halt to the game before it reached that point, so I reluctantly agreed.

I did pretty well in the early going, with the girls doing most of the stripping. But then I lost both shoes and both socks in consecutive rounds, and my anxiety grew as I realized that my clothing shortage would soon be critical. Before long, all three of the girls were left with only their jeans and shirts, but I was barefoot, bare-chested, and without my belt. I just knew that the loser of the next hand would protest and the game would be over. I was only hoping it wouldn't have to be me!

Sarah, one of my sister's friends, lost the next hand and quickly removed her shirt. My jaw dropped as her tits jiggled in the cups of her bra. Now I began to worry that I had carelessly gotten myself into an embarrassing situation from which I could not easily escape.

My sister lost the next hand and shocked me by removing her shirt. In the next hand it was my turn to lose, and I had no choice but to doff my jeans. After I'd removed my pants, Maggie suggested that since there was a brother and sister present, we should not strip any further. Wow, was I ever relieved! Then she suggested that instead the loser of the next hand should be required to submit to one hour of whatever activity the others dictated. Again my anxiety increased, but I thought this alternative might allow me to keep my Jockey shorts on.

I lost the hand and sat nervously while the girls huddled to discuss what they would ask of me. Much to my surprise, they announced that I must submit to an hour of "tickle torture." I objected, but they rightfully pointed out that we had all agreed on the procedure.

They took me by the arms and ushered me into my parents' bedroom, where they

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THE FIRST RADAR DETECTION ADVANCE SINCE SUPERHETERODYNE

ESCORT WINS AGAIN!
JULY 1983 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST
"...the filter (ST/O/P) ESCORT is simply outstanding. ...unit decreased non-police alerts by over 90%. ...a price far below that of many other detector units. The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."

ESCORT WINS
MAY 1983 CAR and DRIVER TEST
"The Escort looks so comfortable, contented, and familiar at the top of the heap that it's hard to see that something new and special has been added... live with a new Escort for a while and you'll realize it has advanced new circuitry that should go down as a genuine breakthrough."

ESCORT WINS
NOV 1982 CAR and DRIVER TEST
"The Escort, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy. The Escort is a quality piece of hardware."

ESCORT WINS
DEC 1981 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST
"The Escort is a highly sophisticated and sensitive detector that has been steadily improved over the years... In terms of what all it does, nothing else comes close.

ESCORT WINS
SEPT 1980 CAR and DRIVER TEST
"Ranked according to performance, the Escort is first choice... The Escort boasts the most careful and clever planning, the most pleasing packaging, and the most solid construction of the lot."

ESCORT WINS
MAY 1980 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST
"This unit... consistantly outperformed the other products and is the standard to which the others are compared. If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it."

ESCORT WINS
FEB 1979 CAR and DRIVER TEST
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ESCORT: "A GENUINE BREAKTHROUGH"
—CAR and DRIVER

If you keep up with magazine tests, you know that ESCORT does more than just outperform other radar detectors. In its most recent evaluation, Car and Driver concluded: *"The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."* But performance, as measured by warning distance, is *not* the new breakthrough. After all, ESCORT has been beating all comers since its introduction in 1978.

Now There's More To It

While long detection range is obviously essential it does *nothing* to solve a problem that has cropped up in the last year. In fact, increasing range by itself just makes the problem worse. If you already have a good superheterodyne unit, you know what we mean. A new generation of imported detector *transmits* radar signals, and can set off your unit as far as a mile away. The longer the range of your unit, the farther away you find them. As Car and Driver pointed out last November: *"Since there are far more detectors on the road than police radar units, interference... could become a genuine nuisance."*

Low Level Contamination

At first it was just an irritation. At least ESCORT owners had a way of distinguishing the polluters from the real thing. Our unique audio warning differentiates between the two police radar bands: it "beeps" for X band and "braps" for K band. The polluters' trashy signals triggered both warnings at once, and made a new sound—different than the sounds for police radar. (The rest of the industry didn't even know there was a new problem. Their detectors were making the same sounds as always, just more often.)

Radar Epidemic

As more and more of the "polluting detectors" hit the streets, the problem became more serious. If one of the "polluters" is approaching in an oncoming lane, the alarm from your detector is brief. But if it's traveling the same direction as you, your alarm can go on for *miles*. And the offending detector doesn't have to be in the car right next to yours. It can be ahead or behind, and up to a mile away. A very serious problem indeed.

Pollution Clean-Up

The problem required an entirely new approach. Examining the interference from these imports, our engineers discovered a subtle difference between their signals and those of police radar, even though they were on the same frequency. The solution, then, was to design new circuitry that would reject the pollution while—and this was the hard part—maintaining ESCORT's industry-leading response to pulsed and instant-on radar. We named it ST/O/P™ (STatistical Operations Processor), and it consists of a CMOS digital processor with built-in memory. ST/O/P is not simple, and it's not cheap. But it is, in our opinion, the most important breakthrough in radar detection since superheterodyne. Car and Driver would seem to agree: *"Now, all the world's Radio Shack detectors can hum right by your car in full microwave broadcast mode and your Escort will sit on your dash as politely and silently as a canary-fed cat."*

THE RADAR DEFENSE KIT

Peace of Mind

With ST/O/P, we've put the complications necessary to cope with today's radar problems inside—where they work automatically. Just install ESCORT, plug it into your cigar lighter, and turn it on. ESCORT does the rest. If you encounter a signal from a "polluting detector," ESCORT keeps quiet while maintaining its lookout for police radar. If the signal is the real thing, ESCORT immediately alerts you both audibly and visually. And, unlike other detectors that keep you guessing about the radar's location, ESCORT's signal-strength meter moves upscale as you approach and its variable-rate beeper/brapper pulses faster. You get the full story.

It's Simple

If you want the best, there's no reason to look anywhere else. But don't take our word for it. Try ESCORT *at no risk*. Open the box, install ESCORT on your dash or visor, and take 30 days to test it. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund your purchase *and* pay for the postage costs to return it. You can't lose. ESCORT is sold factory direct, so knowledgeable support and professional service are only a phone call or parcel delivery away. And we back ESCORT with a full one year limited warranty. Order today and let ESCORT change radar for you forever.

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It's easy to order an ESCORT, by mail *or* by phone.

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To insure efficient and prompt service, we will use a special reservation system for scheduling the "ST/O/P Retrofit" service. DO NOT SEND YOUR ESCORT, but please send a card or letter (no phone calls, please) with your name, address, and serial number to the following special processing address:
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We will then send you a special shipping label and details on how and when you can send us your ESCORT.

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—*Publishers Weekly*

Dell AT LAST IN PAPERBACK!
A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB FEATURED ALTERNATE

told me to lie down on the bed, on my back. My sister came in with some rope and they began tying my hands to the headboard and my feet to the bedposts. As the last piece of rope tightened around my ankle, I remember feeling terribly helpless and scared.

Now that I was secured in a spread-eagle position, the tickling began. They really went at it, tickling my arms, stomach, and feet. I writhed and struggled and laughed so hard I could barely breathe.

In the midst of all this, Maggie yelled out, "Oh, look! He has an erection!" Everything stopped, as all eyes focused on my crotch, where my shorts were pushed upward like a mountain. I was so ashamed that I just lay there, motionless, and closed my eyes. I was too embarrassed to even look at them. My sister said that enough was enough and that she was going to bed. As she walked out of the room, she told Maggie and Sarah to untie me and let me go. As I listened, I heard the door to my sister's room close, and then the door to my parents' room also closed. I opened my eyes as Sarah turned to Maggie and said, "Now we can really have some fun."

Sarah walked over and began massaging my body, causing my dick to stiffen once again. Both girls just kept rubbing their hands back and forth over my arms, chest, stomach, legs, and feet. My heart was pounding, but I did my best to contain my physical excitement, fearing that it would only encourage the girls to do something that would humiliate me further. What a situation!

Sarah stepped away for a minute and I lifted my head to see what she was doing. She returned carrying a pair of scissors. At first I had no idea what she intended to do with them, but when she grabbed the fabric of my Jockey shorts it hit me. I struggled and protested, but it was no use. I was completely helpless and at their mercy. They made two cuts in the fabric and lifted the shorts away.

I had never had sex with a girl before. I had never even been naked in front of a girl before. And here I was, stark naked with a hard-on and helplessly bound hand and foot. My mind raced with fear and humiliation. I was determined not to let my physical arousal progress any further—and if it did, there was no way I wanted the girls to know. I had no control over my situation, but I struggled to force my mind to maintain control of my body.

Sarah grabbed a bottle of hand lotion from the dresser and poured some into the palm of her hand. She came back over to me and gently took my cock in her hand and begun pumping it up and down. She turned to Maggie and asked if she had ever seen a guy have an orgasm and ejaculate. Maggie just shook her head no. "Then watch carefully," Sarah said, "because you're in for quite a display."

I somehow managed to remain still and asked Sarah to stop, because I wasn't into it. She just smiled and kept pumping my cock with her hand. Maggie just stood there in awe. She scanned my body carefully and watched for any sex-related signs. Once in a while she would announce an observation, as if she were trying to build evidence that my will was being broken.

As Sarah kept right on pumping, Maggie reported, "Look at the way he's sweating." I leaned forward to see that my body was drenched with sweat. "Look at how hard he's breathing." I couldn't help it, but I fought valiantly to contain myself. "Look—his toes are starting to quiver." Now I realized that my sex-driven body was slipping from my concious control. Every muscle in my body tensed, as I hopelessly struggled to hold back the tidal wave of semen I felt building up in my groin, but it was too much for me. Instinct took over. I threw my head back and wildly thrust my hips upward as I let out a deep groan and sprayed spurt after spurt of sperm into the air. I remember Maggie shouting "Oh, my God!" as I experienced an amazingly intense and long-lasting orgasm. When the last contractions subsided, I felt unbearably humiliated as I lay there, helplessly bound and naked, my whole body shaking, and now spotted from chest to thighs with sperm. At the same time, I must admit that I felt a great measure of physical relief.

I now demanded that they untie me, and Sarah seemed willing to give in. But Maggie begged her to leave me tied up so that she could play with me. Sarah got some wet towels and wiped all of the come from my body. She leaned over to whisper to me that I might as well relax and enjoy, because she wasn't going to deny Maggie her opportunity. I was certain of one thing—I didn't have much choice.

The girls left the room for a while and I fell asleep. I woke up quite suddenly, as I felt Maggie's hands at my cock and balls. It was taking her a while to get me hard again, so Sarah suggested she try exploring other parts of my body. Maggie began rubbing her hands all over my body, looking for some sign of arousal. Before long, she discovered that each time she rubbed my nipples, or massaged my toes, my body would quiver a little. She concentrated on these areas until I became hard, then grabbed my cock and pumped up and down until I climaxed again. By now I was thoroughly exhausted and fell asleep.

I woke up early the next morning to the sensation of Maggie massaging my toes. I looked around and saw Sarah asleep next to me on the bed. My cock was sore and I asked Maggie if she hadn't seen enough already. She said that if I would "sperm" just once more for her, she would untie me. She concentrated her touching and probing on my nipples, toes, and balls until my cock became stiff. Then she began giving me another hand job. I sort of got into it this time, arching my back and pumping my hips up and down until sperm erupted onto my stomach and groin once again. What a relief.

By now Sarah had gotten up. As they both untied me, they asked me if I hadn't really enjoyed myself after all. I assured them that I had as I stumbled down the hall into my bedroom. I wiped the sperm from my body, fell into bed, and slept soundly well into the afternoon.—*Name and address withheld*

BALL IN THE FAMILY

My wife and I are conservative when it comes to sex. In the thirteen years we've been married, we had sex only with each other and had done no more than look at anyone else.

Recently, my sister's husband died, and we decided it would be good for all to get away for a few days. So the three of us loaded up the kids and took off to a resort area a few hours away.

One evening, we all dressed up and went out for dinner. During the meal, my wife kept rubbing her nylon-clad leg against mine, getting me really excited. I suggested that when we got back to the motel the kids should go swimming. When we returned, they quickly changed and were gone in a flash, escorted by my sister, who said she would see us later.

My wife locked the door, pulled the shades, and told me to sit down. Obediently, I did as I was told. She began a slow, suggestive strip that soon had me excited, especially when she began rubbing her cunt through her nylons. I cheered her on as she moaned with pleasure.

Just then, the door adjoining our room opened, and my sister stood there looking at the scene. My wife was embarrassed but too hot to do much about it. My sister entered, sat in my lap, and told my wife to continue, which she did. My sister had been without sex for at least six months but she remembered what to do. Her hand was in my pants and around Elmo within seconds. My wife took off her shoes and nylons and stood in front of us playing with her moist cunt.

In a short time, I shot my wad in my sister's hand. She now licked her fingers, smeared some of my juices on her face, arms, and chest, and jumped up, saying it was her turn now. My wife sat on my lap, grabbed my hand, and shoved my fingers into her to the hilt. My sister slowly began to take off her clothes, coming over frequently to kiss me and my wife. Completely nude, she took one of her heels and slowly inserted it in her pussy until the heel totally disappeared. This drove me wild!

Then it was my turn. My wife and sister lay on the bed and began to kiss each other. Their fingers were buried in each other's hole and their tits smashed each other. I quickly got undressed, jumped on the bed, and somehow managed to get Elmo between the four tits. I came all over them and fell back exhausted. Soon, though, I felt lips on Elmo and realized that he was the center of a deep and passionate French kiss. This continued for a long

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time, and soon all three of us were active again. If it moved, we sucked it; if it had an opening, we fucked it; if we were tired, we didn't realize it.

When the kids came back, my wife took them to play video games while my sister and I sixty-nined and I tit-fucked her. Then I watched the kids while my wife and sister experienced lesbian love for the first time.

My sister gave me her panties, which will always be a reminder of our wonderful threesome.—*Name and address withheld*

CORPORATE MERGER

Several months ago I was touring plants in our section when the board of directors informed me they were going to send a representative to discuss some capital-spending plans with me when I reached a certain city.

When I reached our suite, imagine my surprise to find Maggie, my former stenographer of sixteen years, there as the corporate representative! We got down to business quickly and in an hour's time finished what I had expected to take a day and a half. As we both locked our briefcases, I leaned over to kiss her on the cheek. Our relationship had always been strictly professional, but I was pleased to see her again. I missed her cheek, though, and our lips met in a brief, friendly kiss. We both backed off quickly and then our eyes met. We leaned forward till our lips met again, and this time we stayed together, clasped in each other's arms.

When we finally came up for air, Maggie said, "I guess this means that we're going to sleep together tonight." Too stunned and shaken to do anything else, I nodded my agreement.

I have always admired Maggie's appearance. She stands about five feet eight inches tall, with a mature, well-proportioned body, clear skin, and shoulder-length blond hair. She always wears heels that accentuate her slim, sculptured legs, topped with well-rounded hips and buttocks.

Since it was still only late afternoon, we decided to change for dinner and to retire to the lounge for a drink before eating. When she came out of her room, she was wearing a simple, long-sleeved top with a scooped neckline, nice jewelry, and a narrow sheath skirt that was slit up the sides to just above the knees.

In the rooftop dining room that was purposely kept dimly lighted to provide a better view of the city, we were seated side by side in a deep booth. After a round of drinks, I decided that it was time to make a move.

I cautiously reached under the tablecloth and put my hand on her knee but she quickly placed it on her thigh, where I encountered her stocking top and bare flesh. It was then that I noticed she had hitched up her skirt so that the side slits were now almost to her waist. I lost no time in exploring further. Except for her stockings, she was naked under the skirt. She smiled and inched closer to me as she adjusted her feet to open her thighs. My hand found a smooth, rounded belly and my fingers drifted downward to a thick bush of soft, curly hair.

Another slight shift of position, and my finger found her moist female cleft. I outlined her lips with my fingertip and was finally able to insert it in her vaginal opening. Several times I caressed the slit from bottom to top, and then I began to draw circles with my fingertip around her clitoris. She reached over to me and while I held my waistband, she unzipped my fly. I was so hard that we had difficulty getting it free, but with this all covered by the tablecloth, she began to stroke my cock slowly as I kept on stimulating her most sensitive spot.

She looked deeply into my eyes and said, "I've often done it with my own finger and fantasized that it was your hard prick." I was really surprised; I had never thought that she had had such ideas about me.

In another moment or two she whispered, "Don't stop! I'm going to come!" I increased the speed and pressure of my finger on her clitoris. She braced herself between the table and the backrest and clenched her lips.

Needless to say, we hurried through dinner. The trip back down to our floor in the elevator was one long, passionate embrace, with our tongues exploring each other's mouth. I closed and locked the door to our suite. Behind me, Maggie made one tug at her skirt zipper, stepped out of it, and faced me with her feet planted wide apart. I literally tore my clothes off as she pulled her top over her head. She stood before me in nothing but stockings. She has firm breasts and a well-molded body. At the top of her vee was a luxuriant growth of light-brown pubic hair. We stood for a moment taking in the pleasures of viewing each other's naked body.

I took her hand and we ran to her room, where she flopped on the bed on her back with her knees drawn up and spread wide apart. I threw myself on top of her. My cockhead found her vagina, and with one thrust I was as deep into her wet love nest as I could penetrate. Our groins mashed together and our genital hair intertwined. A few hard thrusts and she arched her back to me, crying out, "I'm coming! I'm coming!" That did it for me, too, and high-pressure jets of semen spurted out of my aching balls to splash her love tunnel.

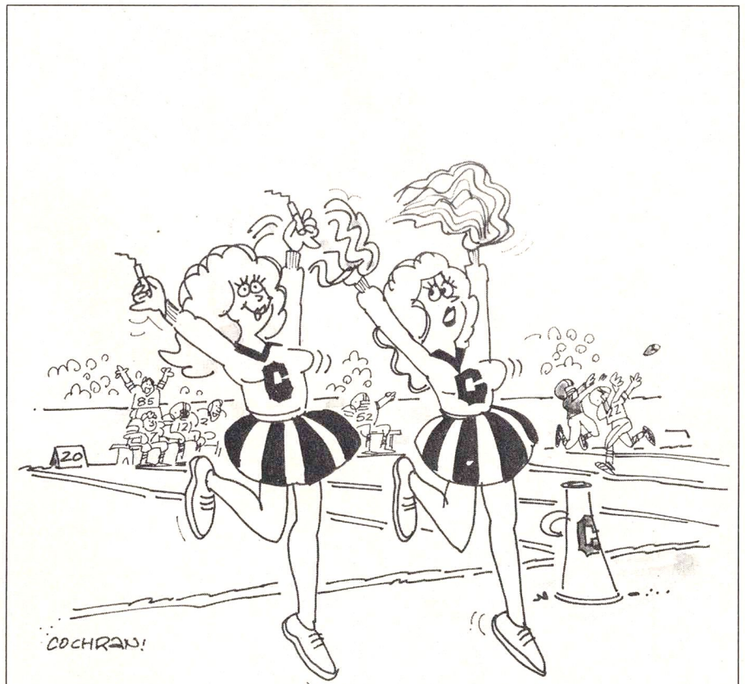
I rolled off her and began to make plans for the rest of the evening. I told her that I wanted to watch her masturbate and that I wanted to kiss and suck her cunt to orgasm. Then we would fuck ever so slowly to maintain the most intimate of all possible contacts.

We ordered a bottle of champagne (it was a great reviver) and decided to shower. Under the fine, hot shower we soaped and caressed each other until my prick, again, pointed toward the ceiling. I asked her if she could douche before I ate her but she hadn't brought any equipment with her. I'd never tasted semen, not even my own, and I wasn't anxious to start. She suggested a remedy. She lay in the tub and positioned her pussy under the faucet, with her legs straight up against the wall, and I turned the water on. After a minute she said, "Oohhh, that feels good!" The next minute, she went into another orgasm and bucked her hips against the flow of water. Then it was champagne and back to bed, where we cuddled and I fingered her cunt until my hand was wet with the flow of her love juices. She was ready to be cunt-sucked.

I doubled a pillow under my head and had her kneel over my shoulders and clasp the brass headboard. First I stuck out my tongue and made it as broad as I could, and lapped her cunt from bottom to top until she reached a shattering climax. I grasped her by her buttocks and kept her pussy pressed down against my mouth, darting my tongue in and out of her vagina until she ground her pussy into my face in another orgasm. We caught our breath for a minute, and then I sucked her clitoris, titillating it with the tip of my tongue until she came again. I didn't notice until morning that the brass rods in the headboard were all bent out of shape.

Then it was my turn. She had me sit in a chair as she knelt in front of me. She wet the head of my cock and pressed her lips down on it, giving me the sensation of entering a very tight cunt. Next she took only the head into her mouth and circled the rim with her tongue, occasionally licking the cord. Finally I couldn't stand it any more and begged her to finish me off. It was then that she grasped my shaft in her hand and stroked, bobbing her head up and down to take as much of my erect prick into her mouth as she could. I warned her when I felt the rumblings in my groin, signaling I was about to come, but she only increased her actions.

I felt so tender toward Maggie after the blowjob that we got back in bed and cuddled each other for over an hour. Then I had her lie on her back and I sat cross-legged at the foot of the bed with her legs over my knees. She was not bothered at lying that way, with her whole love nest fully exposed, but was a little reluctant to finger herself. At last I talked her into it, and she began dipping love juice from her vagina and spread it over her cunt lips and love button. I watched as she ran two fingers up and down her labia, pulling back the hood on the clitoris with every upward stroke. In no time, I had a firm hard-on and when she held her cunt lips apart with one hand and began to touch her clitoris with the other, I couldn't stand it anymore. I leaned forward and took my stiff dick and stroked her cunt several times, then slid it into her again. We rolled onto our sides and began the greatest fuck either of us had ever had. Our movements were slow and languorous, on a plateau just below a full-blown orgasm. At last (after close to two hours) neither of us could stand the tension any longer. She rolled onto her back, and with just a few long, hard fucks we climaxed together in a loving come that was so much more tender than anything either of us had experienced.—*Name and address withheld*



"No, no, Mary Lou! You're supposed to be waving your pom-poms!"

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PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Lale Hansen, who appears on page 83, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 lens, and a Norman 200B portable strobe. Ed Holzman photographed Julia Parton, appearing on page 64, with a Nikon 35mm camera, Nikkor 85 and 105 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. Our 'spirited' love set was shot by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85 and 135 lenses, Harrison filters, and Norman strobes. It appears on page 104.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

TOWNSHEND'S CURE

I am writing to compliment you on your interview with the one and only Pete Townshend, who was interviewed by *Omni* magazine editor Kathleen McAuliffe in your August 1983 issue.

I'd like to thank all those involved in the publication of this excellent interview for bringing us a straightforward and honest account of the problems that Pete Townshend has faced in the past couple of years and of the magnificent NeuroElectric Therapy (NET) designed by Dr. Meg Patterson.

When I first learned of Pete Townshend's drug problem, I was shocked. He was doing things that he had been totally against in the past. The pressure that he was under was tremendous and would have driven anyone to the same end. Dr. Patterson's NET technique seems to be the most effective and humane way to fight drug addiction. I sincerely hope that the U.S. Food and Drug Administration approves its use.

I am amazed that Townshend could have released *Empty Glass* and *All the Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes* during this period in his life. It is even more amazing that these two solo projects went on to become fantastically successful albums.

I saw Pete Townshend on both the 1980 and 1982 tours, and I could see the difference in his playing quite clearly. As for the "wind-down" of the Who, it's got to come about some time. I don't want to see it happen, but after all the years that Pete Townshend has given to us Who fans (the best fans in the world), I'll be glad to know that he can finally be happy. Rock 'n' roll isn't like any other form of music. It's a lot more demanding both mentally and physically. Nothing can go on forever. But maybe someday I'll be able to read short stories or poetry written by Pete Townshend while listening to his music. That would be interesting.

Thanks to Pete Townshend for sharing his problem and how he coped with it, and God bless Dr. Patterson and her NET for helping Pete Townshend to overcome his drug addiction. Once again, The Kids are Alright!—*Allan S. Kaplan, Yuba City, Calif.*

In reference to your interview with Pete Townshend (August 1983), I found it interesting that up until now not very much has been said publicly about NeuroElectric Therapy. It certainly is like a miracle, because the recovery time for addicts is amazingly rapid.

As for Townshend himself, I hope he continues to stay straight and in good health. He is my all-time-favorite rock star, and I'd like to have him around for many years to come.—*Marge Urbanek, Olmsted Falls, Ohio*

Kathleen McAuliffe replies:
Although government approval of Neuro-Electric Therapy is yet to be forthcoming, an advanced model of the "black box" will be more widely available in other countries before the end of the year. Dr. Meg Patterson's work is being supported by a Washington, D.C.–based nonprofit foundation, which is proceeding with plans to open NET clinics all over the world. They have also named Patterson director of their research institute, called MEGNET.

SALISBURY ON RUSSIA

I found the article "The Russia Nobody Knows," by Harrison Salisbury (July 1983), most interesting—probably more interesting than most material one can find on the subject of the U.S.S.R. However, I think that Mr. Salisbury neglects to consider a premise that is the overriding factor in any rigorously controlled country (such as the U.S.S.R.).

The fact is that the controlling party (in this case, the Communist Party) has the power and controls all foreign and domestic policy. The back-country peoples in their villages play a very small role, if any role at all, in the overall policy of the U.S.S.R. The parallels that Mr. Salisbury draws between the modern "Union" and historical Russia are interesting but inconsequential. The controlling party in Russia has stated its purpose more than once for the world to digest. The fact that the various peoples of the U.S.S.R. do not make up a solid block behind this purpose (i.e., Russia's plan for world domination, which in official party doctrine is inevitable) does not really make a bit of difference to the policy that the U.S.S.R. puts forth and will continue to put forth. The various peoples of the U.S.S.R. are a controlled group, and they have conformed to official party policy sufficiently enough to suit the needs of the party. Hence, the question of which Russia is behind the scenes, behind the Communist Party, really makes no difference to anyone.

I'm sorry. I have no sympathy for the people of the U.S.S.R. If the conditions under which these people live, with a very small minority controlling them, did not suit them, it seems to me that they would have, if not the voting power, at least the

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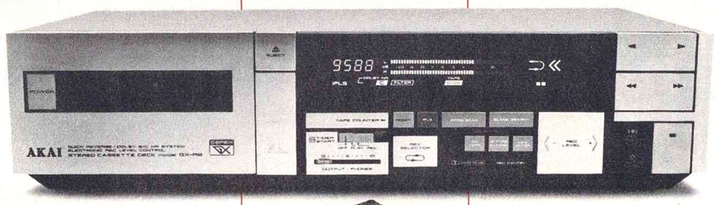

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If Soviet people are not part of official Soviet policy and do not or cannot (for whatever reasons) make any difference in that policy, then they are a neutral tide. Why *should* they be taken into account?—*Kyle M. King, Painted Post, N.Y.*

Harrison Salisbury replies:
You have fallen into a familiar trap of assuming that because the Soviet Union is an ideological and totalitarian state, it follows that the people of Russia have no influence in it. The Romanov Russia was also ideological and totalitarian but the people finally overthrew it—the people of Russia, I emphasize, not Lenin and the Communists, who came in later and in a coup d'etat took control.

It is most important, as Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has warned Americans time and again, to distinguish between the Soviet Union and Russia, between the Soviet regime and the Russian people. Do not confuse them.

If the Soviet regime is ever to be overthrown or disappear, it will be because the people of Russia do it, not because we, in our supposed superior wisdom, frighten Moscow into changing its policies.

JOHN LENNON & YOKO ONO

I'm writing in reference to your recent two articles on John and Yoko by John Green (July and August 1983).

As an admirer of Lennon's work, and being naturally curious about the private life that had successfully escaped public scrutiny in his last several years, I settled back with this story and waited for the intimate details of John Lennon's secluded and unguarded moments to come to life, as the title so graphically promised. Unfortunately, this mildly interesting narrative of Yoko's tarot card reader and rent-a-sage was hardly revealing.

Lennon's "Secret Violent Life"—I learned after plodding through several pages of alleged dialogue between the author, Yoko, and John—consisted of one incident, during which John supposedly "kicked" his infant son in a fit of rage over the child's incessant crying. Even after seeing your *Penthouse* "key" logo, which marks the end of the piece, I found myself asking, "Could that really be it? Surely I've missed a page—they're not serious." But yes, the title had done its job and I went for it. Have we really come that far that we have to accept this kind of drivel dished out as first-person experience from an "insider" that made his living dealing psychic pinochle from a stacked deck?

It's a shame no effort was made to provide your readers with any tangible insight into this artist's psyche and thought process or into a mind that had as profound an influence on an entire generation as we're likely to see in a lifetime.

I must say that I've learned a lesson from this form of journalistic con game: save your three dollars and buy one of Lennon's albums in the discount-record bin. You'll most certainly be getting a more valid glimpse into John Lennon's life and times.

John was an honest man, and he believed in the power of the truth. I genuinely think that that was what he was trying to tell us. I wish I could say that he would have enjoyed this ludicrous account of his inside moves, but I'm sure he would have realized it for what it was: just the kind of sell-out, let's-make-a-buck story that kept him away from the media for five straight years—undoubtedly his happiest. As for the author, he'd be best advised to stick to fiction. He's got a head start.—*James McGovern, Hollywood, Calif.*

How valid is John Green's article "John and Yoko: The Final Years"? I cannot believe that Green can quote their conversations verbatim. I understand that since it's a subject everyone wants to read about, you'll gain magazine-stand sales, but in my opinion the article was in poor taste. Especially the part about how John Lennon one night kicked Sean when he was just a baby to keep him from crying. Bull?

I am infuriated that *Penthouse* would even print such an article.—*Nancy Cordiano, San Diego, Calif.*

Though I enjoy reading your publication and find the pictorials entertaining, the fiction stimulating, and a majority of your articles interesting, I must say that John Green's two-part series on John and Yoko was repulsive and substandard.

The memory of John Lennon was for many of us that of a stable rock of peace amidst a stormy ocean of insecurity, doubt, nuclear worry, and ravishing competition between brothers. Through his death we, the eighties generation, rediscovered his many works, both with and after the Beatles. John Lennon became a symbol—a symbol of a musical era that preached peace and love instead of anarchy and war. John Lennon's death left us, that cold December evening, immersed in a feeling of great loss and sadness comparable, I would think, to the sense of loss that so stunned an earlier generation the day John Kennedy died. But, like Kennedy, Lennon left behind a remembrance of hope, and love, and morality that many of us have attempted to incorporate into our own lives.

Green attempted to destroy the symbol by bringing forth the private failings of a man, failings that, whether true or false, the public had no need to know and that he did not have to write about—and that *Penthouse* should not have published.

I would only like to ask John Green why. Why did you go and smash something that we held so dearly? Was it for profit, or because of some altercation with the Lennons, or because you felt the public should know the confidential problems of a private couple?

After reading the article, I was left empty and disturbed, as if someone had pulled a warm rug out from beneath me. Also, I wondered what the hell was gained. What was brought forth besides a lot of dirty laundry that, in light of John Lennon's achievements as a writer, singer, philosopher, and model for the public, is weak, unimportant, and disgusting.

To John Green I say: "Thanks a hell of a lot for ruining the magic, and may all your cards turn up jokers." To Yoko Ono I apologize for reading about her and John's personal and confidential lives. Finally, I would humbly ask the publishers of *Penthouse* to stick to the level of journalism that they usually display, and leave the trash to those lesser publications that somehow find it morally just to invade and destroy the private lives of our public citizens.—*G. Thiel, Denver, Colo.*

John Green replies:
I would like to extend my personal apology for the discomfort you experienced from reading my work. It was not my intent to offend you.

Perhaps I can make my intentions clearer by answering your question, "Why?" You see, to me there is a great difference between a man and a symbol. It was John Lennon the man I was writing about, not the symbol. Perhaps to you the two are inseparable. To me, they are not.

To me the man is made more impressive by his faults, not because of them but despite them. John's efforts for peace seem more important in light of his struggle with his own violence. His support of the women's movement seems more valid because of his chauvinistic preconceptions. John's last work held more value because it was written, not to meet the demands of the record industry, but because it was the product of a long struggle—an artist's attempt to recapture his gift.

I believe that personal darkness is part of the measure of the light of achievement. That is the story of the John I knew and one that I think is worth sharing.

It was never my intent to ruin the magic, as magic is my stock-in-trade. But as a true believer in magic, I see more of it in real people than I do in symbols.

I'm sorry that we do not agree.

THE GIRLS OF SUMMER

I've never written a letter to a magazine before, but I just felt that I must compliment you.

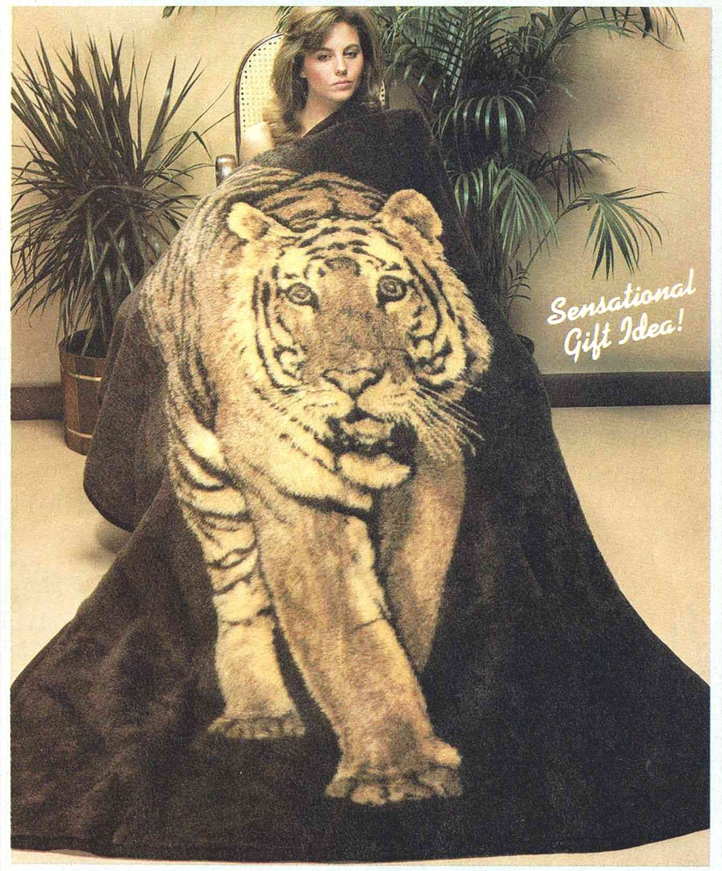
In your June through September issues you have had at least one pictorial featuring couples. I hope this is the start of a regular policy.

I always enjoy the Penthouse Pet of the Month, but the couples are just that much more exciting! And when they are handled by the quality photographers of Penthouse—well, the result is a classy piece of work.

Great job—and please keep up the fine photographic standards!—*S.R., Springfield, Mass.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

WILD and WONDERFUL!



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MEN'S RIGHTS

"If you have an unreasonable spouse who wants to impoverish you or punish you through the children, my advice is: don't fear the litigation."

Many men are unaware how limited their rights are until they go through a divorce. Because divorces are now more easily obtained, they believe that divorce is less painful and less expensive. There have been statutory changes in the way marital property is divided (thirty-eight states now have some form of equitable distribution), but what these changes add up to is largely cosmetic. The sad fact is, men are still tied to the ball and chain of legal tradition.

The most difficult and troubling experience for anyone seeking a divorce involves sorting out the emotional conflict from one's legal rights. Most divorces are not, and should not, be contested—that is to say, a majority of divorcing people reach a settlement concerning custody, visitation rights, and a division of their marital property as well as spousal and child support. Those who do generally enter into a separation agreement, a written legal document specifying the rights and duties of each party; or they enter into a stipulation during the course of divorce litigation. Basically, the separation agreement and the stipulation are enforceable contracts.

In thirty-one years of representing men and women, I have come to the conclusion that entering into a separation agreement when representing a husband can make one an accomplice to the imposition of a life sentence. My reason is that there are many post-judgment applications for change of custody or for lowering or vacating spousal support and/or child support payments that are denied men because of the contractual terms of the separation agreement. The notion that a single-page contract can always be broken is simply untrue. Do not rush into a separation agreement, or a stipulation, without setting forth a specific basis for modifying or amending your obligations and for clearly stating your rights. Many of the motions heard in divorce and family courts are from divorced women seeking increased benefits or enforcement of the old ones, or from men seeking a change of custody, better visitation rights, or relief from oppressive alimony or child support.

If you have an intransigent and unreasonable spouse who wants to impoverish you or punish you through the children, or if your wife won't agree to reasonable terms, my advice is: *don't fear the litigation*. You may be better off in the long run. The first rule is (and there are no ifs, ands, or buts about it) to get a lawyer who will represent you, and only you. Many men, for monetary reasons, agree with their wives to use only one lawyer. It may be unethical for a lawyer to represent adverse interests, but there are numerous lawyers doing exactly that. Don't fall into this trap. Cheap is cheap. It will end up costing you more to rectify the problems caused by one lawyer representing you and your wife. I suggest that you retain the most skilled and strongest lawyer you can afford. Remember, this is *your divorce*. Your fatherly and future husbandly rights and responsibilities can be impaired or lost.

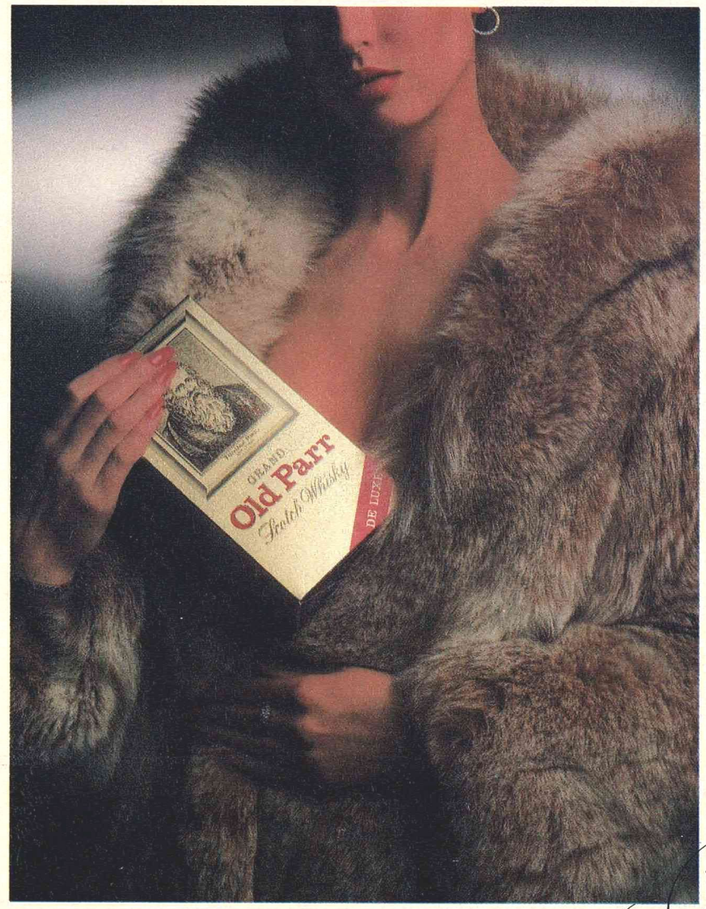
When retaining a lawyer be sure that your goals are established. The divorce action is the predicate vehicle for the final dissolution of your marriage. If your primary goal is permanent custody of your children, and maintaining them in the same home and school they are currently attending, you must be certain that you do not permit your wife to obtain an uncontested divorce on grounds that contain allegations of a lack of moral integrity. In other words, if all divorce and property questions are settled by agreement, do not permit the custody issue to be impacted by your own consensual divorce. As a matter of fact, in New York State, if you lose the divorce (are found guilty of marital misconduct), the court cannot grant exclusive possession of the house or apartment to you, even if you win custody.

Most men have been led to believe that contesting a divorce and engaging in litigation is an irrational act. My courtroom experiences have brought me to conclude that approximately 25 percent of divorces should be tried by the court (some jurisdictions permit juries). Many post-judgment cases would not be instituted if cases were contested. Contested cases can be civilized and do not as a rule result in washing dirty linen in public. Anyway, all matrimonial records are generally sealed. If they are not, then a lawyer may request that the records be sealed.

I will write another column on how a trial works, and on what your rights are during the proceeding.

BY SIDNEY SILLER

"Every man has his price."



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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
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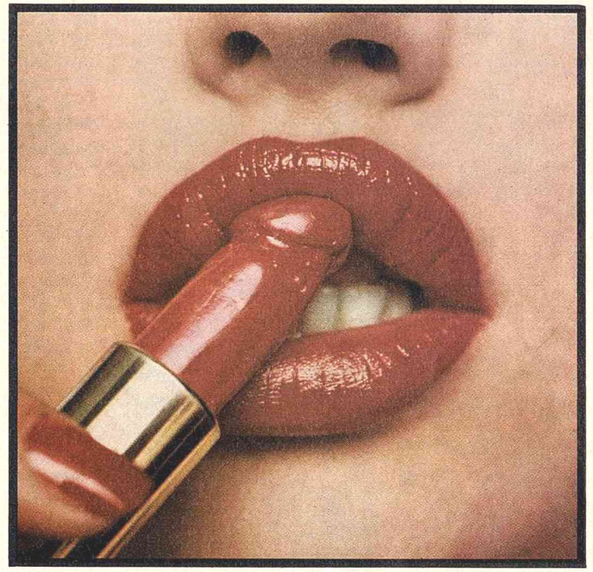
LETTER OF THE MONTH

Have you ever had an encounter with pro athletes, Xaviera? I love to watch the games on TV and have always wanted to meet the players. Last month I told a friend about my fantasy, and she said she knew some of the pro football players in the area and that she could set me up. She works as a hostess at a cocktail lounge where the pros drop in now and then. Last week she called and asked if I wanted her to give my number to one of them. I said yes, and a few hours later got a call from a guy who happened to be one of the handsomest in the league. We talked for a while and he asked if I could come over that evening. I agreed and he gave me an address.



When I arrived, the door was opened by the guy who'd called me. Behind him stood a teammate, also very good-looking, and two other girls—one a slender redhead in shorts that showed off her shapely legs, the other a blonde with a fantastic chest. (Later, when I saw her excited, I noticed her nipples stiff and erect. I have read that that doesn't happen with silicone jobs, so I'm pretty sure they were natural.) I guess the pros had already decided to have a sex party, with one of each: a redhead, a blonde, and me, a brunette.

The redhead put on some music and began to dance, slowly and very erotically. I was sitting next to the guy who had called me and he began to squeeze one of my breasts through my denim dress. I undid a couple of the top buttons, and since I don't wear a bra—my breasts being firm and upright—he was able to reach in and do a nice job of squeezing them. That turned me on almost immediately and I put my hand on his crotch and began to stroke. He was already hard from watching the redhead.

He was a big man and his cock matched—two handfuls long and very thick. I began to want him in me, and to get things moving I got up to join the redhead. She had stripped down all the way by then, so I did the same. I had only bikini briefs on under my dress, so it didn't take long.

I'd never danced bare in front of a man and I was a little nervous about trying it. Before I knew it, I was doing a hula I'd learned a couple of years ago in Hawaii, with my hands on my hips, my hips swaying around, and my eyes on the guy I'd been sitting with. I could see he was getting turned on, and when I moved close enough, he reached out, pulled me down onto him—putting my legs on either side of him—and began to rub his crotch against mine. I was so turned on I wouldn't have minded if he had gone into me right there, with everyone watching! But he put one hand under my bottom and stood up, holding me against him. My legs tightened around him to hang on. He gave me a long French kiss and took me to the bedroom like that. As we were leaving, I saw that the other guy was sucking the blonde's nipples while the redhead watched.

In the bedroom he laid me down, stripped, then climbed on the bed. I spread my legs to let him in. I was already wet and ready for him to use that big tool on me. He knew how to do it right, too, going in all the way, then pulling out almost all the way, then going back in. I was getting really hot when he decided to vary it. He got off me, turned over, and lay on his back. Then he told me to get on. I sat on his hips, taking his cock up in me, and began to move my hips around like I had when I was dancing for him. Now he played with my breasts. For a big man, he was very gentle. After a few minutes he came, lifting his hips—and me—off the bed.

Afterward we lay down and talked for a while. Then we heard a girl moaning in the living room, so we knew that the others must

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Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

have been having a good time too. Then the redhead came in. She hadn't been laid yet and wanted some action. I got off the bed to go to the bathroom, and when I came back she was sucking him. Once she'd gotten him hard, she climbed on top of him, like I had, and began to roll her hips around. I watched until I got too turned on and had to go into the other room.

The blonde and the other guy were sitting on the sofa and I joined them. For a while we all just sat and chatted. But soon the sounds of the other two in the bedroom got to be too much.

The guy reached for me and the blonde at the same time and pulled us both against him. He was hard as a rock. Since he'd already laid the blonde, he pulled me down on the sofa and began to rub my crotch. I told him I was already hot, so he came into me right away, holding my hips in his big hands and rocking me in rhythm with his pulses. It was so erotic I came right away. Then the first guy came back from the bedroom, the redhead following behind him. He looked around and then decided to fuck the blonde.

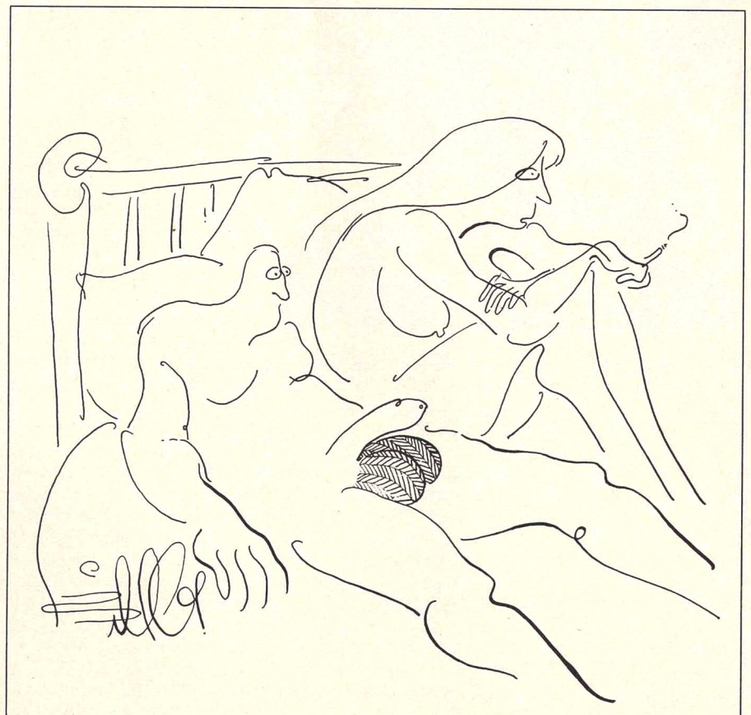
They then went at it on the sofa. She wrapped her legs and arms around him and squeezed him tight for a long time until he came. The other guy fucked the redhead until she came, then me until I came.

We took a dinner break of Chinese food, whereupon the first guy I'd fucked took me back to the sofa. After we both came, he fucked the redhead again while she sucked the other guy. Once she came, I again became the object of their attention. I sucked one while the other fucked me, then switched to suck the first while getting fucked by the other. The whole night was like that!

It was just casual sex, but I'd never done it before. My breath gets short just thinking of those two guys. They were so big and gentle—and sexy!—K.G.

In my heyday, when I was madam of my own bordello, there were many occasions when I and my girls entertained sports celebrities. In those days, we had to look after baseball players, hockey players, famous racing drivers—all pros in their own fields but determined to prove their prowess between the sheets as well. They usually visited us after they had won a match or a race, and their moods were invariably boisterous. Most of them wanted to be pampered by more than one girl at a time. There is something special about making love with a winner, and if he is a good-looking dude on top of it, what more could a girl wish?

I will always remember the occasion when I took on an entire soccer team on my own. I happened to be vacationing in Uruguay and I was staying at the same hotel in which the soccer team of Argentina was staying. I first noticed them at breakfast and I was fascinated by all those super-fit male bodies, particularly the strong, hairy legs. Soccer players tend to look dumb, but those guys had handsome, bright faces to match the rest of their bodies. After a brief introduction, we got together for a social evening that developed into a massive gang-bang. I was so turned on by the challenge that I was determined to try and have them all, but there were so many of them that after a while I got a little confused and possibly missed one or two of them. Later, one of the hotel staff, who was probably peeking in through the keyhole, leaked the news to the press. The following day I opened the local paper and there I was, alongside a picture of the entire team. There were big question marks above the faces of all the players and the headline read: "Did the Happy Hooker sleep with all of them? If not, who was the lucky one?"



"It's no use, Neville. I just can't make love to a man with herringbone balls."

ATHLETIC SUPPORTER

How does the average Jane Doe initiate a fling with a famous sports figure? There is one in particular whom I have spent the past year furiously fantasizing over, but I haven't been able to figure out a way to meet him. I know nothing about his personal preferences, whether he likes blondes or brunettes or if he ever parties with the team after the games. How can I find out these things and get to meet him, and, most of all, how can I get him into my bed?

I understand that you have made love to many famous people, including internationally recognized athletes. Being internationally recognized yourself certainly must have helped. But what does a nobody like me do?

I have thought about writing him, but I know he must get hundreds of letters from adoring fans every day and that mine will probably end up in the trash. I'm sure that if I explained how sexually attracted I am to him, he would just think I was some sort of weirdo. I assure you all I want from him is a taste of that cock he has hidden beneath his uniform. Please don't tell me to forget him, as I've tried that but only seem to want him more.—L.A.

First of all, I would suggest that you go to one of the matches in which this athlete is playing so that you can see him in the flesh (that is, if you haven't already done so). If he still looks as divine in person as he does in your fantasies, then go ahead and try to meet him. You can attempt to get into his dressing room and wait there, or hang around outside it and catch him when he comes out. You can even lock yourself in the men's john, but none of these methods is likely to lead to success. I've had countless experiences where fans tried to make contact with me—in a variety of ways: by letter, by sending me gifts, by turning up at book-signing sessions, or by getting hold of my unlisted phone number (God knows who they bribed for it!).

One girl was so persistent that she made innumerable attempts to meet me via my publishers, who tried to brush her off. One of them finally referred her to my boyfriend, and after she somehow got my phone number from him, she phoned me continually at all hours. I almost always hung up on her. But even though she behaved hysterically and had a whining, neurotic voice, she was so persistent that when she showed up on my doorstep one day, I asked her in. She behaved like such a complete asshole that I was forced to ask her to leave. But even that didn't stop her. (Later, I discovered that she was, in fact, a masochist and got a helluva kick out of my ill treatment of her.) To cut a long story short, I eventually gave in, and we became not only good friends but lovers. We've played around now for almost nine years. It was only when I got to know her better that I discovered that her dedicated adoration of me was less than 100 percent. In the beginning she was avidly chasing a whole bunch of celebrities. (As she was a lesbian, they were all females.) She had chased Elizabeth Taylor, who was even more inaccessible than I, and, as she was a sports fanatic, she was constantly trailing after Chris Evert. She just got to me first, or maybe I was more sympathetic.

Many famous musicians mess around with the groupies that hang out after their concerts. Maybe you should transfer your allegiance to a rock star. But be wary: there is a type of girl, known as a "plaster-caster," who, having gotten on intimate terms with her idol, slaps hot wax or plaster of paris around his genitals. She wants to eternalize her hero's endowments so that she can hang them over her bed and reminisce.

ROLLING IN DOUGH

I'm writing to tell you about a fantastic new sex toy my husband and I discovered. We are both in our late twenties, healthy, good-looking, and sexually adventurous. Ed has an aversion to what he calls "plastic bread," and so he regularly bakes his own whole-wheat loaves. This is fine with me. Not only do I love the finished product but I find the whole process has a strange sexual quality. I love to watch Ed's muscles working as he kneads the dough. The dough itself fills the house with that alive, musky odor that reminds one so much of the smells of lovemaking. I get so turned on that we often wind up fucking madly while the bread bakes.

The other night was warm, and Ed was mixing up a batch of dough. He was wearing only a pair of cutoffs, and when he started to knead, the working of his back muscles really turned me on. That sexy odor of yeast made the kitchen smell like an orgy had just taken place there.

I walked up to Ed to get closer to the smell and started to rub his back as he worked. I could feel his muscles getting tense, and I was getting hornier by the second. I picked up the cooking oil and rubbed it on his back. He kneaded the dough and I kneaded him. I reached

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

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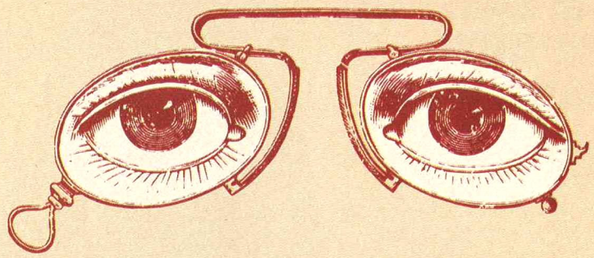

VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE NEWEST NEEDIEST

BY EMILY PRAGER

Every year at this time our president invites to Thanksgiving dinner a group of Americans that all the land can identify as needy. These Americans usually include the elderly, the handicapped, and at least one child who is dying of a fatal disease. Attempting to pull at our heartstrings with scary but purely physical intimations of our mortality, the White House guest list remains traditional in its choice of these National Pity Scapegoats. This year I'd like to suggest that the government turn metaphysical and invite instead a group of citizens whom I like calling "America's Newest Neediest." Those people who, through no personal deviation from the American norm, have been screwed by our government and our society and, having no recourse against the larger machine, have spent, or will spend, this year eating all our collective shit.

The Residents of Times Beach, Missouri. All of them. This is a group of people who have lived The American Nightmare. They have had the land of milk and honey rot beneath their feet and turn to poison. Who's to blame? Oblivious chemical companies? An EPA with a Scarlett O'Hara credo? Themselves, for not realizing their vulnerability in a society that claims to have none? It doesn't matter. They have to live with it. For all we know, it's in their astrological charts. The important thing is our recognition that they have been blitzed, hoodwinked. And the least Ronald Reagan can do for them on our behalf is to invite them for Thanksgiving dinner.

The Late Vicki Morgan. You can't have a dead person to dine. I wish you could, but you can't. Reagan, though, can set a place for the late Miss Morgan. And he can drink a toast to her as the latest victim of America's two-faced, sexist, politically controlled, and hypocritical morality. Here's a woman who, for whatever nutty reasons, served twelve years performing S & M with Alfred Bloomingdale, financier and friend to our First Family. As if that weren't depressing enough, when he drops dead, and she petitions for support, she is branded by our society as an untouchable and outcast with a pittance, as if she were the sleaziest of blackmailers. Her decline and death are not surprising and, in fact, seem sadly inevitable. This is a classic example of the spit-on-the-hooker mentality that still pervades our land. As a bad girl with a twisted sense of self, she was afforded no protection by the longevity of her relationship with Bloomingdale. Vicki's extravagance, her inability to save the money he gave her, her desire for publicity—these things were held against her as if she should have known better, as if they were not earmarks of the hooker style of self-abuse. Add to this the chumminess of the Reagans and Bloomingdales, and you can see that there was no chance of recompense, no chance at all. I imagine the Reagans still speak well of Al. But what about Vicki? The woman who whipped him well for twelve years? As long as we allow our society to vent its hypocritical spleen on women such as Vicki Morgan, as long as we sniggeringly join in her condemnation, there will be no ERA. You can't have an outcast population of women on whom the nation is encouraged to spit *and* equality for women. So, a Thanksgiving toast to Vicki Morgan, another martyr to America's sexual hypocrisy.

Future Employees of the New Nerve Gas Plants. The recent decision to allow the production of nerve gas means, of course, that thousands of Americans will quite soon be employed in nerve gas plants. The mandate to feed their families will necessitate that these employees place a certain amount of trust in their employers to safeguard them from accidents on the job. If history conforms to type, these are the people who in twenty years will be complaining of strange cancers, genetic defects in their children, and inadequate on-the-job insurance to cover these tragedies. Let these Americans, forced by dire economic straits to become guinea pigs, eat hearty now, for tomorrow they are sure to be statistics.

PETE TURNER

There are many others I'd like to see at the White House Thanksgiving dinner: the Saginaw Bay fishermen, for whom sales have fallen off by 80 percent owing to dioxin contamination in the Great Lakes; the aidless victims of AIDS, on whom Ronald Reagan would like to see the federal government spend not a dime; and last but not least, a representative group of functionally illiterate American children who in the last ten years have received the lowest quality of education a civilized nation can offer. Happy Thanksgiving to America's neediest. ○

SCENES

HOT TICKET

When the word first got out that they were making a Broadway musical out of ***La Cage aux Folles***, the sound of eyebrows being raised could be heard as far away as Tacoma. There had been shows with homosexual themes on Broadway before; in fact, *Torch Song Trilogy*, Harvey Fierstein's bittersweet comedy about the life and loves of a male transvestite, had just won the Tony Award for Best Play of the 1982–83 season. But nobody could remember having seen a big-budget musical about a drag queen on Broadway before. For that matter, nobody could remember having seen *any* kind of musical about drag queens before now.

Among the partisan, the prurient, and the just plain curious, certain questions abounded. Would the playwright—Harvey Fierstein again, the fellow was all *over* the place—turn the original French farce by Jean Poiret into a militant political statement about gay rights? Would director Arthur Laurents—widely respected as author of such musical-theater milestones as *Gypsy* and *West Side Story*—allow the principals to kiss onstage? Would composer Jerry Herman—composer of *Hello, Dolly!* and *Mame*—resort to self-parody with something like "Hello, Homos!"?

After two months of rehearsal and a summer in Boston, *La Cage aux Folles* finally opened in New York, and was it ever a shocker. Not, however, because its potentially incendiary material exploded, or was ignited by clumsy creative hands, but because the show somehow managed to be faithful to its political principles—without being the least bit controversial.

At one point during the out-of-town tryout—when lines of proper Bostonians were wrapped around the block for tickets and white-haired ladies were sobbing happily into their handkerchiefs from their balcony boxes—Jerry Herman admitted the ridiculous truth. "This is an incredibly romantic love story about two men, which you have to admit is kind of daring. But I think what we really have here is a big, lavish, absolutely *non*controversial show. Isn't that insane?"

The irony gets even thicker when you consider that, rather than toning down the twenty-year male love affair depicted in both the original French play and its subsequent movie version, Harvey Fierstein's musical book actually intensifies it. In addition, the show dramatizes what neither of its predecessors did—the garish sexual ambiguousness of the St. Tropez nightclub, which one of the male characters (Gene Barry) owns and where his lover (George Hearn) works as the star drag queen.

"There is an inherent theatricality in me," Herman says, grinning over the spectacular show tunes he has written for Les Cagelles, the gaudy chorus of drag queens who preen and prance and shake their feathers like gorgeous exotic birds in the club sequences. "I love presentational theater. When the girls come out in sparkly costumes, I'm *gone*."

With all these inflammatory elements going for it (or against it, if you happen to be homophobic), how come *La Cage aux Folles* has turned out to be as irresistible an audience pleaser—and just about as controversial—as *Annie*?

"It's a question of tone, really," suggests director Arthur Laurents. "We walk a very thin line in this piece. First of all, we have to be very careful that it doesn't get into camp. Second, it should not in any way be denigrating to women, which is always a danger in a piece like this. And then you have to find the universal human emotion that will move an audience to identify with the truthfulness and reality of the characters, so that in the end they will want those two people—those two *men*—to be happy."

Jerry Herman's unabashedly romantic score goes a long way in helping the average middle-class heterosexual audience to make the identification without even thinking about it. (One gorgeous number, a memory song of long-ago love called "Song on the Sand," has octogenarians holding hands and singing along through their tears.)

"I love to write romantic songs," Herman confirms, "but the important thing for me was to pick very human, universal emotions for the songs. Without preaching, I want it to come out that human feelings are the same for everybody: young, old, straight, gay, whatever. Love is love. I just hope that it comes out natural."

There's a strong political credo somewhere in there, but for all its theatrical flamboyance and seductive romanticism, *La Cage* delivers its gay manifesto subtly, almost subliminally. "The point is," says Harvey Fierstein, "the straight audience is cheering for this couple; they love these men and they accept them for what they are."

Broadway's first musical about homosexuals also contains Fierstein's personal statement about the homosexual's place in the theater—and in society. " *La Cage* is a simple, romantic declaration of a lot of people not being scared to say: I love you. It's saying to gays that marriage, love, and family do not belong just to heterosexuals. They belong to the human being."—*Marilyn Stasio*

MARTHA SWOPE

La Cage aux Folles: *"When the girls come out in sparkling costumes, I'm* gone*!"*

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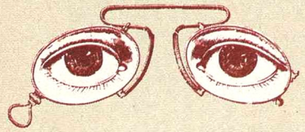


COMPUTERS

HIGH-TECH GAMING

In the battle for everybody's "play" money, makers of home-video and arcade games are coming up with new and better games based on technological developments.

Many of the most popular home games are adaptations of such arcade hits as PAC-MAN, Centipede, and Donkey Kong. But home versions simply couldn't compete with their arcade counterparts because of the home computer's limited capacity. This situation is changing.

Atari has come out with two surprisingly successful home versions of arcade games (Dig Dug, a subterranean maze chase, and Pole Position, a car race) for its 5200 system, whose capacity far exceeds Atari's earlier system, the VCS.

General Consumer Electronics has come up with the first 3-D video games, playable on its Vectrex system. Up until now, only simulated 3-D games have been produced, the most popular being Zaxxon. The 3-D effect is accomplished through the use of an optional "3-D Imager," which essentially is a fancy set of electronic goggles. Mine Storm, an Asteroids-like shooting game, comes free with the 3-D Imager. In Narrow Escape, a 3-D Star Wars–type game, the player maneuvers a spaceship down a center lane, shooting and avoiding invading aliens. The 3-D effect is totally authentic. If it proves popular, many other game manufacturers will no doubt come out with their own 3-D games.

Another innovation is the do-it-yourself game. Pinball (by BudgeCo, for Atari and Apple computers) is a state-of-the-art effort in which the player designs his own pinball game by manipulating a "cursor" (a moving pointer) to place bumpers, knockers, slingshots, drop targets, and flippers anywhere he chooses on the screen.

The Arcade Machine, by Broderbund Software (for Apple and Atari computers), is another ingenious innovation that allows the player to create his own game. The player simply pushes keys on the computer keyboard to create images, sound effects, and other game characteristics. Absolutely no knowledge of computer programming is required.

Lode Runner, also by Broderbund Software (for the Apple and the Commodore 64), not only has 150 completely different game screens but also allows the players to create game configurations by placing ladders, crossbars, trapdoors, and chests of gold on the screen.

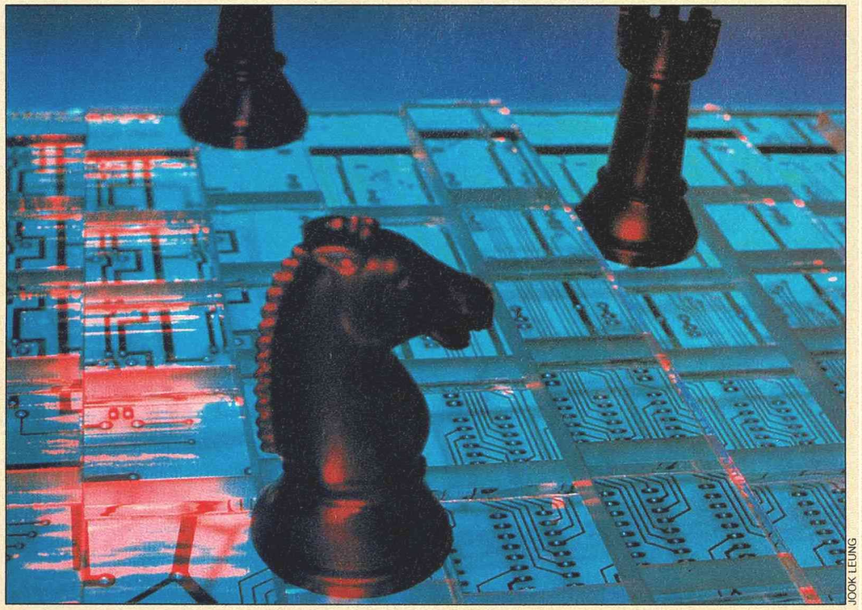
Manufacturers are testing new concepts all the time. Activision's Decathlon brings a physical challenge to video games. The player must push the joystick back and forth as rapidly as possible to make the on-screen athlete run. Decathlon is physically exhausting, and videophiles should be prepared for sore wrists and arms, particularly after running the final event, a grueling four-minute 1,500-meter race.

Coleco's Super Baseball introduces a novel multi-screen approach to video baseball. While the pitcher is winding up, close-up views of the pitcher and hitter are seen in the three inserts, which also depict the action around each of the three bases. When the ball is hit, the view shifts to an overall scan of the playing field. The game even has a "spring training" option to help the player master the rather complicated joystick controls.

Coin-op producers are trying to capitalize on the success of the most popular games by coming out with sequels. The king of the arcades, PAC-MAN, has the most variations, including Ms. PAC-MAN, Baby PAC-MAN, Super PAC-MAN, and PAC-MAN Plus. There are two addictive takeoffs on the highly popular Donkey Kong: Donkey Kong Junior and Mario Brothers.

The most dramatic development in arcade gaming is the introduction of laser disc games. The enormous storage capacity of laser discs permits a new dimension in graphics. The screen is as detailed as a Walt Disney cartoon. In fact, a former Disney cartoonist helped design one of the first laser games, Dragon Lair, by Starcom.

I predict that we'll be seeing increasingly sophisticated game developments. Graphics as realistic as those on TV and holographics, providing 3-D images without the use of goggles, are probably on someone's drawing board right now.—*Ken Uston*



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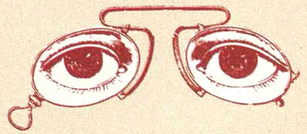

FILMS

PASSAGE TO INDIA

They call it an "industry." But the movies have always seemed to me more like a cottage industry—say, wool weaving in the Shetland Islands—than like anything resembling such corporate clichés as General Motors or IBM. The companies and the banks don't make the movies; filmmakers do. The true industrialists—Lucas, Spielberg, Coppola, Scorsese, maybe even Woody Allen (I'm not trying to list my favorites, just a representative sample)—each makes a product quite unlike anybody else's.

In this little knot of industrial individualists, there may be none more consistently individual than the production company of Merchant-Ivory. Three minds have shaped it: a producer, Ismail Merchant, from India; a director, James Ivory, out of Berkeley, Calif.; and a German-born author, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, who now lives in Delhi, where she writes the stories that so regularly become Merchant-Ivory movies.

Ivory has filmed in Manhattan (for example, *Roseland*), in soundstage Hollywood *(The Wild Party)*, in authentic New England *(The Europeans)*, and in a marvelous evocation of 1920s Paris *(Quartet)*. But most of the Merchant-Ivory films deal with India, or with how Westerners react to India. The latest, and one of the best, ***Heat and Dust***, is no exception.

As a piece of storytelling—several pieces of storytelling, in fact—it keeps changing times and narrative voices. But essentially it goes like this. Anne (Julie Christie), a no longer quite young Englishwoman, goes to India to trace the scandalous career of her great aunt Olivia (Greta Scacchi), who, in the 1920s, also went to India as the new bride of a decent, very proper British civil servant. Olivia fell in love with the country, and she fell in love especially with a prince, the nawab of Khatm (Shashi Kapoor), who got her pregnant. Anne learns Olivia's story from the letters Olivia wrote to her sister, Anne's grandmother, and also from long talks with Harry (Nickolas Grace), once the nawab's amusing in-palace Englishman and now a very old man who, for Anne's benefit, remembers. Olivia never bore the nawab's child. Anne, following her in more than one way, will bear the child of her young Indian landlord, who for a while becomes her lover. But Olivia ran off to the nawab's mountain home in Kashmir. There her story ended. Sixty years later Anne follows, and there her new story, we assume, will begin.

Except in making love, the Indians and English never deeply understand each other, and the film clearly prefers the indolent, gossiping Harry of the old days to the guru-chasing hippie who pesters Anne in the new. In a way, the misunderstandings (or the nonunderstandings) sustain *Heat and Dust*, which can get as close to or distanced from its India as it wishes, can both satirize and admire the nawab's exquisite grandeur, can notice that snobbish British colonial matrons also genuinely feel, can count the ways a band of Indian musicians will slaughter "God Save the King." To preserve the crumbling Empire, British troops kill; to support himself, the nawab connives in the murder of his own people. And yet, moment by moment, almost everyone is pleasant—with a pleasantness that marks the manner of the Merchant-Ivory movies as much as it does anything within them. None of this is inappropriate. Indeed, more sense of the complex contact and alienation between two cultures comes through the polite rituals and casual cruelties of *Heat and Dust* than ever comes through the predictable humiliations of *Gandhi*. But pleasantness is in the Merchant-Ivory style—along with a love for gorgeously cluttered decor, for 1920s exotica—and it defines the film, limits it, distinguishes it from anything else you'll see at the movies.

About a third of the cast of *Heat and Dust* is awful. Another third, in the background, is efficiently authentic. And the top third positively shines—especially the ravishing Italian-born, British-trained Greta Scacchi, who, rather than the excellent Julie Christie, is the film's star. Her Olivia grows in the course of the movie. In the long run she grows out of it, or at least beyond Anne's ability to discover, or Harry's powers of remembering, or even the disclosures of her own chatty letters back home. In one sense, the film finishes her off. The nawab dies; eventually she dies—apparently not unhappy—alone in her Kashmir retreat. But in another sense, there must be more to her story than the film knows how to tell, and at the end the beautiful, straightforward English girl has withdrawn into a mystery deeper than that of India.

That "more to her story" is what catches me in this movie full of stories, and also the fluid shifts in time and perspective. The fascination Olivia holds lies somewhere between life and legend, the subject of a tale told, the prize of filmmakers who love narrative even more than nostalgic decor. In the past this hasn't always been wonderful. The decorative, narrative opulence of a Merchant-Ivory movie will sometimes seem a mere posing before what matters in experience. But in *Heat and Dust*, which is always close to its experience, it is wonderful—touching, slightly mystifying, and, in balance, both happy and sad.—*Roger Greenspun*

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Julie Christie in the Merchant-Ivory film Heat and Dust: *polite rituals and casual cruelties.*

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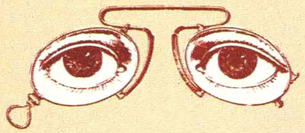


SOUNDS

STAR GAZER

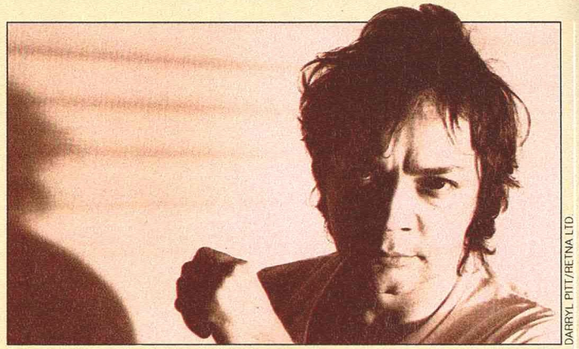
"Put me on a stage with any two—no, any three—guys who are ten or twenty years younger than me," **Mitch Ryder** was saying as he waved his luncheon fork in the air, "and we'll see which one of us kicks ass."

A waiter was watching from a respectful distance. Ryder had been denied admittance to the elegant restaurant across the hotel lobby a few minutes earlier because of his casual clothes—no tie!—and demeanor. He was a hotel guest, but the waiter in the glorified snack shop was watching, just in case. Ryder obliged him by flashing a big, crazed grin. "I mean, we're not talking white patent-leather shoes here," he said. "We're talking rock 'n' roll."

Mitch Ryder has been talking rock 'n' roll since he was a kid. When he was fifteen, he was singing in the Detroit ghetto with an otherwise all-black group that included a future member of the Four Tops. By the time he was twenty, he was king of the rock 'n' roll screamers. Hit records like "Devil With a Blue Dress On" and "Jenny Take a Ride" made Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels a rock legend. Bruce Springsteen, Bob Seger, and John Cougar still remember the thrill they got the first time they heard those records, and you can still hear Mitch Ryder's influence in their music.

John Cougar recently returned the favor by helping Ryder to get a lucrative new record deal and by producing Ryder's first American album release in almost a decade. *Never Kick a Sleeping Dog* (Riva Records) isn't a comeback album exactly; Ryder has been performing and recording steadily in Europe, where he retains a large and loyal following. "Basically," he said, "the album is a real opportunity for me to reestablish my career. People made a bundle off of me in the sixties and I didn't come out with much of anything. I refused to go to Las Vegas and become the new Tom Jones, which is what the people who were running my career wanted. Now I have a chance to get out there and play my music my way—to rock 'n' roll."

Never Kick a Sleeping Dog is certainly rock 'n' roll—guitars, a bit of organ, a pumping rhythm section, and Ryder's magnificent, steel-shredding voice. But it also gives Ryder a chance to show off his depth and his soul. He has



DARRYL PITT/RETNA LTD.

packed a lot of living into the past twenty years, and on the new album's standout cut, "A Thrill's a Thrill," he packs all his experience and bitter knowledge and stubborn hope into every note he sings.

"A Thrill's a Thrill" is a duet with Marianne Faithfull, another graduate of rock's school of hard knocks, and the producer (Cougar masquerading as "little Bastard") gets in a verse, too. But while Faithfull's singing is some of the best she's recorded and Cougar is impressive, this is Ryder's show, a slice of his soul. Long John Baldry did the original recording of "A Thrill's a Thrill," but it was perfect for Ryder, whose life has been jam-packed with thrills, and their consequences.

"I was five years old when I got my first big thrill," he recalled. "I was growing up five miles outside the Detroit city limits near this tank arsenal, where most of my friends' dads worked. And one day a buddy and I penetrated security. We dug to get under this barbed-wire fence, dragged our little bicycles through, and took off, with the MPs chasing us like *mad*. We were just little guys afraid for our lives. Finally they caught us."

A few years later, Mr. Ryder began taking the bus into Detroit on his own. "I started hanging out downtown," he said, "and just naturally developed a feeling for black culture because it was so much more vibrant and potent than anything else I had encountered. And somehow that black street scene, even the violence and the drugs, just never seemed as menacing as a tank."

Bluesmen in the South sang of being pursued by the hounds of hell. Mitch Ryder is pursued through his dreams by MPs and tanks, but bad dreams aren't going to spoil his party. "Finally," he said, "I've got a new record out—a record that's got some *life* to it. And it's getting a big push. I'm feeling like my life is a Walt Disney film. I'm walking around whistling 'When You Wish Upon a Star.'" —*Robert Palmer*

DARRYL PITT/RETNA LTD.

Mitch Ryder and band: "I refused to go to Las Vegas and become the new Tom Jones."

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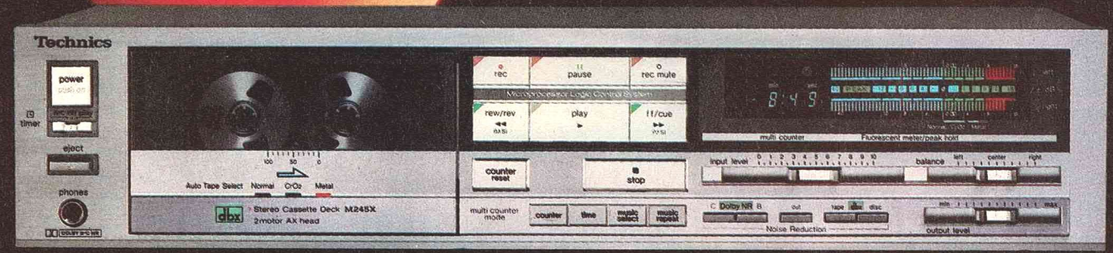

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WORDS

THE LEAN YEARS

Fitness, according to Mencken, is the politics of the body. Which explains why someone like Jane Fonda insisted on exercising her rights before writing her exercises. No matter, America's gone fitness crazy: dieting, reducing, pumping, chopping, slicing, dicing. I figure you can lose twenty pounds just by carting home the overstock of exercise books on the market today. There's a reducing plan for every shape and size, another celebrity selling his or her body, and a sure-fire program for every limb and organ with the exception of "Thirty Days to Bette Davis Eyes."

The most celebrated of these is ***Thin Thighs in 30 Days*** (Bantam) by Wendy Stehling, which, in addition to its slimming secrets, offers such ludicrous incentives as: "Diane met Sam on her daily Walk-Off; her last daily Walk-Off was 25 yards to the altar." My advice is: run the other way. If a month is too time-encompassing, try ***Sexy Legs in 20 Days*** (Perigee), or skip the calendar altogether and concentrate on Gayle Olinekova's ***Legs!*** (Fireside), a program designed for Hollywood stars who have to look their best in front of the camera.

Those of you able to concentrate on two areas at once should pick up ***Shape Your Waist and Hips in 30 Days*** (Perigee) by Deborah Frichman-McKenzie, or spend the prescribed six weeks deciding ***How to Get Rid of Your Double Chin in Six Weeks*** (Delilah) by William L. Hintermister, after which you'll want to get up off your keister and study ***Bunnetics*** (Doubleday/Dolphin), a cheeky primer to assuage those bumper buns (rubbery), jelly buns (soft and sagging), and flamenco buns ("tough and snappy as castanets").

Celebrities, the most narcissistic of bipeds, are actively peddling their exercise secrets with the implication that you'll eventually turn that side of beef into star-quality material. Now, those of you pondering the ticklish sex-change operation necessary to look like Jane Fonda, take heed. It's simpler following one of these programs without drastically altering one's identity. Take Victoria Principal's ***The Body Principal*** (Simon & Schuster), which places emphasis on an intensive program of isometrics. There's plenty you can do for the ol' pecs without sprouting 38-Ds. I, for one, can get behind the buttocks' "Buddy System" outlines in ***Linda Evans Beauty and Exercise Book*** (Wallaby), or relish Suzy Chaffee's "inner thigh-ups" in her ***I Love NY Fitness Book*** (Morrow), the latter of which offers supplemental advice such as: "Being in each other's arms can be as healthful as it is joyful—even when one of you puts up a show of resistance." Atta girl, Suzy!

You might feel more secure, however, with ***Toughen Up! The Chuck Norris Fitness System*** (Bantam), a grueling program of stretches and calisthenics recommended for battling muggers, pimps, and other villains who regularly cross your path. Or concentrate on restructuring that Pillsbury Doughboy torso according to ***Arnold's Bodybuilding for Men*** (Simon & Schuster) by Arnold Schwarzenegger. He offers a gradual weight-resistance method for conditioning, maintaining, and toning muscle tissue in proportion to your body's abilities.

Fitness has also spawned its own corps of internationally known instructors whose regimens have become widely adaptable for use in the home. Jacki Sorensen's ***Aerobic Lifestyle Book*** (Poseidon) is designed for active people who wish to increase strength and flexibility. Here she combines the usual workout (warm-up, calisthenics, stretches) with a series of dances that burns excess fat off the body.

Charles Gaines provides a more disciplined approach to fitness in the ambiguously titled ***Staying Hard*** (Simon & Schuster). The author—who claims he's thirty-seven years old, sits at a desk to make his living, smokes black Brazilian cigars, drinks a lot of good whiskey, and overindulges in sex—recommends such unorthodox exercises as doorknob pulls and arm-curling with dictionaries as well as performing a number of intimate acts with chairs, desks, and file cabinets. For a more conventional approach, try Kathy Smith's ***The Ultimate Workout*** (Bantam) in order to increase cardiovascular stamina or Suzy Prudden's ***Spot Reducing Program*** (Workman), which isolates seven of the body's most formidable trouble areas.

The Diet Center Program (Little, Brown) by Sybil Ferguson offers perhaps the most comprehensive guide to physical well-being. Through a marriage of diet and exercise, this instructive book presents practical solutions for excess weight loss, unbalanced nutrition, and information about interrelated emotional states, including stress and relaxation. I'll stick to a personal favorite: ***The Incredibly Lazy Person's Guide to a Much Better Body*** (Linden) or the more stalwart ***Surviving Exercise*** (Houghton Mifflin) by Judy Alter, which corrects common mistakes many of us make by exercising incorrectly. Though when push comes to shove, ***The Joy of Pigging Out*** (Warner Books) by David Hoffman is the only way to exercise all the options and still enjoy the finer things in life.—*Bob Spitz*

D. KIRKLAND/SYGMA

Warning: Victoria's book may give your body an identity crisis!

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS.

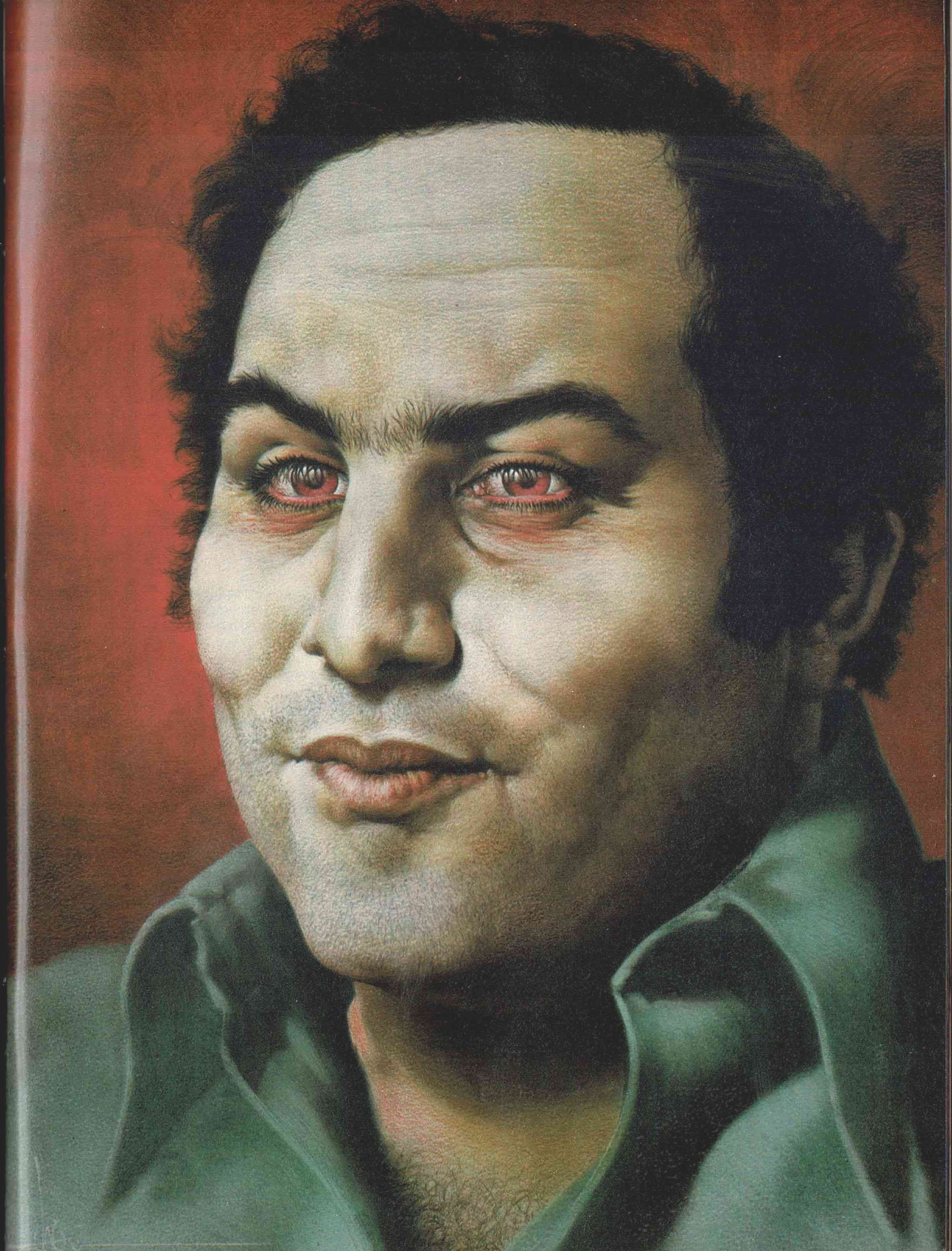
"Before you spend a fortune on psychiatrists, try a little glue."

CONFESSIONS OF SON OF SAM

BY DR. DAVID ABRAHAMSEN

For a long, agonizing year the New York night belonged to the .44 caliber killer who held the city hostage to his bloodlust. When he was caught, he claimed "demons" had made him do it. Finally, imprisoned in Attica, he reveals to the psychiatrist who found him competent to stand trial what really drove him on his murderous rampage.

PAINTING BY KUNIO HAGIO



Six years ago, the country was shocked and fascinated by a series of brutal murders in New York City. The apparent randomness of the choice of victims, the lack of clear motive, led the media to depict the killer as a mindless, stalking beast. For a long, agonizing year, the New York night belonged to him. He held the city hostage to his bloodlust.

The killer chose as his prey young women, several of whom were sitting in parked cars with their dates. Women throughout the city moved in fear of him. Three hundred men—seventy-five detectives and 225 uniformed police—were assigned to catch him. At first he was known by the weapon he used, a .44 caliber pistol; then he added to the drama and the mystery by offering the public a name by which he could be known: "Son of Sam."

On August 10, 1977, the nightmare ended. David Berkowitz was arrested and charged with the murders. We saw in the papers and on TV a young man with a soft, quizzical, almost feminine face. He hardly fitted our image of a vicious killer.

Questioned, he told his inquisitors he had killed at the behest of voices. "Demons" had made him do it. "Sam," a 6,000-year-old man, had passed on these instructions to kill—through his dog.

I was engaged by the prosecution to determine if Berkowitz was mentally fit to stand trial. Two court-appointed psychiatrists had first found him psychotic and not mentally competent to proceed to trial. Mine was a dissenting opinion. Two New York justices concurred with me. Having been judged mentally fit for trial, Berkowitz pleaded guilty. In June 1978 he was sentenced to several hundred years in Attica prison.

Ordinarily, the case would have ended for me there. But in February 1979 Berkowitz announced at a press conference that he had invented the story about the demons. A month later I received a letter from him. He confessed: "Sam Carr and the demon . . . was all a hoax, well planned and thought out." (Sam Carr was a neighbor of Berkowitz's who owned a dog, Harvey.) Berkowitz and I began to correspond. He wrote: "I did know why I pulled the trigger. . . . It would be a good idea if we talked."

In the spring of 1979, I made the first of several trips to Attica to meet with Berkowitz. He expressed a desire to have a book written, a book that would deal not only with his crimes but also with his emotions. To understand the psychological makeup of Berkowitz would be a challenge to any psychoanalyst. He was not a mindless, psychotic killer, but rather a complex human being, inexorably driven to destroy himself and others. The circumstances of his upbringing remind us how much we are a product of our formative years. By tracing Berkowitz's feelings, thoughts, and deeds, one can see where tenderness fought rage, where love battled hate, where reality and fantasy lived side by side. . . . He made a desperate search for his biological mother, and to an extent his crimes are the horrifying consequences of his finding her.

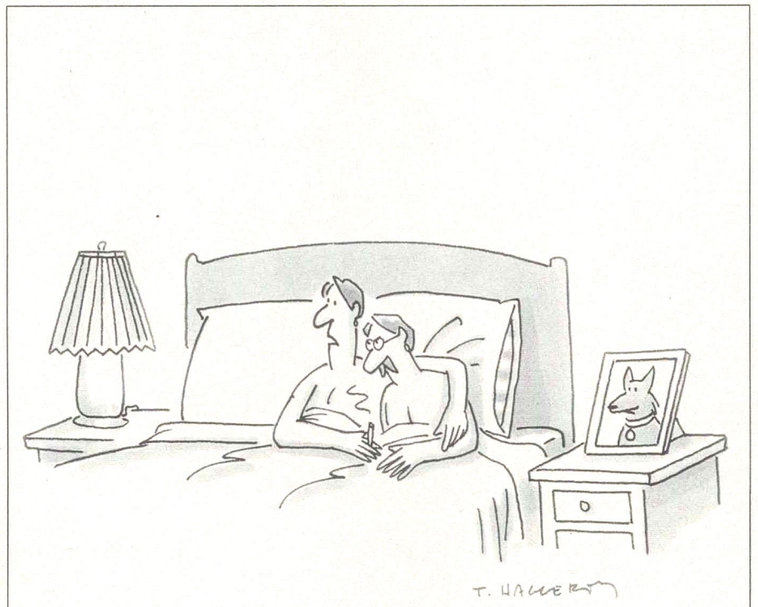
Berkowitz was the adopted son of Nathan and Pearl Berkowitz. He had been flirting with death and death fantasies since childhood. Before he was three years old, he was told he was adopted.

He was unhappy, lonely, obsessed by rejection and neglect. He became antisocial and destructive. He was caught up in fantasies of self-aggrandizement, but he never developed any genuine self-esteem. Being unable to find a girl friend after he left the army angered him. Meeting his biological mother, Betty Falco, proved to be the ultimate frustration.

He fantasized a complete family, a blissful reunion. After finding Betty, he learned that his real name was Richard Falco. But then he learned that his mother's former husband, Tony Falco, had left her years before he was born. His real father, she told him, was her lover of years' standing, a married man, Joseph Kleinman, who had died several years earlier.

Berkowitz was staggered. Even the name on his birth certificate was a hoax. "I was an accident, unwanted," he said. "My birth . . . was either out of spite or accident."

By the time he learned this, there had been too many psychological traumas. Despair and rage settled in. His feelings of murderous rage toward women, which he so far had been able to keep in check, were ready to be unleashed.



"Yeah, I loved a girl once, but she chewed up my slippers and pissed all over my new rug. It nearly broke my heart when I gave her away."

I was taken by surprise when, at an early interview with Berkowitz, he admitted to me that on Christmas Eve, 1975, in Co-op City in the Bronx, he repeatedly had stabbed a fifteen-year-old girl. Her screams attracted attention, and she was rushed to Jacobi Hospital, where her wounds were treated.

"I attacked a girl," he told me. "I put a knife in her several times. I realized I'd stabbed her. After the stabbing I ran to my car."

"When you ran to your car you must have realized you did something wrong," I said.

"Yes," he answered.

"How did you feel when you stabbed her?"

"Very strange, confused. I didn't understand what was happening to me. It was a mess," he went on. "It was a young girl. I had a small hunting knife with a blade three and a half inches long. In my first attempt to kill I didn't know how to kill. I stabbed her; she looked at me. I stabbed her again. It was terrible. She screamed pitifully."

His attempted murder of the young girl occurred about six months after he had found his biological mother and his half sister. It was one of the precipitating events that brought into action Berkowitz's murderous, sadistic impulses.

The bloodiness of his first unsuccessful attempt to kill his victim made him turn, in his subsequent murderous attacks, to a more impersonal weapon, the .44 caliber gun.

"What was the purpose of buying the gun?" I asked.

"I knew I was going to have to do something with it."

"You were going to do something with it? What would that be?"

"I think it was going to be shooting people, you know," he answered.

"Shooting people?"

"Yeah."

He could easily have gone on a homicidal spree and shot many people to death in one incident, but this he didn't do. He was a cautious person, and shooting many people at one time undoubtedly would have led to his arrest. Yet he felt he had to do something.

"There were times I was troubled over my sudden urges after the shootings began," he told me. "I used to visit my sister, and when I did, my gun, maps, extra ammunition, and other related paraphernalia were always carefully stored in my car for quick use. I did travel in the vicinity of Glen Oaks Village and Floral Park as well as many other places. Yes, Queens was special to me—very special. This I can't explain. Shooting someone in Queens was an obsession."

He went on to say, "When I got my bad urges about my family, knowing that my gun was so close . . . I'd just go take a long walk to release any mental tensions I had for the moment. Walking for me has always been very therapeutic."

Berkowitz tried to control his murderous feelings by fighting them off. And being unable to kill someone in his family (primarily his natural mother or half sister), he turned to substitute killings, as there was no other way to overcome his emotional tension.

His ambivalence was manifest during the first three shootings. He held the .44 in one hand.

"I wanted to take a life, yet I wanted to spare a life. I felt I had to kill someone. . . . I wanted to and I didn't want to. . . .

"I was determined and in full agreement with myself that I must slay a woman for revenge purposes to get back on them for all the suffering [mental suffering] they caused me. Of course, you would disagree extensively with my immoral view. I don't blame you. Because I, too, realize that this was a poor excuse for all I've done. However, at the time I sincerely believed that I was justified. I believed that I had every moral right to slay a chosen victim. As gross and perverted as this sounds, it was my belief. . . .

"I guess that shooting with one hand," he continued, "which I did unconsciously, was a result of my inner conscience speaking to me, and that secretly I wished I had missed. But outwardly I was angry when I did, because I went to so much trouble to succeed and I took such huge risks."

Stalking the victims was an important routine. It became a ritual. The police and the public were dealing with a cunning and manipulative man: "I familiarized myself with the streets and possible escape routes from those central areas. Also, I managed to learn all the streets by repeated trips into the area. I mean, there were nights in which I traveled all through a certain area but it turned unproductive.

"Towards the end of my spree I developed a keen perception of police tactics. After a while, I was able to spot an unmarked car regardless of its disguise. Some were taxicabs, some were beat-up old rattletraps, but they were police cars just the same, and I 'made' them. Unmarked police vans were also a frequent sight."

I wanted to know how he found his first shooting victim, Donna Lauria. He told me: "I saw her and another girl sitting in a blue Oldsmobile Cutlass as I drove past. I parked about two very short blocks away on a side street. I left my car, walking in the direction of their parked car. I saw both girls sitting there, apparently talking. I circled the car at a distance like an animal stalking its prey. Cautiously, I was watching for movement from other people in the street. However, there was none. Then, from behind and on the sidewalk, I approached the car, took my revolver out of a paper bag, and stopped parallel to their vehicle. I faced Donna, aimed my gun in the general direction, and fired all five rounds very rapidly.

"I went straight home and went to bed. I got up early the next day to go to work at the cab company. I was at work promptly at 6:45 A.M. That day I made out better than usual in both tips and fares. I made it my point to go to work so I wouldn't arouse any suspicion. But who would have suspected me anyhow? I didn't know the victims."

I inquired, "Tell me more about the shooting, if you can."

"I pulled the gun out of the bag, see, and I just started shooting."

"And you had the bag in the other hand?" I asked.

"Yeah, and I just started to shoot at the window."

"Yeah?"

"And I just saw the glass come in. My eyes were transfixed to the glass. Thousands of little pieces—you could see them, you know. You could see . . . almost count every one."

"And your eyes were transfixed to the glass?"

"I saw Donna. She had dark hair. She was covering herself from the glass."

"And what happened then?"

"I emptied the gun and I was still pulling the trigger and it was clicking, but I didn't know it. Then the horn—the other girl decided to blow the horn of the car. It shook

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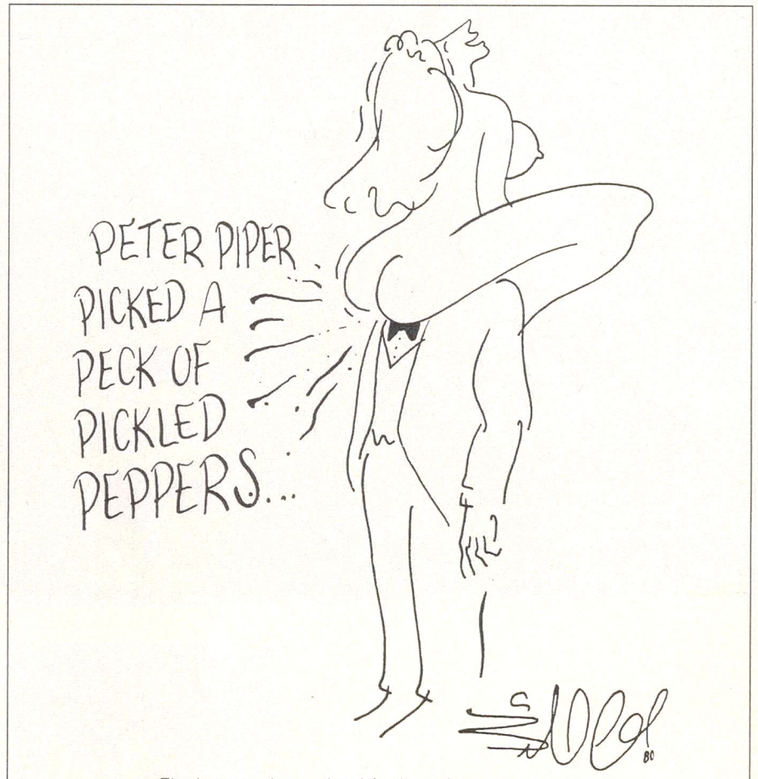
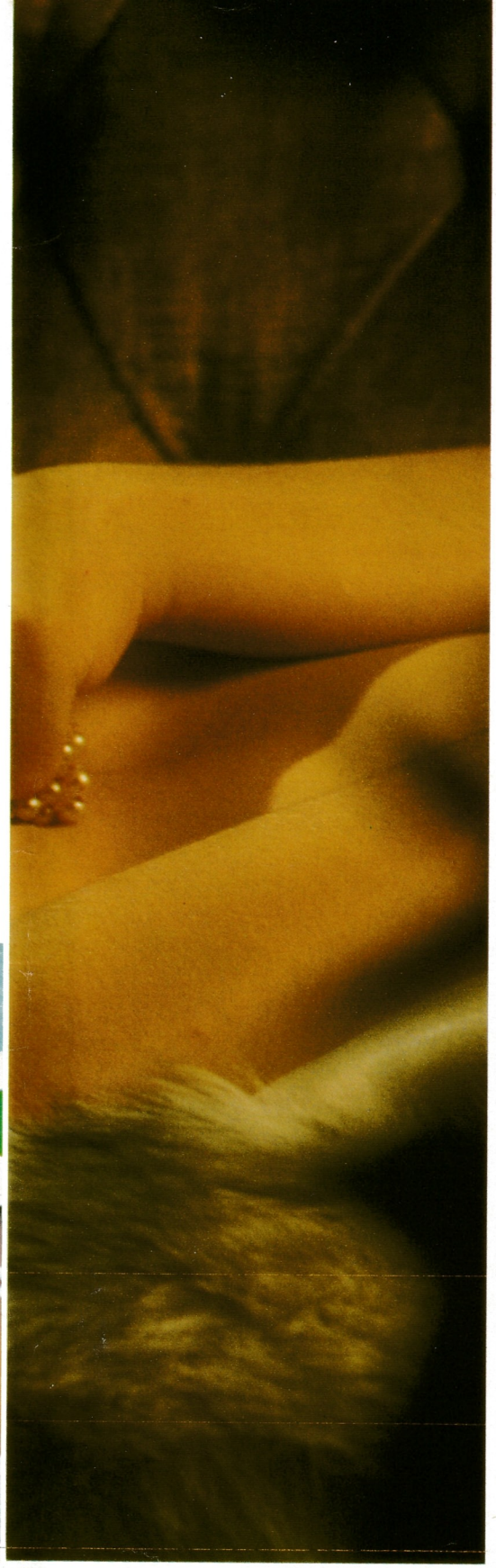


Final exam. At a school for broadcast announcers.



THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED HOLZMAN

Sometimes, sighs green-eyed Julia Parton, you can have too much of a good thing. Having developed her rather spectacular 36D-26-34 superstructure at a very tender age, she's had to get tough to keep the Mongol hordes at bay. She's tried everything, but desire hearkens not unto reason, and thus we have the simple, irrational, all-pervasive behavior that Julia inspires...

With so many supplicants about, twenty-one-year-old Julia at least can afford to be choosy. (Call her a worldly new brave exploring a brave new world.) When unencumbered romantically, she ventures out on her own.

Usually, her roommate goes along for the ride to serve as a traveling companion and female bodyguard. When you're as criminally captivating as Julia, crossing borders can be dangerous...

Ironically, once admirers get wind of our Kentucky-born lady's fabled, up-front, and frisky personality, those with less than true grit back off. "Egotistical men are wary of me," she explains.

They're the kind, Julia notes, that have a pathological need to prevail in every situation. They could never play second fiddle to a woman, and they tend to believe that she should act like a lady instead of a woman anyway.

Some men even get
uneasy when they learn that our
self-sufficient Pet has an
interest in a roofing business
and does some of the
hard, sweaty labor herself. On the
other hand, the kind of
men Julia does respond to are all
for raising the roof and
climbing *her* ladder to success.
Then, she adds with a
promising smile, the sky's
the limit.

It's not enough to know what's in or out. Being a successful status seeker is a full-time occupation that can have a permanent payoff.

STATUS

BY MICHAEL KORDA

The other day, I was driving up the Henry Hudson Parkway (which is to potholes as Everest is to mountains) and saw a police car, an armored truck, a fire-department station wagon, and several civilian vehicles parked at the side of the highway. Thinking there had been a serious accident, I stopped to see if I could be of any help, but there was no visible sign of bloodshed—only a brand-new Ferrari Dino sports coupé, which had lost a wheel when it hit a pothole.

The car was undamaged, and so was its owner, a well-groomed young man with enough gold chains to replenish Fort Knox. I might have understood all this help arriving for an accident involving a beautiful young woman, but since most cars that break down on the West Side Highway stand there until their owners finally trudge off to find a telephone and return only to discover their cars have been cannibalized by highway thieves, I decided to ask one of the cops what was so special about *this* breakdown.

"Hell," he said, "any guy who can spend 40,000-plus bucks on a fucking *car* deserves *something*."

One sees his point. We all recognize status when we see it. The same cop would probably have driven right

Photo: Laurent Sully-Jaulmes/Ancienne Collection Galerie Alain Blondel, Paris

PAINTING BY TAMARA DE LEMPICKA

by a Ford station wagon or a VW Rabbit in similar circumstances, but a Ferrari is class, status—something special.

In older European societies, status is comparatively hard to acquire, since there exists a traditional hereditary aristocracy along with a complex class structure. In England, for example, no amount of money will produce a status equivalent to simply being born the eldest son of a duke or marquess, and even a poor baronet (the lowest of the hereditary ranks) has more status in many circles than a *nouveau riche* millionaire.

In Germany, respect still extends to a "*von*"—as well as the innumerable professional titles that Germans adore. "*Herr Professor*," "*Herr Professor Doktor*," "*Herr Direktor-General*" are all accorded a degree of respect that would be impossible to imagine in America.

In France, despite its revolutionary tradition of liberty and equality, titles still have legal force and "*Monsieur le marquis*" will be accorded genuine respect, even by the most determined of republicans, while in the aristocracy itself those with prerevolutionary titles look down on those with Napoleonic titles, and those with Napoleonic titles look down on upstarts with titles from the Second Empire.

In Italy, of course, everybody who can buy one has a papal title, except in Sicily, where anybody of importance is a "*Don*." Even in the Soviet Union, the Comrade Citizens festoon their lapels with orders of merit and badges and insist on being addressed as "Comrade Deputy Party Chairman" or "Comrade Chief Engineer."

Only in America ("The Land of Opportunity") is it possible to acquire instant status by buying a house in Beverly Hills, a gold Piaget watch, a Rolls-Royce Corniche, or having a profile in *People* magazine. Since we have no aristocracy (and no respect for professional titles), status is within most people's reach, and reaches its ultimate form in celebrity.

Hence status objects play a role in our lives that titles, landed estates, party badges, and orders of merit play in the rest of the world.

There is nothing, let it be said at once, intrinsically *wrong* in status seeking. Almost everybody does it, one way or the other, and those who condemn it most are doing it too, since rebellion against American values is a well-recognized way to status and even celebrity (look at Abbie Hoffman, Timothy Leary, Jane Fonda, the Reverend Michael Harrington, or the Berrigans, all of whom acquired celebrity status by opposing the status quo).

Andy Warhol once said that America would be a better place to live in if everyone could be a celebrity for one day, and while that seems unlikely to happen, it is certainly true that instant celebrity is a particularly American phenomenon, which, at worst, has even led to people committing murder in order to make the headlines.

For most of us, however, status is something we hope to acquire by nonviolent means, and our problem is how much we can afford and where we can start. The choices are dizzying in their variety—which is hardly surprising, since status is America's biggest industry. A gold American Express card? A pair of Gucci loafers? The Cartier tank watch? Porsche sunglasses? Hundred-dollar running shoes? A private jet? Thousand-dollar ostrich-skin cowboy boots?

Status objects create status. However, it's worth noting that the exact significance of status objects differs from one part of the country to another and is constantly changing. In rural America, for instance, owners of a big, expensive American car are still accorded status, whereas in the chic suburbs a four-wheel-drive pickup truck—with "fuck me" tires (the kind that are huge, heavily treaded, and bear in raised letters an aggressive macho message, like "Mudbuster" or "Supergripper"), a Clydesdale winch, a snowplow bracket, and a spotlight—will be accorded more status at the local country club or coach house than a new Lincoln Continental Mark III or a Cadillac Seville. In the *real* country, everybody has a pickup truck (and uses it), so it has zero status. A Jeep has no status in ranching country, where you need one, but considerable status in the parking lots of elegant restaurants in Beverly Hills or New York, where one obviously *isn't* needed.

> Nothing beats an older man turning up at a party with a beautiful girl on his arm. It indicates wealth, power, and sexual virility—a status package that can't be topped.

Cowboy boots and Stetson hats are not status objects per se in Texas, where everybody wears them, but they did enjoy a brief moment of high status in the Northeast, until too many people caught on. A rule of thumb is that *by the time an object has hit the department stores, it is already obsolete in terms of status*. In short, when secretaries are buying Vuitton clutch bags with the money they've saved by not eating lunch, Vuitton clutch bags, at some higher level of status where these things are decided, have already ceased to count.

Gold-rimmed aviator glasses, Izod tennis shirts, and Adidas sneakers used to have status as leisure objects until teenage black kids took to wearing them (or imitations, if they couldn't afford the real thing), at which point status-seekers took to leather Topsiders, sweaters tied round the neck by the sleeves, and the kind of pale tortoise shell or plastic spectacle frames that used to be the mark of uptight WASPs like McGeorge Bundy, former CIA director William Colby, and the Rev. Willian Sloane Coffin of Yale. Doubtless, that too will change. Status-seekers have to be fast on their feet (hence the importance of status sneakers, you might say!).

Even the current passion for health and fitness involves status, and not just in the clothes, the footwear, or the choice of exercise equipment. A tan used to be a badge of status (and still is to some extent, except in those parts of the country where you can't *avoid* a tan) but the current status craze is for running, and in most big cities status-seekers of both sexes would rather give up their Cartier love bracelets or their Rolex "oyster" chronometers than admit to not being devoted runners.

A devotion to active exercise, by the way, has always been rather statusy in American life. The lower classes, because they tend to perform manual labor, are sports *watchers*. A guy who's spent eight hours pouring concrete or working in a factory is ready for a couple of beers and an evening of television—I mean, he's *physically* tired—whereas the upper classes, by definition, have sedentary jobs and therefore an excess of physical energy to burn off. Before the First World War they rode or played polo. Between the wars they played tennis and golf. Then squash became the status exercise. Now it's running and gymnastic exercise. Body-building, which used to be the most lower-class, non-statusy pastime in America, has now become so chic that even women are pumping iron. The smell of sweat has acquired more status than the smell of Chanel No. 5 or imported eau de cologne.

A concern for health and appearance has always been a mark of upper-class Americans. Non-status people lose their teeth, their figures, and their looks—they haven't the time, energy, or money to do otherwise—whereas successful, upwardly mobile Americans have the time, energy, money, and optimism to diet, exercise, have face-lifts and hair transplants, get their teeth capped, and in general look after themselves. Good health is, in fact, almost as important a mark of status as money and sex.

Despite the inroads of women's liberation, the ultimate status object for men remains a young, attractive, sexy woman.

A Rolls-Royce is fine, but nothing beats an older man turning up at a party or a night spot with a beautiful girl on his arm. It indicates wealth (beautiful young women seldom go out with poor older men), power and sexual virility—a status package that can't be topped. For the ultimate in sexual status, the young woman should be in her mid-twenties, blond, blue-eyed, tanned, with long legs. In this area, traditions die hard, and the "blond bombshell"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

The V.O. taste. So unexpectedly smooth. So surprisingly light. Mixed or straight, you'll taste the difference.
Of course, whenever you drink know when to say no. But when you do say yes, make it Seagram's V.O.
It's everything you never expected.
Break away from the ordinary. Discover the drink that stands apart.
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On the distant planet of Aurora,
the robot Jander has been found lifeless. Earthman detective Elijah
Baley has been summoned to uncover the
culprit—even though the prime suspect is a woman he once loved.

THE ROBOTS OF DAWN

FICTION BY ISAAC ASIMOV

Dr. Fastolfe moved slowly
forward, plucking a leaf from a shrub that he passed, bending it in two and nibbling at it.
Elijah Baley looked at him curiously, wondering how Spacers could put
something untreated, unheated, even unwashed into their mouths, when they feared
infection so badly. He remembered that Aurora was free
(*entirely* free?) of pathogenic microorganisms, but found the action repulsive anyway.
They were moving toward the house up ahead,
presumably the house of the owner of Jander, the humaniform robot.

PAINTING BY DI-MACCIO

"Dr. Fastolfe," Baley said, suddenly, in part to break the chain of thought that he found to be growing oppressive. "You still have not told me your motive for the destruction of Jander."

Fastolfe gazed thoughtfully into the distance. "I told you this world was tame. When I began my movement to encourage a renewed period of exploration and settlement, it was not to the supercomfortable Aurorans, or Spacers generally, that I looked for leadership. I rather thought we ought to encourage Earthmen to take the lead. With their horrid world—excuse me—and short life span, they have so little to lose, I thought that they would surely welcome the chance, especially if we were to help them technologically.

"There are difficulties. Many Aurorans do not want Earthmen to move outward and settle new worlds. They fear the rapid spread of Earthish culture, its beehive Cities, its chaoticism." He stirred uneasily and said, "Why are we standing here, I wonder? Let's move on. You see, there are those who see the humaniform robot as the perfect settler. It is they who can build the new worlds."

Baley said, "You've always had robots. Do you mean this idea was never advanced before?"

"Oh, it was, but it was always clearly unworkable. Ordinary, non-humaniform robots, without immediate human supervision, building a world that would suit their own non-humaniform selves could not be expected to tame and build a world that would be suitable for the more delicate and flexible minds and bodies of human beings."

"Surely the world they would build would serve as a reasonable first approximation."

"Surely it would, Mr. Baley. It is a sign of Auroran decay, however, that there is an overwhelming feeling among our people that a reasonable first approximation is unreasonably insufficient. A group of humaniform robots, on the other hand, as closely resembling human beings in body and mind as possible, would succeed in building a world which, in suiting themselves, would also inevitably suit Aurorans. Do you follow the reasoning?"

"Completely."

"They would build a world so well, you see, that when they are done and Aurorans are finally willing to leave, our human beings will step out of Aurora and into another Aurora. They will never have left home; they will simply have another newer home, exactly like the older one, in which to continue their decay. Do you follow that reasoning, too?"

"I see your point, but I take it that Aurorans do not."

"*May* not. I think I can argue the point effectively, if the opposition does not destroy me politically by this matter of the destruction of Jander. Do you see the motive attributed to me? I am supposed to have embarked on a program of the destruction of humaniform robots rather than allow them to be used to settle other planets. Or so my enemies say."

It was Baley now who stopped walking. He looked thoughtfully at Fastolfe and said, "You understand, Dr. Fastolfe, that it is to Earth's interest that your point of view win out completely."

"It is not just the destruction of one robot they attribute to me. That is bad enough and just might suffice. They are whispering—it is only a whisper as yet—that the death is merely an experiment of mine, and a dangerously successful one. They whisper that I am working out a system for destroying humaniform brains rapidly and efficiently so that when my enemies *do* create their own humaniform robots, I, together with members of my party, will be able to destroy them all, thus preventing Aurora from settling new worlds and leaving the Galaxy to my Earthmen confederates."

"Surely there can be no truth in this."

"Of course not. I told you these are lies.

> If I am to believe that Dr. Fastolfe is not your lover, then it follows that someone else is, or was. If the robot, Jander Panell, was not your lover, say so.

And ridiculous lies, too. No such method of destruction is even theoretically possible and the Robotics Institute people are not on the point of creating their own humaniform robots. I cannot conceivably indulge in an orgy of mass destruction even if I wanted to. I *cannot*."

Baley said, "What you're telling me is that active resentment against Earth is being built up."

Fastolfe said, "Exactly, Mr. Baley. The situation grows worse for me every day—and for Earth—and we have very little time."

They were walking again, nearly at their destination. Baley was in deep silence, his face tight-lipped.

Fastolfe said, "How do you feel, Mr. Baley?"

Baley said, in a low voice. "If you mean as far as being Outside is concerned, I am not even aware of it. If you mean as far as our dilemma is concerned, I think I am as close to giving up as I can possibly be without putting myself into an ultrasonic brain-dissolving chamber." Then, passionately, he cried, "Why did you send for me, Dr. Fastolfe? Why have you given me this impossible job? What have I ever done to you to be treated so?"

"Actually," said Fastolfe, "it was not my idea to begin with and I can only plead my desperation."

"Well, whose idea was it?"

"It was the owner of this establishment we have now reached who suggested it originally—and I had no better idea."

"The owner of this establishment? Why would he—"

"She."

"Well, then, why would she suggest anything of the sort?"

"Oh! I haven't explained that she knows you, have I, Mr. Baley? There she is waiting for us now."

Baley looked up, bewildered.

"Jehoshaphat," he whispered.

The young woman who faced them said, with a wan smile, "I knew that when I met you again, Elijah, that would be the first word I would hear."

Baley stared at her. She had changed. Her hair was shorter and her face was even more troubled now than it had been two years ago, and seemed more than two years older, somehow. She was still unmistakably Gladia, however. There was still the triangular face, with its pronounced cheekbones and small chin. She was still short, still slight of figure, still vaguely childlike.

Elijah had been forbidden to her because he was human; and beyond that (of course) because he was from Earth. Though the exigencies of the murder case he was investigating forced them to meet, throughout their relationship she was completely covered to prevent contact. And yet, at their last meeting, she had in defiance of good sense fleetingly touched his cheek with her bare hand. She must have known she could be infected as a result. He cherished the touch the more for every aspect of her upbringing combined to make it unthinkable.

Baley said, rather stupidly, "It was *you* who owned the—"

He paused, and Gladia finished the sentence for him, "The robot. And two years ago, it was I who possessed the husband. Whatever I touch is destroyed. You came to rescue me that first time. Forgive me, but I had to call on you again. Come in, Elijah. Come in, Dr. Fastolfe."

Fastolfe stepped back to allow Baley to walk in first. He followed. Behind Fastolfe came Daneel and Giskard, and they, with the characteristic self-effacement of robots, stepped to unoccupied wall niches on opposite sides and remained silently standing, backs to the wall.

For one moment, it seemed that Gladia would treat them with the indifference with which human beings commonly treated robots. After a glance at Daneel, however, she turned away and said to Fastolfe in a voice that choked a little. "That one. Please. Ask him to leave."

Fastolfe said, with a small motion of surprise. "Daneel?"

"He's too . . . too Jander-like!"

Fastolfe turned to look at Daneel and a

Pall Mall
A Step Ahead
Step up in taste,
step down in tar
100's
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
LIGHTS
LOW TAR FILTER
PALL MALL LIGHTS
9mg. tar
0.8mg. nic.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

look of clear pain crossed his face momentarily. "Of course, my dear. You must forgive me. I did not think. Daneel, move into another room and remain there while we are here."

Without a word, Daneel left.

Gladia said, "Come. Sit down, Elijah. You must excuse me for not quite being myself. I am, for a second time, the center of a planetary sensation, and the first time was more than enough."

"I understand, Gladia. Please do not apologize," said Baley.

"And as for you, dear Doctor, please don't feel you need go."

"Well—" Fastolfe looked at the time-strip on the wall. "I will stay for a short while, but then, my dear, there is work that must be done though the skies fall. All the more so since I must look forward to a near future in which I may be restrained from doing any work at all."

Gladia blinked rapidly, as though holding back tears. "I know, Dr. Fastolfe. You are in deep trouble because of . . . of what happened here, and I don't seem to have time to think of anything but my own—discomfort."

Baley pressed his lips together at that, then said, heavily, "I was not aware, Gladia, that you were in any way involved in this affair."

"Who else would be?" she said, with a sigh.

"You are—were—in possession of Jander Panell?"

"Not truly in possession. I had him on loan from Dr. Fastolfe."

"Were you with him when he—" Baley hesitated over some way of putting it.

"Died? Mightn't we say died? No, I was not. And, before you ask, there was no one else in the house at the time. I was alone. I am usually alone. Almost always. That is my Solarian upbringing, you remember. Of course, that is not obligatory. You two are here, and I do not mind—very much."

"And you were definitely alone at the time Jander died? No mistake?"

"I have said so," said Gladia, sounding a little irritated. "No, never mind, Elijah. I know you must have everything repeated and repeated. I *was* alone. Honestly."

"How many robots do you possess, Gladia? Not counting Jander."

Gladia paused as though she were counting internally. Finally, she said, "I have twenty robots. Five in the house, and fifteen on the grounds. Robots move freely between my house and Dr. Fastolfe's, too, so that it isn't always possible to judge, when a robot is quickly seen at either establishment, whether it is one of mine or one of his."

"Ah," said Baley, "and since Dr. Fastolfe has fifty-seven robots in his establishment, that means, if we combine the two, that there are seventy-seven robots available, altogether."

"Yes," said Fastolfe, "but why are you making this point?"

Baley said, "Because it means you can have any of seventy-seven moving objects, each vaguely human in form, that you are used to seeing out of the corner of the eye, and to which you would pay no particular attention."

Fastolfe chuckled softly, and Gladia, unsmiling, shook her head.

"Elijah," she said, "one can tell you are an Earthman. Do you imagine that any human being, even Dr. Fastolfe here, could possibly approach my house without my being informed of the fact by my robots? No, no, when Jander died, there was no other human being in the house. Except myself."

Fastolfe interposed gently. "In this case, Jander was put out of operation by a subtle spoken program. Physical presence was not necessary. Your presence here alone means nothing, especially since you do not know how to block the mind of a humaniform robot."

They both turned to look at Baley, Fastolfe with a quizzical look on his face, Gladia with a sad one. (It irritated Baley that Fastolfe, whose future was as bleak as Baley's own, nevertheless seemed to face it with humor. What on earth is there to be laughing at like an idiot, Baley thought morosely.)

> Jander could tumesce and detumesce on order. He told me so when I asked him if his penis was functional in that respect. I was curious, and he demonstrated.

"Ignorance," said Baley slowly, "may mean nothing. A person may not know how to get to a certain place, and yet may just happen to reach it while walking blindly. One might talk to Jander and, all unknowingly, push the button for mental freeze-out."

Fastolfe said, "And the chances of that?"

"You're the expert, Dr. Fastolfe, and I suppose you will tell me they are very small."

"Indeed, the chances are incredibly small. A person may not know how to get to a certain place, but if the only route is a series of tightropes stretched in sharply changing directions, what are the chances of reaching it by walking randomly while blindfolded?"

Gladia's hands fluttered in extreme agitation. She clenched her fists as though to hold them steady and brought them down on her knees. "I didn't do it; accident or not. I wasn't with him when it happened. I *wasn't*. I spoke to him in the morning. He was well; perfectly normal. Hours later, when I summoned him, he never came. I went in search of him and he was standing in his accustomed place, seeming quite normal. The trouble was, he didn't respond to me. He didn't respond at all. He has never responded since."

Baley said, "Could something you had said to him, quite in passing, have produced mind-freeze only after you had left him; an hour after, perhaps?"

Fastolfe interposed sharply. "Quite impossible, Mr. Baley. If mind-freeze is to take place, it takes place at once."

There was silence for a while.

Baley said, "Dr. Fastolfe, you said earlier that you couldn't stay long."

"I have stayed too long already."

"Good. Then would you leave now? I want to speak to Gladia alone."

Baley was certain there was more for her to tell. How he could persuade her to talk, he couldn't say, but of one thing more he was certain. While Fastolfe was there, she would not tell the whole truth.

"Gladia," said Baley after Fastolfe's departure, "it is important that I know, exactly, the relationship between you and Dr. Fastolfe. You live near him, and the two of you form what is virtually a single robotic household. He is clearly concerned for you. He has made no effort to defend his own innocence, aside from the mere statement that he is innocent, but he defends you strongly the moment I harden my questioning."

Gladia smiled faintly. "What do you suspect, Elijah?"

Baley said, "Don't fence with me. I don't want to suspect. I want to know."

"Has Dr. Fastolfe mentioned Fanya?"

"Yes, he has."

"Have you asked him whether Fanya is his wife, or merely his companion? Whether he has children?"

He said, "I have not yet asked. Tell me."

Gladia said, "Fanya is his wife. He has been married a number of times, consecutively, of course, though simultaneous marriage for either or both sexes is not entirely unheard of on Aurora." The bit of mild distaste with which she said that brought an equally mild defense. "It *is* unheard of on Solaria.

"However, Dr. Fastolfe's current marriage will probably soon be dissolved. Both will then be free to make new attachments, though often either or both parties do not wait for dissolution to do that. I don't say I understand this casual way of treating the matter, Elijah, but it is how Aurorans build their relationships. Dr. Fastolfe, to my knowledge, is rather straitlaced. He always maintains one marriage or another, and seeks nothing outside of it. On Aurora, that is considered old-fashioned and rather silly."

Baley nodded. "I've gathered something of this in my reading. Marriage takes place when there's the intention to have children, I understand."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

'Once, stranded
on a mountaintop, my
lover and I
fell asleep in the snow,
then invented
ways to thaw out our
frostbite.'

LALE

MORE THAN HER FAIR SHARE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Looking at lissome five-foot-eight-inch Lale Hansen, our November Pet of the Month, a guy could get Colorado Rocky Mountain high even before he knows she's from Denver. Outdoor types in that area might even have spotted our Pet indulging in one of her favorite death-defying sports.

MORE THAN HER FAIR SHARE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Looking at lissome five-foot-eight-inch Lale Hansen, our November Pet of the Month, a guy could get Colorado Rocky Mountain high even before he knows she's from Denver. Outdoor types in that area might even have spotted our Pet indulging in one of her favorite death-defying sports.

At twenty-five, she thinks nothing of risking her 36-24-36-inch body—or even her neck—for the thrill of skiing, motorcycle riding, or rock climbing. "I'm still too young to believe I'm not immortal," she explains—which makes a whole lot of sense coming from a goddess!

Despite her natural affinity for the physical, Lale is proud of her bachelor of science in marketing and management. So far, her skills have been successfully tested in working for a women's design group.

"I not only model swimsuits," she explains, "I also help 'strategize' their sale and distribution to various buyers." Considering our Pet's exotic blend of brains and beauty, we'd call this a seller's market!

Lale's romantic life is rather complicated at the moment. It appears that she broke up with one guy after a big argument, then fell for another guy on the rebound. Guy number one, coming to his senses, begged her to come back and Lale, being a fair-minded creature, agreed to give him a second chance. All of which does not sit well with guy number two. Our advice: Half a sugarloaf is better than none...

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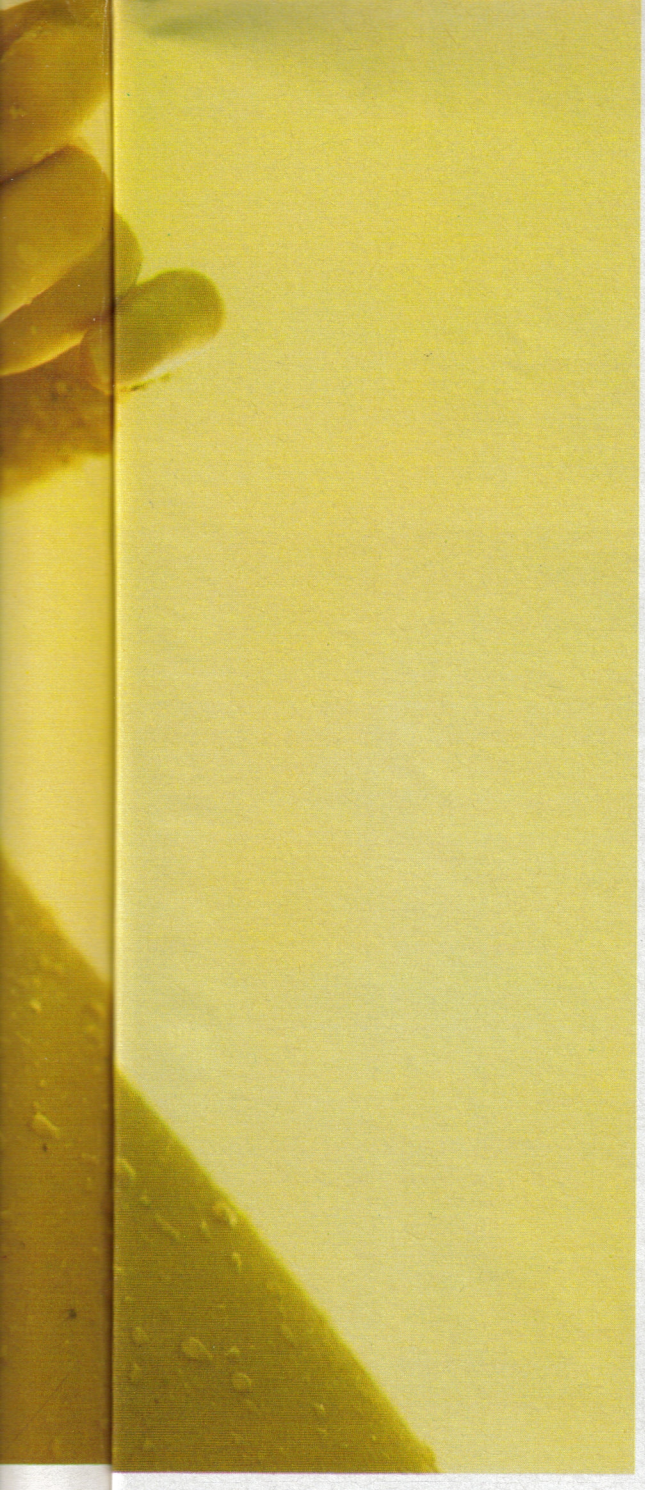

Speaking of Sugar Loaf, says Lale, "I had this incredibly erotic experience once when we became stranded during a mountain-climbing expedition. It started to snow and we curled up under an overhang."

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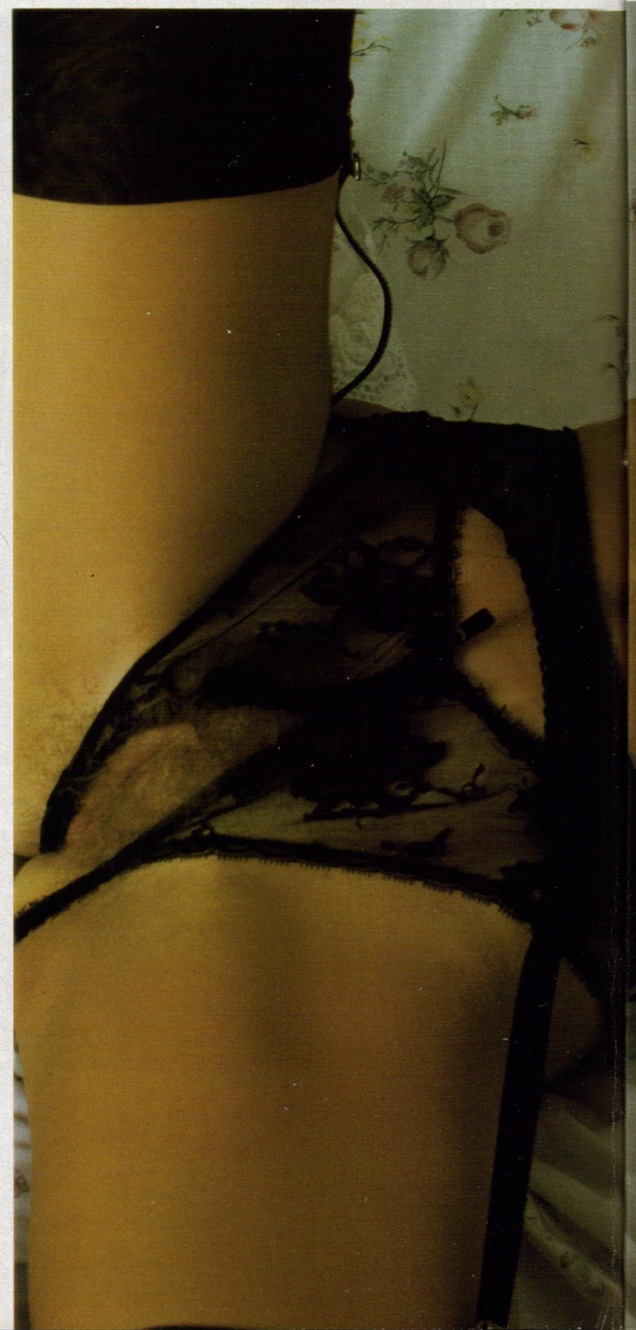
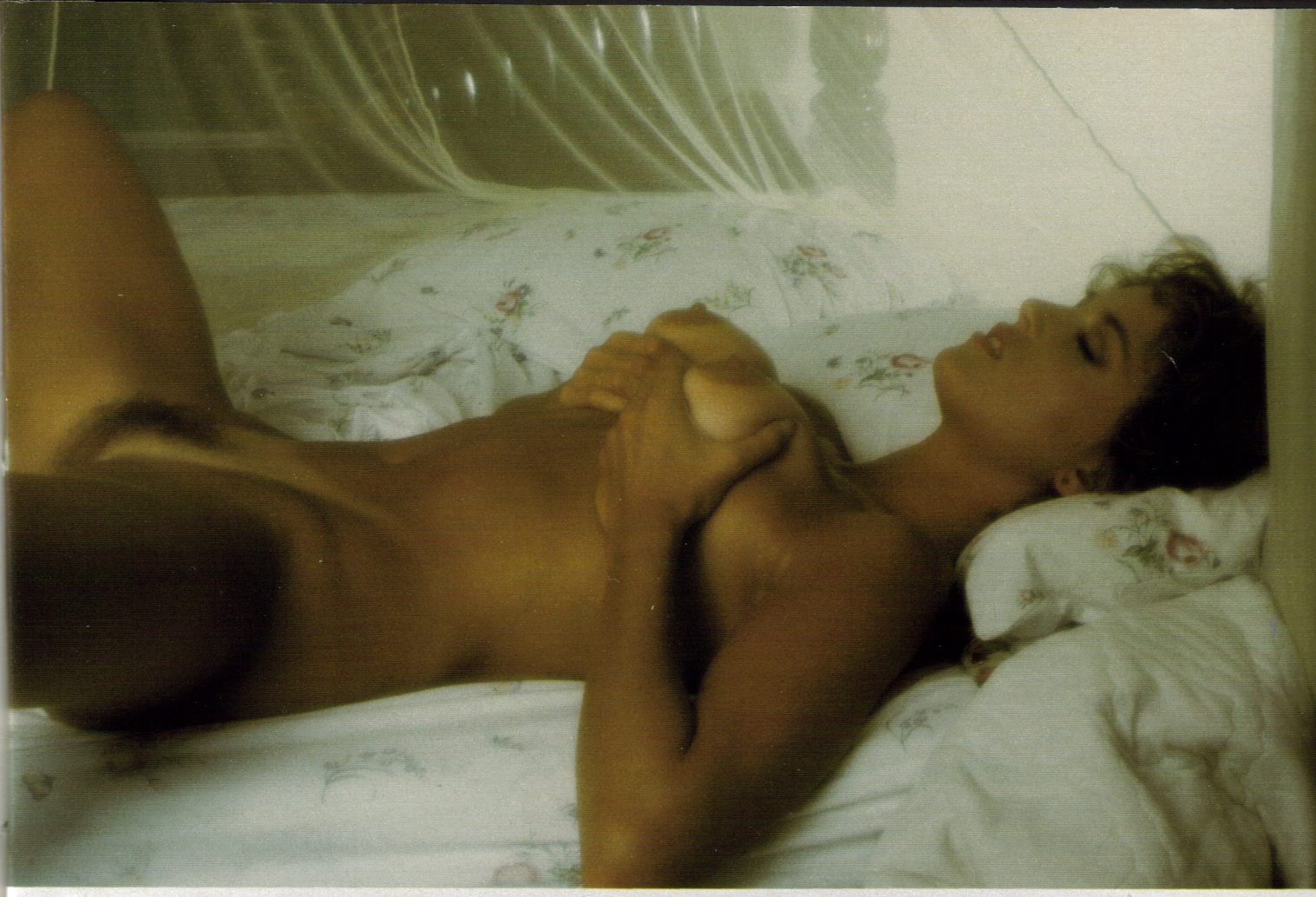


"After making love, partly to keep warm, we both fell asleep. When we woke up, we had frost-bite!" Luckily, they found a way to thaw out.



This sparkling Denver nugget
seems flawless, but by her own admission,
she succumbs to the sin of
unbridled greed. She confesses to believing
that two ardent lovers are
better than one! We, of course, forgive her.

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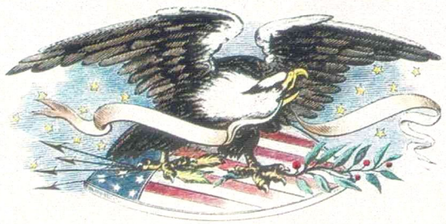
MISS LALE HANSEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS LALE HANSEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Veterans Day is a time for remembrances. It might also be an occasion to take stock of the prospects for America's living veterans. These are not particularly hopeful.

The approximately 200,000 survivors of World War I who have tried unsuccessfully for sixty-five years to have Congress pay their promised pension are to be rewarded in 1985 with a commemorative postage stamp honoring their service. Though legislation exists (H.R. 1918) to pay these veterans—most of them in their eighties—a modest pension, it has less chance of passage than the reintroduction of Prohibition.

Those veterans from World War II and Korea, the "graying" veterans, face the uncertain prospect of relying on the VA medical system for their nursing-home and long-term care. These are not provided by Medicare, and in view of the widespread hostility toward "entitlement" programs, it is not likely that the baby-boomers of the post–World War II period—most of whom skipped Vietnam—will vote to tax themselves to pay more for veterans' long-term and nursing-home care. As the recent debate over Social Security makes clear, entitlement issues strike a nerve in the body politic, especially when payments are made to a group or class rather than to all the citizenry.

> In recent years, the amount spent on veterans' programs has been based on what the traffic will bear—that is, the smallest amount that will prevent a veterans' rebellion.

Vietnam veterans' prospects are equally bleak. Money was deleted from the fiscal '84 budget for a veterans' job-training bill, and it seems most likely that this is an idea whose time has come and gone. Similarly, the controversy over Agent Orange and the plight of the "atomic vets" has turned into a soap opera that threatens to outrun "As the World Turns," without any resolution of these important health issues.

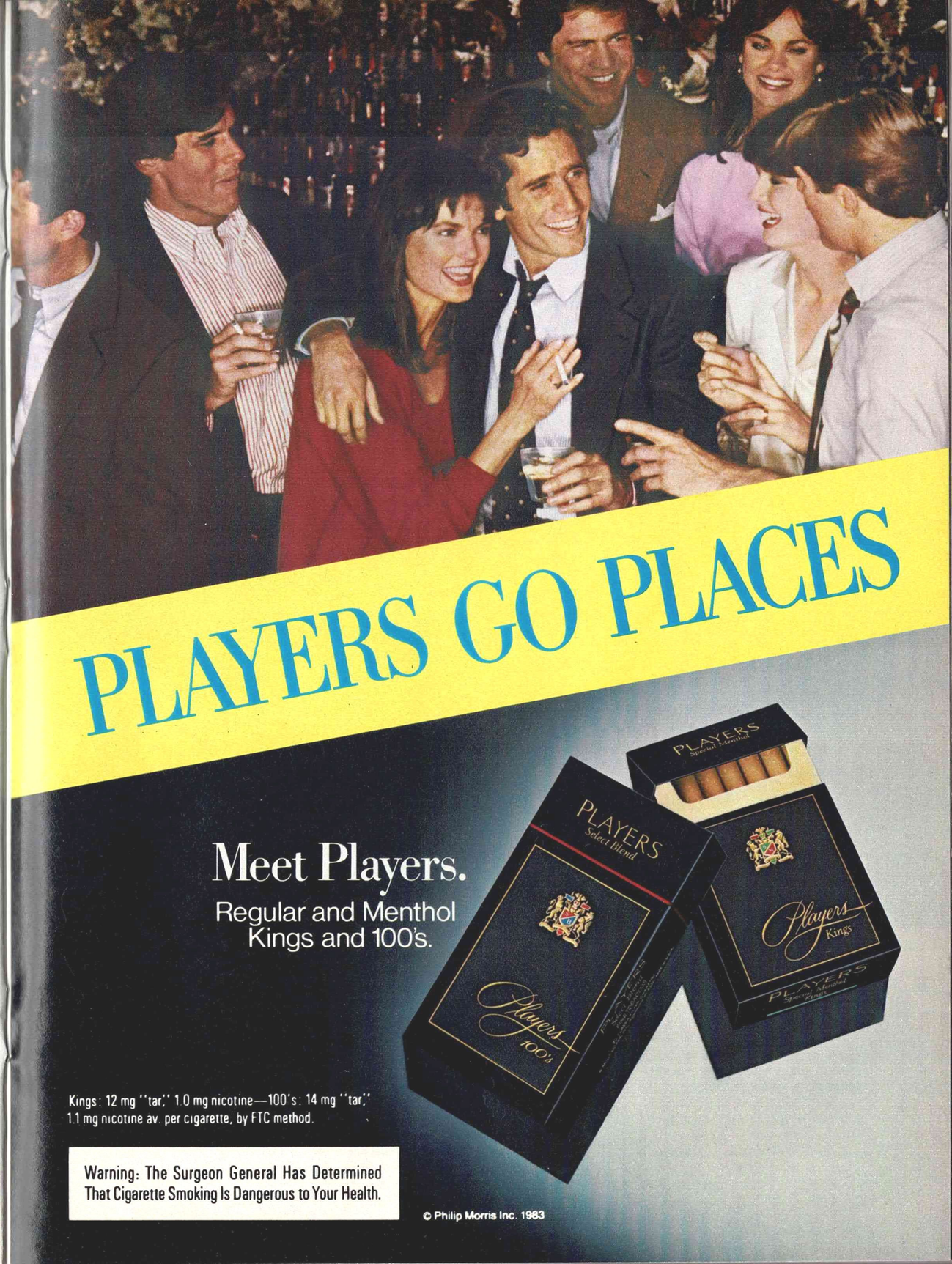
The foregoing does not augur well for veterans. Veterans Day rhetoric notwithstanding, it suggests the message should be: "Though we called you, don't call us!"

There are differing schools of thought about the worth and equity of the VA's major programs, i.e., the medical-care system, the GI Bill, and the benefit/compensation system. Much of the debate centers on whether a means should be used to determine whether the individual veteran should receive so-called free benefits. This part of the issue turns on whether one accepts that veterans' benefits are earned and should be considered as a kind of deferred payment for military service. The other side of the debate is the practical consideration, which requires Congress to decide how much is enough, or too much, to pay in order to keep faith with America's veterans. Lurking behind this is the political fear of antagonizing veterans and perhaps creating a situation—in the event of another Vietnam or whatever—whereby the veterans' community might tell young Americans, "Hell, no, don't go!"

We don't presume to know how much is enough or too much to spend on veterans' programs and benefits. We do know, however, that in recent years the amount has been based on what the traffic will bear, that is, the smallest amount that will prevent a veterans' rebellion, rather than being one based on genuine needs or the value of the program in promoting other national objectives. For example, in 1974 VA appropriations for medical care were $2.85 billion. By 1984 the figure was $8.78 billion. While that looks like a threefold increase, 1984 medical care in 1974 dollars will cost only $3.69 billion. This works out to a *real* annual gain of less than 2 percent per year, hardly enough to meet the health and medical needs of our aging veteran population.

Similarly, the GI Bill for fiscal '84 is less than $2 billion, down from $8 billion six to eight years ago. This raises questions, in the face of the horrendous unemployment that prevails among Vietnam veterans and the obvious fact that Americans need to be trained or retrained to meet the challenge of a high-tech society.

Thus, we would hope that on November 11, after all the speeches extolling the virtue and courage of our veterans have been made, we Americans might ask ourselves whether we have done enough for those who answered their nation's call to arms. We think not, and further believe that emasculation of positive VA programs, such as the GI Bill, has produced some extremely counterproductive results. Today, America needs its veterans, not as a symbol of wartime prowess and past victories, but rather as fellow citizens who are full participants in an uncertain future.—*William R. Corson*



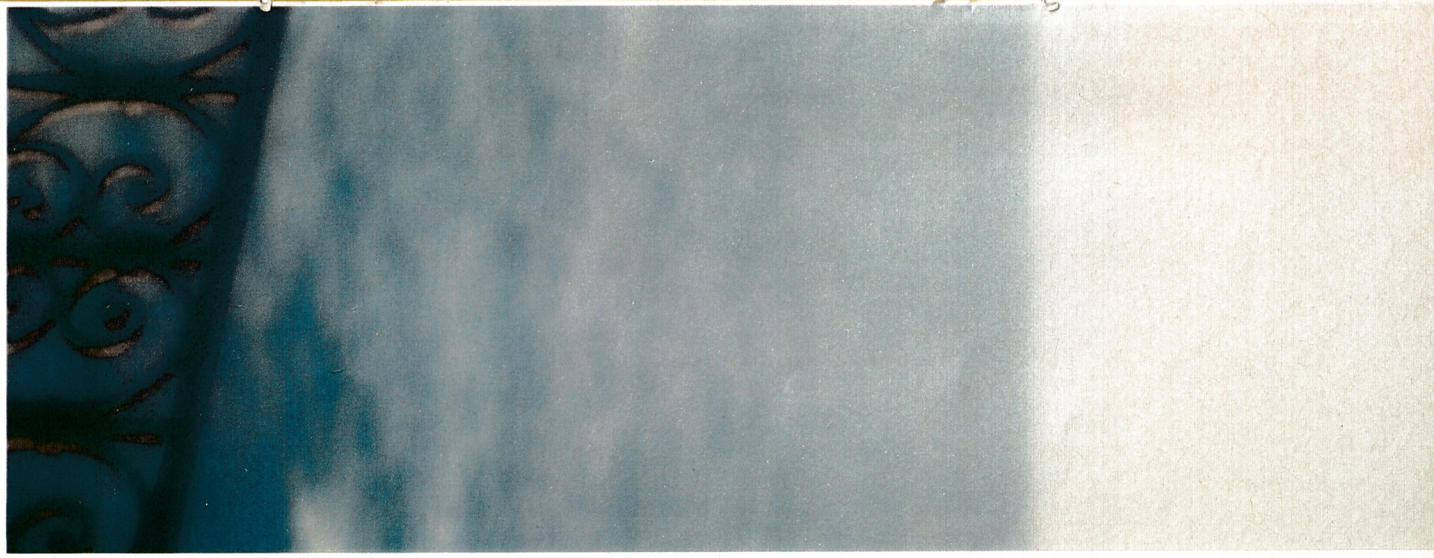
THE SPIRIT WAS WILLING

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER

As she wanders alone in the mansion, the lovely young housesitter senses something odd and strangely erotic. She hears faint masculine sounds...long-ago echoes of leather boots, horses, and swordplay. Her mind, she assumes, is playing tricks on her love-starved body. Like a shadow that follows her from room to room, something stirs in the ancient timbers. This afternoon, she stretches her long, catlike body on the cool tile floor. Then, under the secret gaze of the shadow, she caresses herself, falling into a fitful, half-satisfied sleep. ... Awakened by a crashing sound, she is startled to see the phantom form of an ancient swordsman. She recognizes his face from a portrait hanging above the mantel. He was, she knows, the bold and reckless adventurer who'd built this home a century ago. She is frightened till she touches the tip of the sword her visitor extends in passion and peace. She is jolted by the indescribable current that passes between them...

He'd been, as everyone knows, a notorious ladies' man. Could her uncontained desire, her blatant bawdom, have summoned him back, lured him from his spiritual pursuits with the palpable promise of fleshy new adventures? Trembling, she unbuckles the only obstacle that stands between the naked and the dead...

She shudders with relief as her phantom lover springs to life. Softly, she caresses him and admires his rapierlike member as he moves toward the moist valley between her loins. Real or not, she senses, there is more than the ghost of a chance that this is the dream of a lifetime...soon, with seemingly effortless ease, his searching hand touches her to the quick, making the dream come true...



Makeup by John Maldonado; hair by Darlene De Freitas.

Impaling herself on this rampant swordsman, she surrenders first to the stabbing pleasure of his supernatural member, then abandons herself completely by giving him the bouquet of her mouth. How many times can a man expire? Ethereal or not, when her ghostly lover parts her thighs, the molten heat of his mouth invokes the volcanic eruptions of a world being born...

Wordlessly, the lovers continue
their rapt ministrations through the night,
charged with an energy transcending
the boundaries of time and space.
The young and restless know that only
in the twilight world of unexplained
phenomena could such a creature exist: A
young and tireless lover, blessed
with a century of experience!

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION

Pat Hill

BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

The author is a syndicated Washington columnist and a frequent contributor to *Penthouse*. His first novel, *Cermak Road*, will be published by Harper & Row early next year.

TAXING "SIN"— A POLITICAL FRAUD

Having spent themselves into exhaustion, the members of the national legislature are casting bloodshot eyes about for a way to pay the bills. Their notion of the craft of governance involves finding a pariah group, a detested or detestable collectivity who dare not object, and then taxing the hell out of 'em. Hence the proposal to pay for MX missiles and the officers' golf courses through the sin tax.

The sins in question are booze and tobacco. The sinners are the consumers thereof, who are supposed to be too ashamed of their vices to offer a mumbled word of opposition to their paying for the imbecilities and megalomanias of the White House and Pentagon.

By calling these excises sin taxes, elected officials hope they can escape political retribution. Taxing sin is the same as fighting sin, isn't it? So it follows that he who opposes the tax supports sin. In a nation with an alarming number of Methodists and Mormons, it's a plausible stratagem.

It's also an ancient one. In 1791, that otherwise admirable figure in American history, Alexander Hamilton, was casting about for a means to pay off the war deficit and to make the new federal government feared and respected. He came up with the then novel idea of taxing snuff. This did not sit well with the nascent tobacco industry, which compared the secretary of the treasury's tax to "famine, pestilence and sword." In time the snuff-tax opposition subsided, but the western farmers on whom Hamilton's new whiskey tax fell rose in revolt.

Farmers who made whiskey in Maryland, Kentucky, Georgia, the Carolinas, and Pennsylvania were furious. Aristocratic wine sippers in Philadelphia were taxing the drink enjoyed by horny-handed sons of toil. The pioneering farmers around Pittsburgh, Pa., still a collection of hogans and log cabins, insisted they had not fought the Revolution to exchange taxation tyranny in London for the same in Philadelphia. (Washington, D.C., that odious conurbation on the Potomac, had not yet been built.) To make clear their resistance to the sin tax, they waylaid several of Mr. Hamilton's tax collectors and tarred and feathered them.

Hence began the famous Whiskey Rebellion, which did not end until George Washington himself appeared at the head of an army of 15,000 men to put it down. In the end, two sin tax resisters were sentenced to death, but, as Hamilton said, since one of them was "little short of an idiot, the other a miserable follower," Washington pardoned the "poor wretches." By then the idea that the government should raise money by taxing the modest pleasures of honest working people was enshrined as the highest wisdom of political economy.

One reason Alexander Hamilton thought his sin tax was a jim-cracky good idea was that he did not approve of whiskey drinking. Ever since, people who do not like the way other peo-

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> When legislatures use taxes to guide the private behavior of the citizenry, they're asking for massive resentments. People find ways to stop paying their taxes.

ple live and spend their leisure time and money have looked on sin taxes as a way of forcing the wayward to abandon evil enjoyments. It's the motorcycle-helmet argument again—"I'm going to make you do it for your own good."

Taxes should be imposed to pay for the public purposes of government. When they are used for moral uplift, for stimulating capital investment, or for entrapment of lawbreakers who have committed crimes having nothing to do with the tax code, the results are confusion, waste, inefficiency, and unfairness. The investment tax credits, the welter of depreciation schedules, shelters, deferments, and deductions that have become code words for the rich in making the middle classes pay, arise out of attempting to use taxation for something other than raising revenue. When the internal revenue system becomes the mechanism for manipulating the economy or guiding the private behavior of the citizenry, we're asking for the kind of chaotic breakdowns and massive resentments we're experiencing. People find ways to stop paying their taxes. With sin taxes, legislatures are often reckless to the point of defeating their own purposes. It's as though they think they can accomplish through taxation what they found out they could not do through Prohibition.

A few years ago a number of states thought they would jack up the tariff on cigarettes. It's a hard habit to kick, so smokers would have to pay, and smokers being a disorganized, defensive, and defenseless mass, they would not retaliate at the ballot box. The assumptions were right in one sense. As far as is known, few people gave up smoking and public griping was minimal. But revenues did not rise. Instead, a new industry was born, the interstate smuggling of cigarettes, with shipments of gigantic quantities of cigarettes moving from low-tax states into high-tax ones.

The official response was what you would expect. State troopers were taken off the necessary work of traffic safety and crime fighting to try to figure out which of the thousands and thousands of tractor-drawn semis, smoking down the highways, contained bootlegged ciggies. The money spent intuiting the contents of cargoes being dragged down interstates doubtless canceled out any revenue gains.

Give sin taxes possible credit for one public benefit. The high federal imposts on whiskey may have been responsible for the development, if not the actual creation, of stock car racing. Many of the men and mechanics who would go on to fame at Charlotte and Daytona learned their craft and perfected their skills outdriving and outspeeding Treasury Department revenuers in the mountains of the Piedmont. They were the ones who learned how to take cars in stock at the local automobile store and soup them up into high-performance vehicles. However, as inflation increased and the federal whiskey tax stayed steady in the sixties and early seventies, the price margins between taxed and untaxed booze shrunk to a point where risks in the illegal side of the business outweighed potential profits. The mountain stills were left to rust; the moonshiners went out of business and, with them, their supercharged delivery boys. If the sin tax is slapped on again, you can expect to see, as we have time and time again, a rebirth of moonshining. This may be good for the folk song and stock-car racing industries, but it is poor public policy nonetheless.

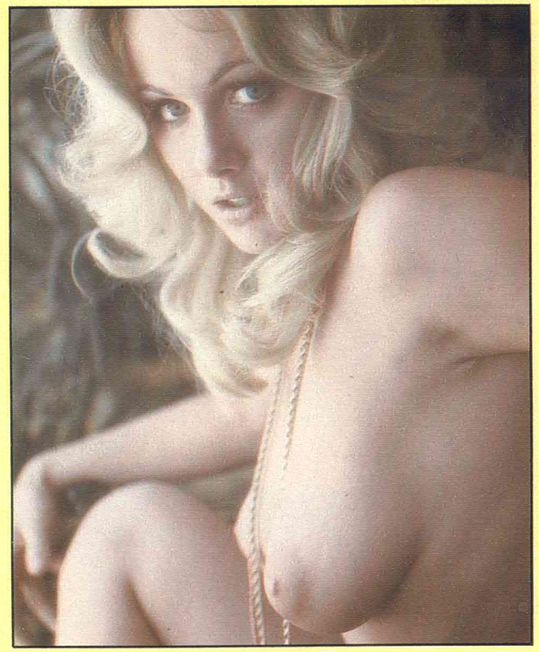
Sin taxers cannot be made to understand that righteousness will not eliminate the American addiction to free-market economic behavior. In states such as North Carolina, Ohio, and New Hampshire, where the slightest taint of socialism will be cause to drive a person from public life, the clergy and others united in foolishness have succeeded in socializing the liquor business.

The state has a monopoly on selling whiskey. All kinds of rationalizations are offered for the state liquor-store system. They say it's to keep gangsters and other undesirables out of the trade; they say it is to ensure that booze is not sold to minors; they say it is to curb public drunkenness. In actuality, organized crime has no foothold in the retail sale of liquor in states where it is permitted to be a private enterprise; as for that stuff about minors and drunkenness, if there is any difference in drinking patterns between monopoly and nonmonopoly states, it has thus far gone undetected.

The fact is that the state monopoly system is but a hidden way of applying the sin tax. Once it gets entrenched, it is next to impossible to repeal, since an entire class of civil servants whose work is running liquor stores has been created. Since these civil servants do as good a job of marketing as they do other things, residents of monopoly states are prone to shop in free-market states. For price and variety. Again, the sin tax has boomeranged.

It makes no difference. Government is getting ever deeper into the sin industry. The last decade has seen state after state decide that gambling is wrong unless the government is running it. Gambling, which used to be a crime, has been turned into a state monopoly; and where once the law tried to run organized crime out of gambling because it was wrong, the law now tries to run the mob out because the state is competing for the same dollar.

Government is as inept at running the gambling business as it is at merchandising liquor. But except for Las Vegas and Atlantic City, it seems the correct way to collect a sin tax on gambling is to get into the business. No matter—as with tobacco and alcohol, once again politicians have found another way to make sure working people pay more than their fair share of the cost of government. OH



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DAVID BOWIE

David Bowie has changed his music, his look, and his entire public persona so radically, and so many times, that the idea of there being a "real" David Bowie beneath it all has often seemed naive, perhaps even ludicrous. Even so, it's difficult to believe, after all those poses and faces of his, that David Bowie has been on this planet for only thirty-six years.

Born in Brixton, a tough London neighborhood, Bowie first intended to be a painter, and those early artistic ambitions, coupled with his strong interests in mime and the theatricality of the French surrealists and Dadaists of the twenties, were no doubt of help to him in his many transformations to come.

In the beginning, there was Bowie, the smart, handsome young mod. It was 1964 and he was already heading his first rock group, the King Bees, and cutting a record. Later Bowie would become a guitar-strumming songwriter in an ankle-length gown and with hair like Veronica Lake's. But he would have to wait until 1969 before success gave him his first English hit single, "Space Oddity," a five-minute story about an alienated astronaut that capitalized brilliantly on the popularity of Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

During the early seventies, he transformed himself again. This time into Ziggy Stardust, who looked like some sort of androgynous spaceman in flame-red hair and platform shoes but who was recognized by young fans the world over as a figure representing the alien inside every misunderstood, sexually insecure adolescent. On stage Bowie pushed his sexual ambiguity by performing a kind of pseudo-fellatio on his lead guitarist, Mick Ronson, and offstage he told the press that he had met his look-alike wife, Angela, "when we were both laying the same bloke." Call it Glitter Rock, Glam Rock, whatever, his public ate it up—and so did the press. One reporter asked his wife, "How does it feel to be married to the man who everybody thinks is the world's king faggot?" Angela was ready: "I think it's great. I love it. It all depends on your knowledge of gay culture, of which I can happily say I'm a member."

Bowie ran with the bisexual label and recreated his alien stage persona in the film *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. (And this was years before E.T. made Steven Spielberg the richest man in Hollywood.) Bowie continued to try more roles on for size. Somewhere along the way he decided he was heterosexual after all. He dropped the Glam Rock image of the early seventies, experimented with Philadelphia soul and Berlin cabaret angst, and, through it all, contributed more than any other individual to the emergence of today's new-wave and electronic dance-role styles.

And he kept discarding styles and poses as if they were yesterday's newspapers.

Once again Bowie has conquered the pop charts with a number-one single and album, both called *Let's Dance*. His 1983 American tour, his first in some five years, has been the most successful undertaking of its kind since the Rolling Stones' 1981 blitzkrieg. And now, after portraying the Elephant Man on Broadway, Catherine Deneuve's vampire companion in *The Hunger*, and a World War II British officer in a Japanese POW camp in Nagisa Oshima's *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*, Bowie is tackling what may turn out to be the toughest role of his career—playing, of all people, David Bowie. The "real" one.

This year EMI Records awarded David Bowie, "the rock star," a $10 million contract in return for the privilege of releasing his next five albums. Most rock stars would sit tight and be just that—rock stars—but not Bowie. On the agenda is his next role, that of Abraham Lincoln in *The Civil War*, Robert Wilson's avant-garde opera, which is expected to be ready for the 1984 summer Olympics in Los Angeles. Bowie won't remain Bowie for long.

Penthouse contributing editor Robert Palmer met David Bowie in a posh but anonymous hotel suite on New York

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENIS O'REGAN

City's ritzy Upper East Side. Bowie has never liked giving interviews and has always insisted on limiting those he does give to no more than one hour. But as Palmer and Bowie talked, the real Bowie, or someone like him, began to emerge.

Thin, handsome in his angular sort of way, wearing pleated slacks and a short-sleeved sport shirt, and periodically running a hand through his thatch of blond hair, Bowie talked about his singular pop art and its influences, about sexual experimentation, bohemianism and drugs, racism in pop music. He also talked about life as a single parent and raising a son he evidently loves very much. Christened Zowie back in the glitter days of Ziggy Stardust, Bowie's twelve-year-old son now goes by the name of Joey, and resides with his father in Switzerland. Angela Bowie, a former fashion model, is now a former wife, too. She and David were divorced in 1980.

Throughout the *Penthouse* interview, David Bowie was relaxed but fiercely intelligent, affable but exceptionally controlled and self-aware. Palmer and Bowie talked well past the hour deadline.

Penthouse: Early in your career—late sixties, early seventies—you cultivated an androgynous image. You were wearing what seemed to be an ankle-length dress on the cover of one early album, and in an interview you talked about being bisexual. Then you married, and divorced, and now you've rescinded that early statement about bisexuality. What's the story?

Bowie: In London, in the early sixties, the only place you could hear music that was remotely of any interest was in the gay clubs. All the black music, the best soul, from James Brown onwards, was in the gay clubs. So I used to go dancing in those clubs, and of course that was a period in my life when I was experimenting—sexually, every which way. And a reporter who knew I went to those clubs asked me, "Is it true what they say about you?" And I said, "Well, I'm bisexual." And it started from there.

It just became like a banner over me, for such a long time. . . . I didn't know anything about what can happen when you say things to the press. It didn't occur to me that later, when they found it difficult to categorize me, they'd use that as my categorization for so many years. And that's the reason, the *only* reason, I regret it. I've never regretted it because I *was* a bisexual, but it was used like it was *damning* or something. It put people off from my work for such a long time, it was such a hurdle to get over. My work meant nothing to a great majority of people for a number of years because they couldn't see past that. And, of course, to all my friends what a person's sexual preferences were was just secondary to the work he was doing. To them, and to me, the work came first, but many people couldn't see it that way. I found that crazy. It was weird, *real* weird.

Penthouse: Well, you were the first rock star of any real magnitude to come out and admit you were bisexual; you must have taken a lot of flak because of that. But if people's attitudes about it seemed weird to you, think how weird you must have seemed to them. How did you *get* so weird, if you don't object to my putting it like that? How did David Jones from Brixton, South London, become a flaming creature like Ziggy Stardust?

Bowie: I was always curious about every aspect of the arts. My father, who died when I was twenty, bought me my first saxophone and gave me a lot of support. When he was younger, he'd invested in a traveling theater club and a wrestling club in Soho.

Before I was a musician, I was an unsuccessful painter. If I'd been successful, I think I would have been quite content with painting; that would have been my career. But I left home when I was fifteen or sixteen and moved down to London, because for me London was where everything exciting was happening. I went to art school, but at the same time I was playing tenor saxophone and was considering that I might actually be able to make a living at it if I could get a band together. For a while I worked during the day as a graphic artist, but I absolutely loathed that, and I came to the conclusion that there was no way I could make it as a painter. So I just threw the whole thing in and said, "Well, I'm going to be a saxophonist."

This was during the early to mid-sixties. There were a lot of rhythm-and-blues artists coming over to London, and they were all looking for English bands to back them up. So I started a band and we worked the London club circuit—the Marquee, the Scene. It was the era of that first bunch of mods, and I used to dress the part—mohair suits, shirts with those big roll collars. I was an English stereotype, the failed painter who became a musician. And then I got involved with Lindsay Kemp and his mime troupe.

Lindsay was twenty years older than I was and had spent much of his early life living the whole Left Bank existence in Paris. He was very militant about being gay, unusual in those days. He introduced me to the way he lived—life started at seven in the evening and one went to bed at seven or eight o'clock the next morning. The walls of his apartment were painted black and the shades were drawn always; daytime didn't exist anymore. It was the perfect bohemian existence.

Lindsay was sort of a leftover from the beatnik period. And as far as I was concerned, his mime company was the most wonderful and definitely the most experimental mime company in Europe at that time. His thing wasn't about putting on masks, miming walking against the wind, and all that stuff. He was far more interested in putting the ideas of Genet or Baudelaire or Cocteau on the stage. And in England, in the mid-sixties, that was incredibly brave. He asked me to do some music for his backgrounds, and I asked him to teach me about mime. I stayed with him for three years, off and on, and we did a lot of tours together. I was learning about how to combine music with theater, and the guy who played piano for the company introduced me to John Cage, to Stockhausen, to the early German electronic music, and the newer, improvisational electronic music from America. I'd never heard stuff like that before.

At the same time, I was learning about the history of the avant-garde in Europe—surrealism, and before that, of course, Dada. And throughout my career, I've held on to the central idea of Dada, the idea that an idea becomes obsolete when it works. It's obsolete as soon as you think of it.

Penthouse: This is where your background diverges strikingly from the whole English art-school-to-rock-star stereotype. Musicians like Keith Richards, John Lennon, Eric Clapton—your contemporaries—abandoned art school for rock 'n' roll and never looked back. Even Lennon probably wouldn't have rekindled his interest in the art world and the avant-garde if it hadn't been for Yoko. But you were immersing yourself in all the arts, taking Cage and Kandinsky with your John Lee Hooker and Muddy Waters.

Bowie: I think all my influences have come from meeting wonderful people who opened my eyes to different areas that I'd been closed to. It was a self-education process, with their help. I'm so indebted to people like Lindsay Kemp, because if I'd never met him, and people like him, I probably would have ended up making pure pop, not knowing about anything else, and probably feeling quite satisfied but with some nagging thing at the back of my mind. They changed all that.

Penthouse: But during the years you were with Kemp, and playing your sax in the R & B clubs, the idea that pop music and high art might find some common ground was still years in the future. Hardly anybody was thinking along those lines until 1967 or so, when the Beatles coughed up *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. When did you realize the two could go together?

Bowie: Well, making music with the mime troupe, living this degenerate kind of life, reading Kerouac and Burroughs and listening to R & B, gradually the whole thing started to make sense. I began to think about costuming music, creating an alternate vision of reality onstage. I wasn't quite sure what the balance would be, but I was always open to other people's ideas and always so influenced by something I found dramatic.

Then, in 1966 or 1967, I was in an audience of forty people listening to this new band called Pink Floyd at the Marquee Club. And there was Syd Barrett, with his white, white face and black eyeliner all around his eyes, this strange presence, singing in front of a band that was using light shows. I thought, "Wow! He's a bohemian, a poet, and he's in a rock band!"

Penthouse: It was around the time LSD began to be the hip drug on the London pop scene that Syd Barrett dropped from sight. He hasn't been seen since.

Bowie: Yes, and when Syd Barrett left there was no Pink Floyd for me anymore, because he *was* Pink Floyd. But I'm not sure it happened quite the way you think. Pink Floyd got a hit, and for a few months they were moderately overground. And Syd just didn't want any part of that, so he opted out. And I understood why. I thought, "Yeah, right, they're being accepted, nobody wants that [*Ironic laughter*]." I was still very much of the opinion that if you're accepted, your artistic life is over; it doesn't have any validity anymore.

Penthouse: That must have something to do with all your changes. Throughout your career you've kept people guessing—radically changing your music, your image, the way you act, the way you sing.

Bowie: I think that had an awful lot to do with it. After all, I heard it from the Dadaists, and I heard it from Lindsay Kemp, who always told me, "Those bourgeois, they'll never understand you."

Penthouse: Drugs, and especially LSD, played a big part in expanding the boundaries of pop music during the late 1960s. Did you get involved in that—dropping acid, being a hippie?

Bowie: Briefly, yes, briefly. But I think the kind of imagery that I was most interested in evoking, the kind of area I wanted to place my psyche in, was radically different. The two or three times I tried LSD, in the company of people who were used to taking it, I just didn't get the kind of kick that I needed, that I was looking for. It didn't set my adrenaline flowing; it was a bit too magical for me, and there was a pansy quality to it. I wanted something else, something dirtier and more crazed. I was very involved in William Burroughs's books, and the Burroughs experience is so opposed to the acid experience.

Penthouse: Most of the material in Burroughs's early books came from his experiences as a heroin addict. With your attention to decadence and the demimonde, you must've given that a whirl.

Bowie: [*Practically aghast.*] Never! It never appealed to me. Firstly, I'd never stick a needle in me. And secondly, I've always been scared stiff of it, absolutely petrified.

No, my reaction to the whole hippie thing—the nearest to hippiedom I got—was running what was called in England an arts lab. It was a place in South London where we had poetry, music, light shows, dance, and mime all happening at once. Basically, it was mixed-media, and that interested me. Burroughs had developed his cut-up method, which at its simplest involves cutting up a page of text and reassembling it in a different order. I used it to write song lyrics later on. But Burroughs also said that if you want to get a third point of view, then cut up two pieces of information and put them together and you may get something you didn't know existed. I thought that was like putting the arts together, and it really appealed to me.

I'd been making records, unsuccessfully, for several years by this time, and then, in 1969, I made "Space Oddity." I wrote that intending to sing it with a friend of mine, John Hutchinson; we were going to be Hutch and Bowie. And he dropped out two days before the recording, 'cause he'd gotten married and had a kid and decided he'd prefer having a good, steady job up north to life on the road. So I did it myself, as David Bowie, and it worked out.

Penthouse: "Space Oddity" was your first hit, and it was still important enough to you in 1980 for you to update it in "Ashes to Ashes," on your *Scary Monsters* album. Major Tom, the astronaut, is in both songs. He was the first of your alter egos. From there, it's a short step to Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars.

Bowie: Yes, but my ideas hadn't really jelled when I wrote "Space Oddity." But then, when I started writing the songs for *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars*, I realized that they would be the perfect vehicle for finally using what I knew, for taking the bull by the horns and putting it all together. I knew I had to get a band, and at the same time, as the Ziggy Stardust character developed, there was a lot of Eastern influence, from the Japanese Kabuki theater mostly, along with elements of mime. And it grew into a whole fantasy thing.

Penthouse: Ziggy also grew into a commercial monster. It made you a star. How much did the manager you acquired, Tony DeFries, have to do with your becoming an overnight success?

Bowie: Tony came along in the early days of the Spiders and saw us as a hot little band, simple as that. He said, "Boys, you're going to be stars; I know people, I know places. . . ." And I thought, "Oh, great, this guy's gonna get the whole thing off the ground."

And I'll never know if he did it or I did. It's one of those things where it just happened, and suddenly it skyrocketed out of all proportion.

Penthouse: Well, he hyped you shamelessly, didn't he? And he talked your record label into spending huge sums of money on your career—flying dozens of journalists from America to London to see your show, elaborate advertising campaigns. And kids started showing up at your shows dressed like you, or like Ziggy, actually. *Hordes* of orange-haired Ziggys in platform shoes . . .

Bowie: It was a circus . . . overkill. For a while, we worked on it together, and it was fun. It was my idea to have people like Cherry Vanilla running around speaking for me, saying anything she wanted to say about me, and when it came back to me, I'd agree with it. It was bizarre. I asked some actors from Andy Warhol's factory to come be my office, and they said, "But we're actors!" And I said, "That's a very good reason for you to be my office.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

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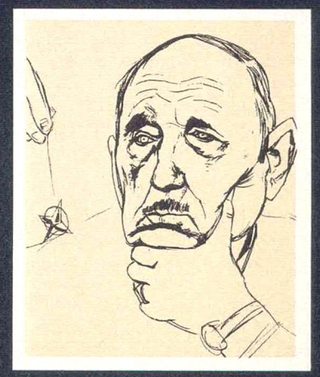

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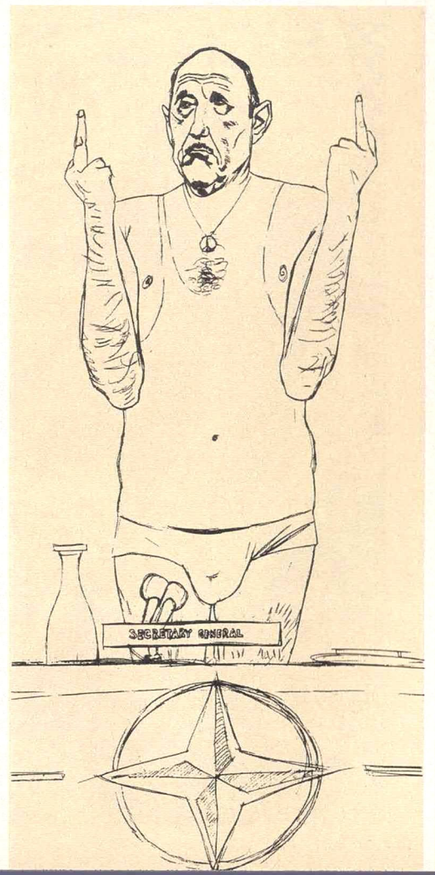
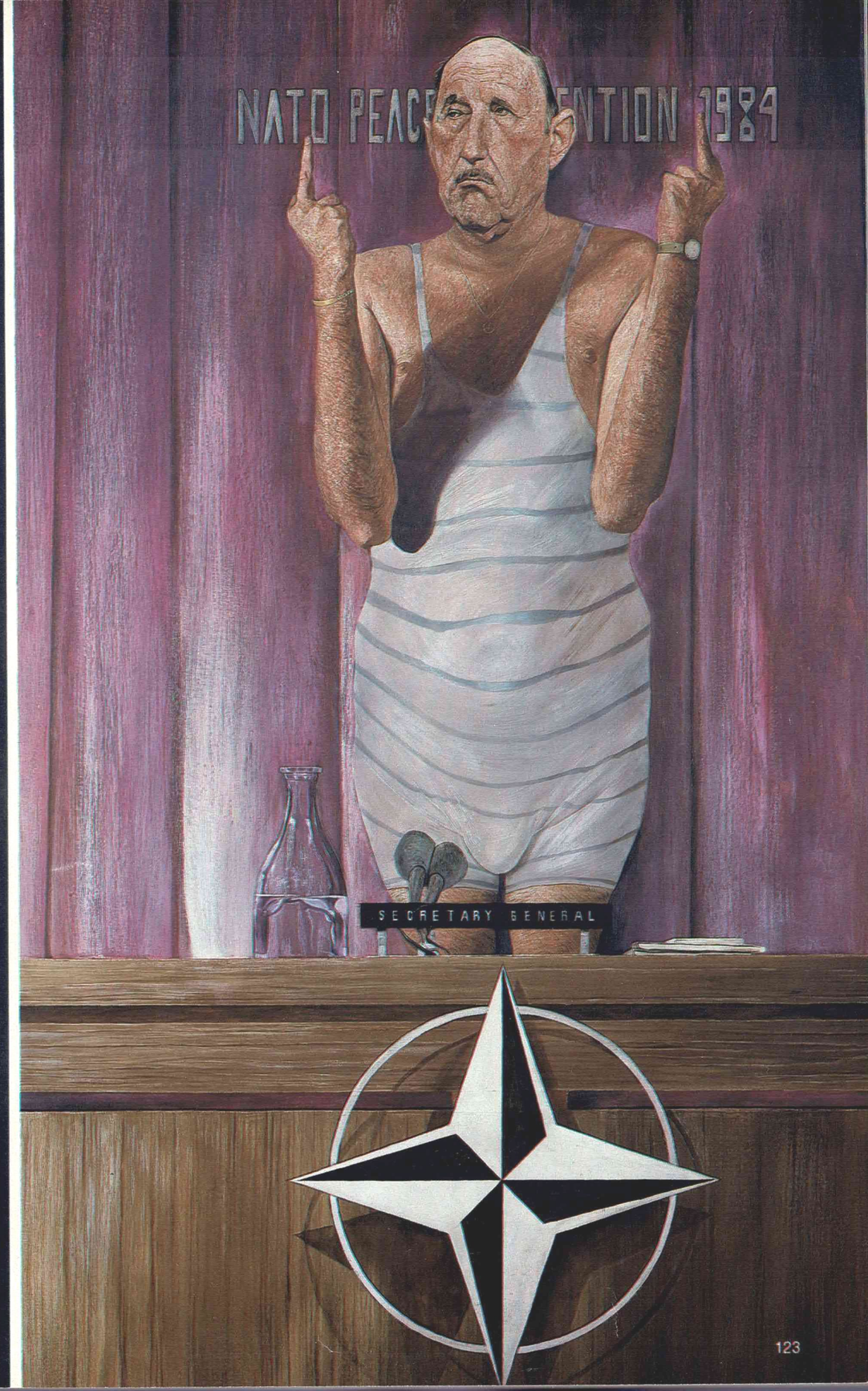
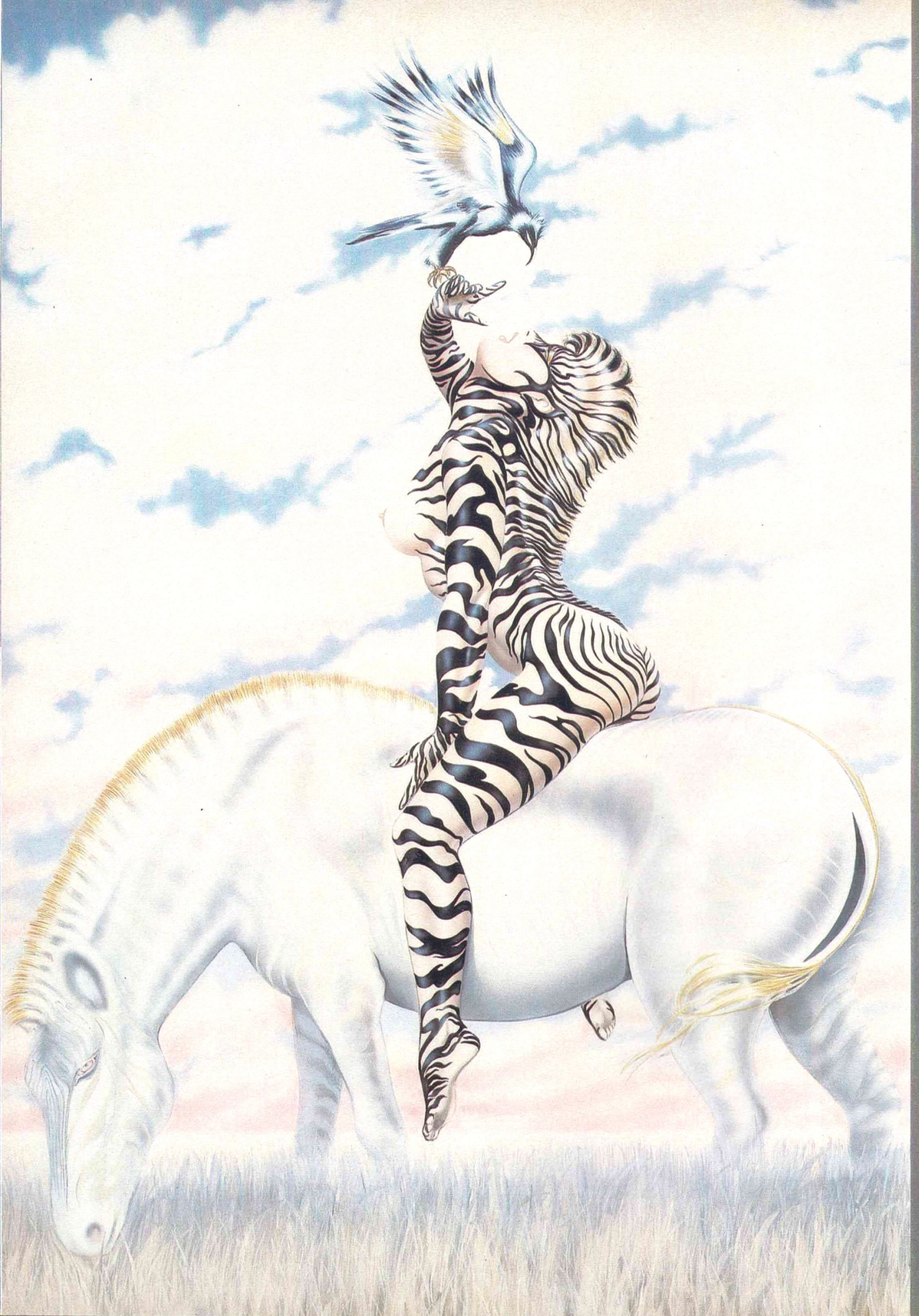
The Allies practice
clothes removing,
And respond to
Moscow's plans for war
By announcing . . .
MISS NATO '84!







OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS

The exquisitely sophisticated, hauntingly sensuous art of Olivia de Berardinis has securely established her position as one of the premiere erotic artists of our time. The gifted young painter adds to her technical mastery a playful sense of opulence and irony that have created a growing demand among collectors for original "Olivias." *Penthouse* is therefore extremely pleased to present the first comprehensive retrospective of her work, and plans to regularly publish samples of future "Olivia" erotica in upcoming issues. Despite her astonishing ability to titillate the senses and tantalize the mind with her audacious vixens, de Berardinis is refreshingly free of artistic pretension. Asked what inspired the zebra lady (left), she declared, "Oh, I always thought zebras had incredibly sexy asses!"

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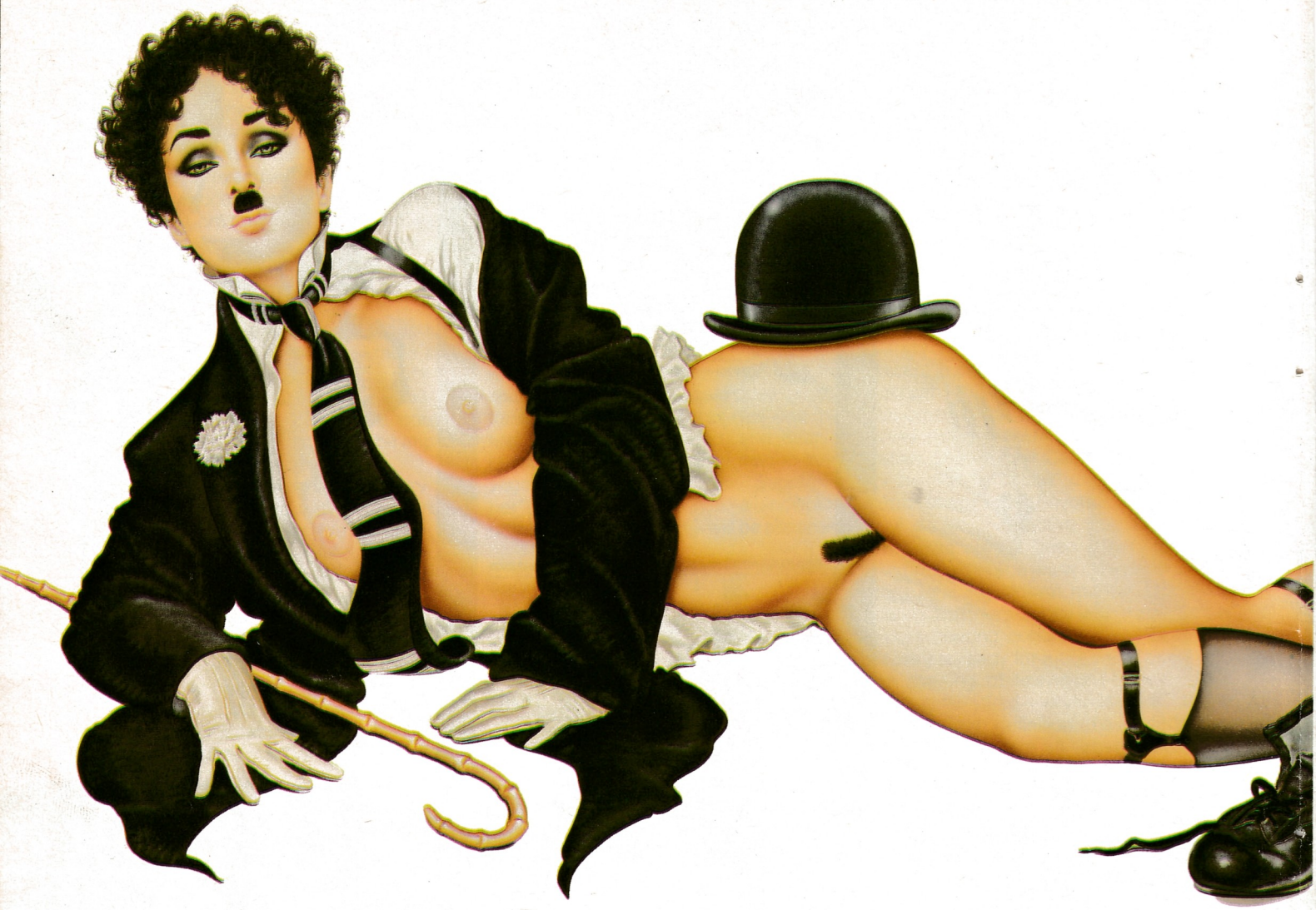
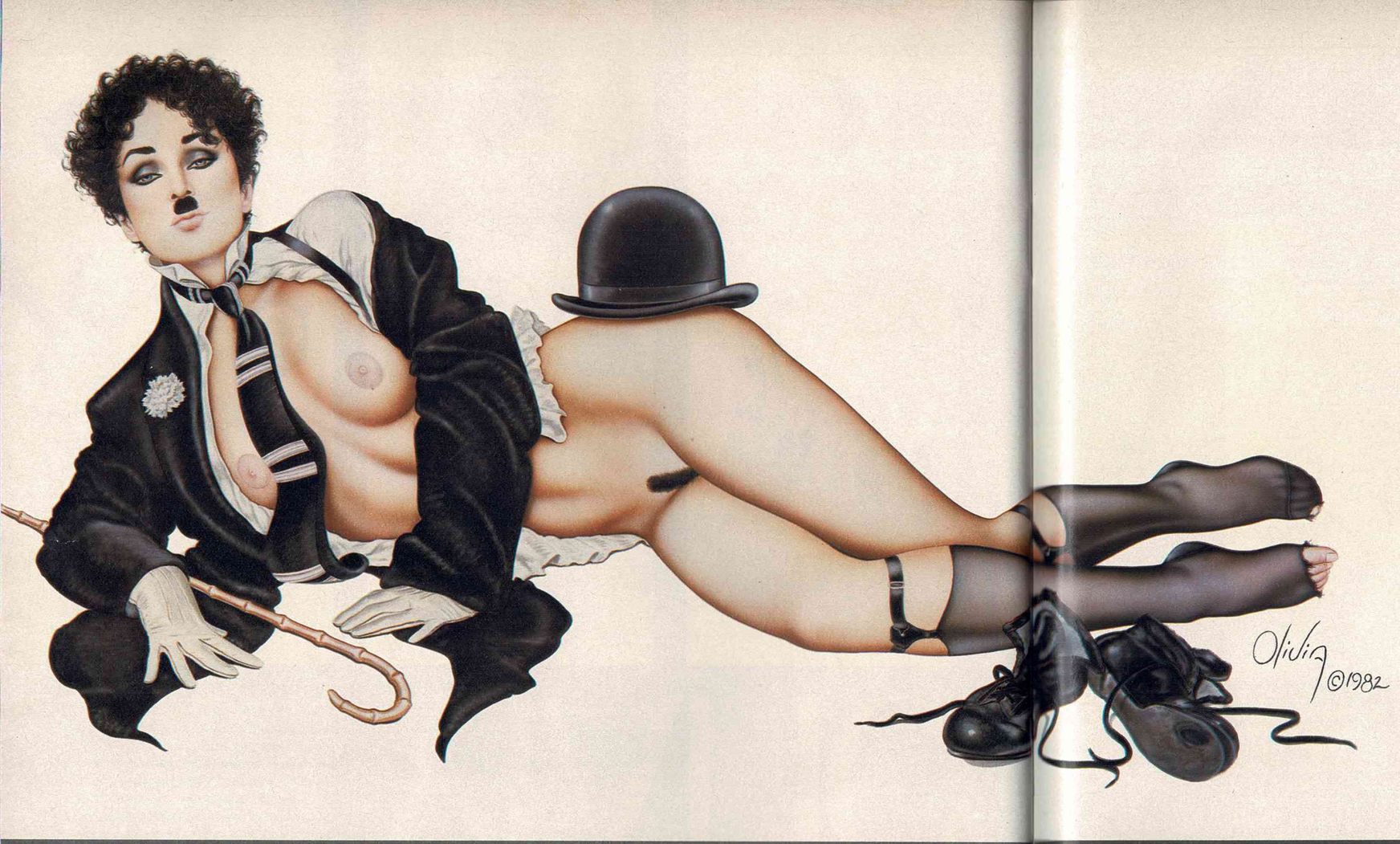
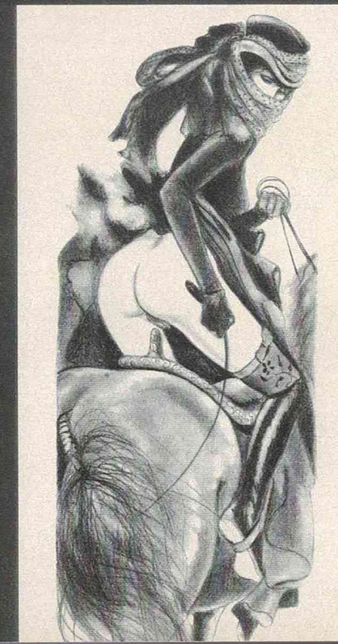




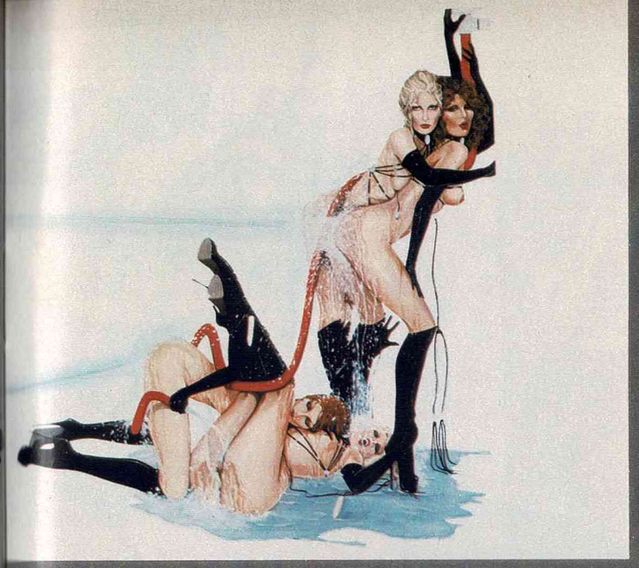
Many of the paintings and drawings shown here represent de Berardinis's very early work, such as the clown girl sketch (below), which was done when she was twenty-four. Yet, despite the crudeness of materials (the colors are lipstick and makeup pencils), her precocious technical mastery is already evident. Returning to the clown theme several years later (left), her daring imagination is now amplified by maturity and sophistication.

Small wonder, then, that at an age when most aspiring artists are still getting their brushes wet, de Berardinis has achieved worldwide recognition. The delicate Oriental beauties (left) display some fancy beadwork; the vixen's equestrian delight (right) is enhanced by the artist's outrageous originality; and (far right) de Berardinis gives new meaning to the phrase "a dog's life."

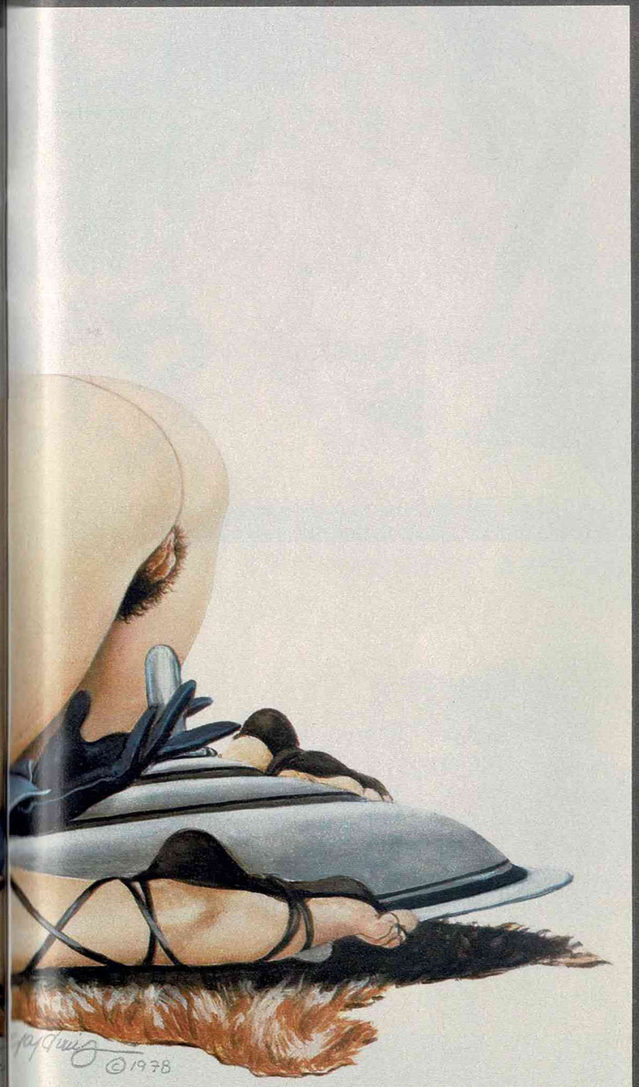


Whimsical satire enlivens much of de Berardinis's work. At the thoroughly modern hand of this young artist, for instance, a Monet masterpiece (top left) loses its Victorian flavor; an ostrich straddled by a nymphette (above) hardly buries its head in the sand, while giant, man-eating women from outer space (left) were inspired by a memorable "Twilight Zone" episode; a body-conscious beauty (right) is nearly squeezed to death by her corset. De Berardinis's successful line of erotic greeting cards features similar offbeat twists. (A color brochure is available for two dollars from O Card Corporation, P.O. Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, N.Y. 10018.)

Olivia
©1981



Optical illusions and tricks of perspective are another of the artist's hallmarks, amply evidenced by the leggy beauties (opposite page, top left) trying on shoes; and the ladies with the hoses (left) may never be accepted into a conventional garden club. (Bottom left) A fantasy figure–half-woman, half-ram–is a tongue-in-cheek answer to the goatlike male satyr; the luscious *bon vivant* (below) hardly evokes prim-and-proper conventionality; and (bottom) the artist's pet Siamese, with their black-masked faces, caress a feline beauty.



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One reason for de Berardinis's immense popularity is the frank appeal her work makes to *female* fantasies as well. (Counterclockwise from top left) Women who find the thrust-out haunches of huddling football players provocative will appreciate de Berardinis's pileup; they will also identify with her portrayals of women who obviously have no truck with Emily Post's philosophy; and although de Berardinis's Marilyn Monroe echoes a famous classic, it is–like this artist herself–a true original.

HARDBODIES
A TRUE STORY

BY STEVEN GREENE AND ERIC ALTER

You see them on the Southern California beaches every sunny weekend of the year. The Hardbodies. The impossibly perfect girls, seventeen to twenty years old, with bodies as firm and filled out as the sails on a Hobie Cat.

Their skins are as tan and creamy as cappuccino, their pores as tight as the polish on a surfboard. Their hair is always

PAINTING BY HILO CHEN

blond, bleached by the sun; their eyes are clear as sea air. Their breasts—"guns," the surfers call them—push healthily against their flimsy bikini tops.

Hardbodies are nature's perfect creatures. They frolic in the surf without being dried out by the salt. The sun streaks their golden hair. Their skins are immune to the harsh ultraviolet rays that age the rest of us.

The only part of her body a Hardbody won't tan is her "V-lines." V-lines are where the sexy sides of the Hardbody's maillot dive down between her legs.

A Hardbody is born, not made. A girl can't learn to be a Hardbody. If she doesn't have it, forget it. Hardbodies don't use Nautilus machines or jog to "get in shape." They surf, play volleyball, or roller-skate with their tight rear ends peeking out of their filmy "Fin" (Dolphin) jogging shorts. They do it all for *fun*, not for the exercise. They never, *never* diet.

A Hardbody lives for parties, to see her friends and to be seen. She loves new-wave music, the Stray Cats, expensive cars, nice clothes, cute guys, and being cool. Hardbodies hate to work. Sure, some of them waitress, or work at airline ticket counters, but their hearts are always at the beach, partying.

Most of all, a Hardbody likes to be "included." Whether this means lying on a towel with the other cute girls on the beach, or being at the wildest party of the weekend, being part of the winning scene is the most important thing in life. The most horrible experience a Hardbody can have is to be left out of something.

The career of a Hardbody is not a long one. A Hardbody graduates from puberty at thirteen, and by the time she is sixteen is more experienced than many women twice her age. She can "max out" at parties until she is about twenty-four and then she begins to fade. The first sign of age is when she begins to notice how hot her sixteen-year-old younger sister looks.

Chrissy Kelly is a Hardbody. She hangs out on the Strand at Newport Beach. Chrissy is nineteen years old. She doesn't care about working. She sometimes makes a few calls about jobs, then sends her younger sister to the interview in her place. So far, the younger sister hasn't landed a job.

Chrissy loves the Strand. There are more cute, rich blond men at Newport than anywhere else. There are more Porsche 944s and Ferraris—and fewer geeks, the annoying men who just aren't "cool."

Being cool is very important to Chrissy. Things that are cool include rock groups like the Police and the Stray Cats, fast cars, her "guns," her favorite guys, her legs, and having fun on the Strand.

Chrissy shares an $800-a-month apartment on the Strand with three other Hardbodies. Her roommates are not reliable with money and consequently Chrissy has moved four times in the last year, taking along her stereo and clothes, her only possessions. On any weekend, Chrissy can be found lying on the beach, tugging at the corners of her maillot to reveal her V-lines. She will pull down her thin bikini top until her nipples are almost exposed. She and several friends will face in different directions to check out the cute guys. They will gossip about the reputations of the local surfer kings.

During the day, Chrissy will walk to the refreshment stand several times, letting everyone see how her body is goldening. Instead of eating yogurt and sipping diet drinks like the girls with cottage cheese thighs, Chrissy eats tortilla chips and guzzles Tecate beer. Somehow, it just seems to make her look more radiant. She loves to see the men ogling her, but she pretends she doesn't notice.

There are some unpleasant moments in a Hardbody's life. Geeks are the biggest problem. A geek is a creepy, older guy with an ugly body who will stare at her perfect body in an uncool way. Chrissy was rubbing coconut oil on her guns one day when a fat geek walked up and stood over her, dripping condensation from his beer can on her.

"Hey, want to help me put some sex wax on my stick?" he asked, using the surfer's double-entendre invitation to help wax his surfboard.

Chrissy laughed, and picking up her towel, she moved farther down the beach to be with her friends. They knew several surfers who would protect them if the geek followed. The beach people know who "belongs" on the beach and who doesn't.

The beach people knew that Ray McCloud and Gary Ellis didn't belong on the Strand. Ellis was a tall, balding man who wore Ralph Lauren clothes. His skin was so white he got badly burned his first day on the beach. McCloud, short, stocky, with wild red hair, was always fiddling nervously with something.

Ellis and McCloud were two recently divorced men in their early forties. They were car salesmen, and they worked for an importer, selling expensive foreign machines to Newport Beach doctors. They made a good living, even if they weren't wealthy.

Ellis and McCloud were in good shape and reasonably attractive, and both men wanted Hardbodies. Like most men their age, they had watched the beautiful young girls skating past them and had dreamed about partying with them. Unlike most men their age, McCloud and Ellis decided to do something about it. They decided that they would dedicate their lives and a substantial amount of money to the pursuit of Hardbodies.

They went about this pursuit in a methodical way, as if they were planning a major sales campaign. They rented a $2,000-a-month beach house on the Strand. It had the prerequisites: a Jacuzzi, a bar, an ocean view. McCloud and Ellis stocked it with the necessary "toys," the Kloss big-screen TV, the NAD stereo, the video games, the Schwinn beachcruiser bicycles, the sailboard. They parked their BMW 733i and their restored Porsche Speedster behind the house. They jogged and used the Nautilus machines to get in shape. They used a special tanning parlor that had UV-25 lamps that would give them a perfect tan. They wore "marble sacks," tight swimsuits, stood on their porch facing the Strand, and waited for the Hardbodies to roll in.

Nothing happened. The girls ignored them.

Hardbodies have seen plenty of older men with beach houses. *Everyone* in Newport Beach owns a Mercedes or a Porsche, so the car was no big deal. The girls saw McCloud and Ellis as older geeks, outsiders, and they shut them out. After all their expense, the two men hadn't achieved their dream.

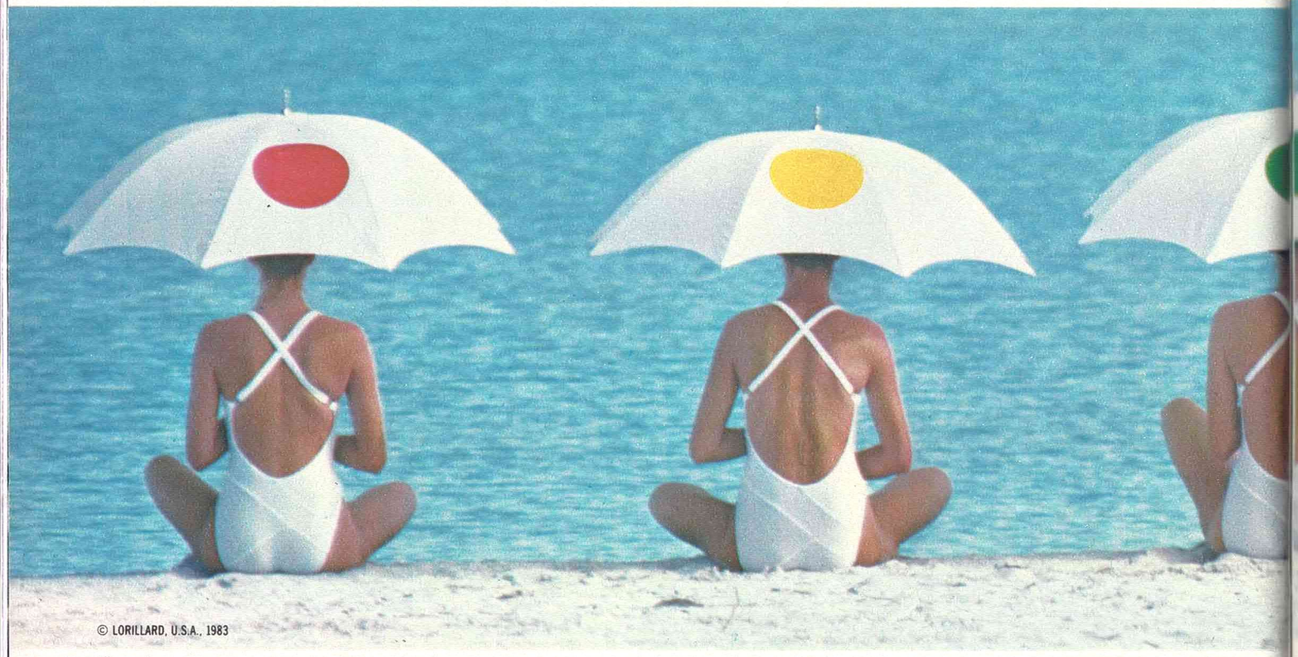
McCloud and Ellis were persistent. And observant. They hired a twenty-year-old surfer named Scotty to "detail" their cars. In Southern California, a car is not washed, it is "detailed." This ritual is a weekly scrubbing, wax strip, simonizing, Armouralling, and chrome polishing that leaves the car looking like it drove off the showroom floor. Scotty was the best detailer in town.

He was also one of the best-known surfers on the beach. Privately, Scotty knew he was over the hill. He would never make the big bucks from surfing like his buddies in Hawaii, who were pulling down the endorsements. He lived in a garage apartment miles from the beach and thought a lot about what to do to get to the Big Time.

Scotty could do one thing well. He could pick up girls. The Hardbodies loved Scotty. Lean, tan, golden-haired, in his bun-huggers and baggy sweat shirt, holding a cold can of Tecate beer, Scotty made every party in town, and many of the Hardbodies. He had a loose, good-humored style with women. He was never too eager, always relaxed. If he couldn't be a girl's lover, he would be her friend until she came around.

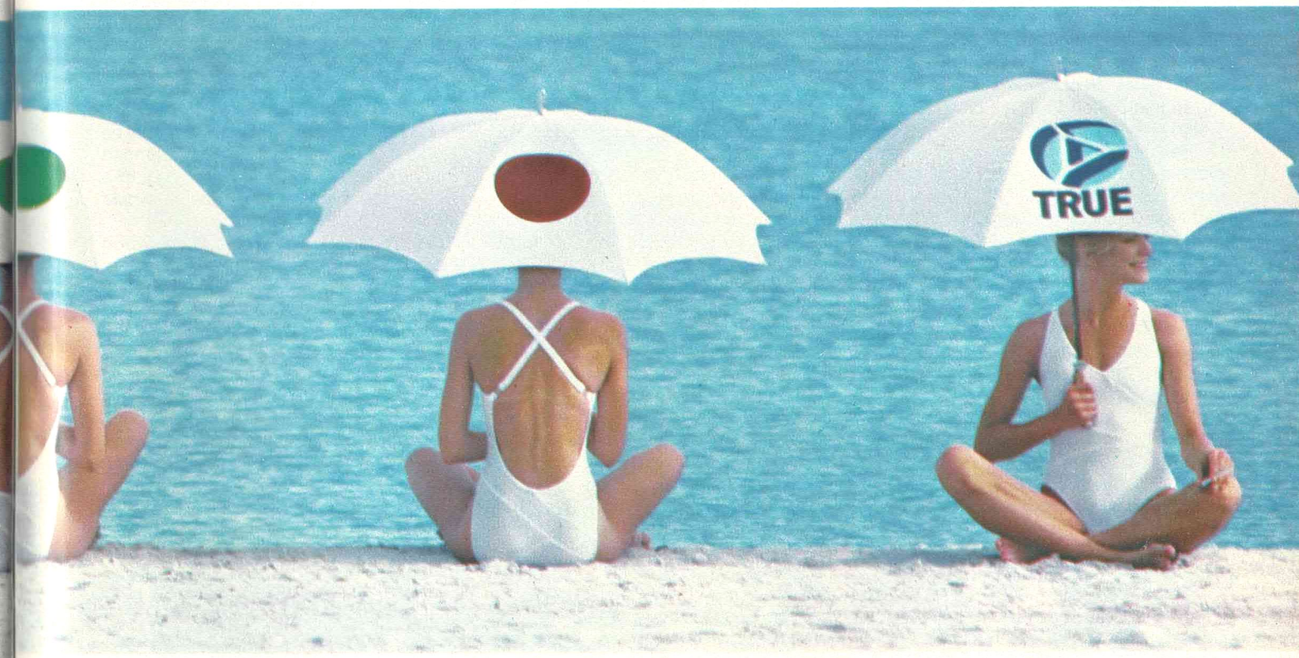
Ellis and McCloud had taken note of his ability. Looking out of their back window to see him waxing their cars, they often saw two or three cute girls talking to him. When they went to the beach, he was always surrounded by the Hardbodies, girls they couldn't even talk to.

Ellis and McCloud were good businessmen. They knew when to bring in an expert, a consultant. So they made him an offer. He could have a room in the beachfront house. He could use their cars anytime he wanted to. He could use any of the toys in the house and they would pay his



King size: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1983.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



You found it. True.

Exceptional taste in an ultra low tar.
Sit right down and enjoy one.

expenses. In return, Scotty would teach them how to get Hardbodies.

Scotty made his decision quickly. He moved in with McCloud and Ellis, determined to turn them into first-class hustlers.

"We've tried every line in the book," Ellis complained. "Nothing works."

"That's your problem," Scotty told him. "You're using a line. The minute a girl suspects you're using a line, you're dead. These girls have heard every line in the book. They want something new. You've got to have a Program."

The Program was a time-tested method of picking up any Hardbody anywhere, anytime. Scotty guaranteed the results.

"Instead of giving a girl a line, you have to give her a 'dialogue,' " he explained. "To get girls you have to make contact, get their attention, entertain them. That's dialogue."

He led the two men out on the Strand. A terrific-looking girl was skating up a sidewalk that led to the beach. Scotty was talking quickly to her before she even reached them:

"Hi! We've been on the beach for over an hour and we've decided that you're the most beautiful girl we've seen. My buddy here is a Rolls-Royce dealer and he's looking for some models to use at an auto show at the Coliseum. He's a little shy . . . it's amazing because he's so rich. Listen. We're having a party this weekend. It'll be really hot! Maybe you could stop by and meet the photographers. . . ."

By the time Scotty had finished, the girl had written her name and number for him and promised to come to the party. As she skated away, Scotty immediately headed for another cute girl in a Rolling Stones T-shirt who was lying on the beach.

"Hey, you like rock 'n' roll?" he said, plopping down next to her. "My buddy over there is the biggest new-wave concert promoter in town. We're having a party this weekend at our place. We think you're the cutest girl on the beach and wondered if you'd like to come to the party and meet the members of the band. Of course, you're so hot you're probably going to a better party. . . ."

"Oh, no," the girl said quickly. "I really like new-wave. . . ."

In less than two minutes Scotty had two telephone numbers and two interested girls. McCloud and Ellis were impressed.

"Dialoguing a girl is telling a girl something she hasn't heard before," Scotty explained. "It doesn't matter if she believes what you're saying. You just want to get her attention!"

"Time to hit the malls!" Scotty announced, taking his pupils to the South Coast Plaza, a sprawling shopping center near Newport Beach. "Malls are great for picking up girls, better than bars or discos. The girls are off guard. After shopping all day they're happy to be noticed by someone. It brightens up their routine."

After checking out the Muzak-filled main atrium, Scotty sent McCloud out after a cute Hardbody in a striped minidress.

"Hey, you're kind of cute," McCloud said nervously. "Did you find anything in the store you liked? Maybe we could go someplace and have a drink . . ."

The girl walked away before he had finished.

"Weak. Weak. Right thoughts, wrong words!" Scotty criticized. "Never put a girl on the spot. Never do more than invite her to a party or ask for a number. Don't be discouraged by rejection. Deal in volume."

Scotty set out after the same girl, working around from the opposite side of the atrium.

"Wow! That dress looks so *great* on you! Are you a model?" he asked without waiting for an answer. "We're having a party at our beach house on the Strand this Friday. Some reps from the Nina Blanchard modeling agency are going to be there. You should meet them."

"I should mention that I have a boyfriend," the girl said to him smugly.

> Ellis and McCloud had watched the beautiful young girls skate by and had dreamed of partying with them. Unlike most men their age, they decided to do something about it.

"Great! Bring him along. I'd love to meet the lucky guy," Scotty said. "By the way, you wouldn't mind if we sent a limousine around to pick you up, would you?"

"A done deal," Scotty said, bringing back her telephone number.

"Notice how he closed on a minor point," Ellis said, meaning that Scotty had ultimately *not* asked her for a date, rather if she didn't mind being picked up in a limousine.

Both Ellis and McCloud were salesmen, used to talking, used to dealing with rejection. Little by little, they picked up the dialogue, and picked up the girls. They committed themselves to having a party that weekend. They stocked up on beer and chips. They followed through on their offer to send a limousine to pick up the girls. The first party was not a large one. Scotty had invited a lot of his surfing buddies to party with the Hardbodies. The newly purchased Police album blared out onto the beach.

The party was small, but Ellis and McCloud were pleased. Many of the girls they had dialogued showed up. Ellis met each of the girls at the front door. He had a Polaroid camera and took the picture of each Hardbody, carefully noting the name and telephone number on the back of each picture.

"A friend of ours is a talent agent and is always looking for new faces," he explained.

The Program was beginning to take hold.

McCloud and Ellis were putting all their thinking into ways of dialoguing girls.

"If only we had known in high school what we know now," McCloud lamented. "It would be like sending Herschel Walker back to play high school football. He would gain 2,000 yards a game!"

McCloud and Ellis looked at each other, then at Scotty. Although Scotty was twenty, his boyish face looked many years younger. He could pass for a high school student. Since the summer had ended and school was reopening, the Program would have to move indoors off the beach.

They decided to enroll Scotty in Newport Harbor High School.

Newport Harbor High School was a cornucopia of Hardbodies. Scotty was sent in, equipped with all the toys, to search out new talent.

He drove up to the high school in a white Pantera, the sleekest car in Ellis and McCloud's stable. He enrolled, giving the beach house as his address and claiming to be a transfer student from Texas.

The new kid with the great car made an immediate hit at school. Scotty would park in the most conspicuous place, in front of the commons where the kids gathered before classes. He would chat up the girls who swarmed around to look at the car. He would attend his first-period English class, then shop and gym. At lunch he would load as many girls into the cramped Pantera as he could and drive them to a nice place for lunch. After lunch he would skip school and go to the beach.

Scotty lasted two weeks at Newport Harbor High. The guidance counselors had begun to ask awkward questions like "Why haven't your transcripts arrived from Texas?" and "Why don't you attend class in the afternoon?" But by that time Scotty had culled the most attractive girls in the school. They loved his car, his beach house, and his "big brothers." They flipped over his limousines and his front-row tickets to the rock concerts. When Scotty dropped out of school, they kept coming by the beach house just to see him.

Scotty explained to McCloud and Ellis the effect that cars and rock concert tickets had on Hardbodies. It was the BBD segment of the Program.

BBD stood for "Bigger and Better Deal." Scotty believed that every girl was looking for a Bigger and Better Deal. If a Hardbody had a Volkswagen, she wanted a Porsche. If she had a Porsche, she wanted a Rolls. If she had a boyfriend, she wanted one cuter and richer. If she had a cuter and richer boyfriend, she then want-

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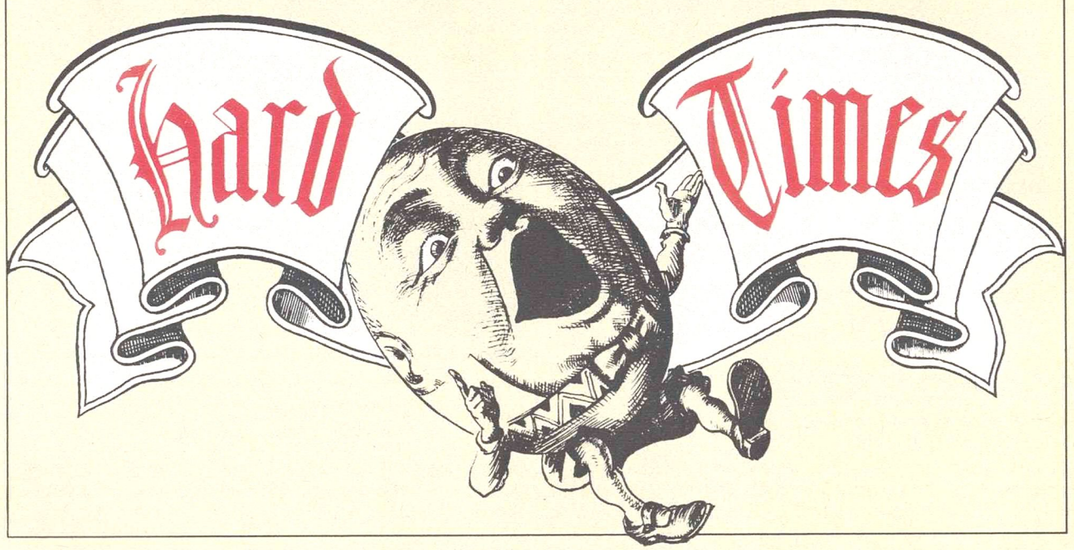
EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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DWARF LIBERATION

WIDE WORLD

Boston–At the 25th annual convention last summer of the Little People of America, some 400 convention delegates attended a clambake, a Red Sox game, and modeled clothes at a fashion show. Harry McDonald, a mechanical engineer from Philadelphia, declared that the group "really doesn't like the word 'midget'" when referring to a normally proportioned but very short individual. He added that "pituitary dwarf" was the acceptable term. When playmates call Mr. McDonald's 9-year-old son a midget, his father said, the boy responds, "Excuse me –I'm a dwarf!" (*New York Times*)

WEIRD ENGLISH WEDDING RITUALS

Karen Laight's friends may have started a new bridal tradition in Tamworth, England. After a wedding shower where the liquor poured like rain, Karen's girlfriends stripped the bride and her bridesmaid and dumped them in the middle of town. "I would have been terrified if I hadn't been so blotto," confessed the bride. "It's not fitting for a bride to be running through town in the buff like that." (*Weekly World News*–submitted by Herbert W. Garner)

I HAD A SPACE ALIEN'S BABY!

EXPRESS NEWSPAPERS LTD

In the strangest love story ever told, Elizabeth Klarer had a close encounter of the intimate kind with a space traveler from a distant planet–and became the mother of a son who is half-human, half alien!

And every year since that passionate union on April 7, 1956, Elizabeth journeys to Flying Saucer Hill near her childhood home in Natal Province, South Africa, for a reunion with her galactic lover–and he is always there.

"I surrendered in ecstasy to that beautiful being and the essence of our spirits became one," the 73-year-old Elizabeth told *The News*. "He held my face and whispered, 'I love you, my beloved. Distance is no barrier to thought or images.'

"I found the true meaning of love in mating with an alien from another planet, and from that mating I conceived and bore him a son–Ayling, who lives with his father, Akon, on the planet Meton."

Now, more than two decades later, Elizabeth–who lives alone in a little antique-filled house she calls "The Enchanted Cottage"–sits waiting for her time on Earth to be over.

Then, she knows, she will journey to the planet Meton, in the star system of Alpha Centauri, where Akon and Ayling are waiting for her. (*Weekly World News*)

As they say, absence makes the heart grow fonder.–Editors

ALMOST-BROADS BEHIND BARS

A California prison has set up a special section for its 24 transsexuals, supplying them with all the girlish necessities, including bras and female hormones. Transsexuals who have completed the operation are sent to women's prison, but those who are halfway there aren't looking forward to rooming with a bunch of female cons. The chief medical officer of the Vacaville prison says, "Women's prisons are really tough. True transsexuals are very ladylike and very old-fashioned. They just want to find a good man and get married and settle down. A lot of them would make very good wives." (*National Enquirer*–submitted by Larry A. Brown, Jr.)

IRIS SCHNEIDER/LOS ANGELES TIMES PHOTO

HOLD THE PICKLE, ONIONS, AND LETTUCE–FOR RANSOM

Officer Mac is in a pickle. The $800 fiberglass statue was kidnapped from a Kissimmee, Florida, McDonald's restuarant by a group known as NPLO (No Pickles Lettuce Onions). The ransom note, accompanied by a photo of Officer Mac blindfolded, demanded 40 billion Big Macs, 40 billion plus one french fries ("Officer Mac is hungry") and public recognition of the NPLO. Last year a kidnapped Ronald McDonald statue was recovered when police spotted him in the back seat of the kidnappers' car. (*Orlando Sentinel*–submitted by James Fikes)

Does the NPLO want self-determination for all McDonald's franchises?–Editor

JUDY WATSON/THE ORLANDO SENTINEL

THE WORLD'S RICHEST BAG LADY

Her Royal Highness Begum Oudh Wilayat Mahal is a real-life queen who's also the world's richest bag lady, living surrounded by beggars in a vile rat-infested slum. She reclines on luxurious couches, waited on hand-and-foot by manservants–all in a broken-down, abandoned waiting shelter at the New Delhi railway station.

Only feet away, crippled beggars ask for coppers to keep from starving. Whenever she needs money for the little luxuries in life, she just sells a gem or a piece of priceless antique furniture.

But the queen of the province of Oudh–the size of West Virginia–vows: "I will never leave here until the Indian government respects me and reinstates me in one of my palaces."

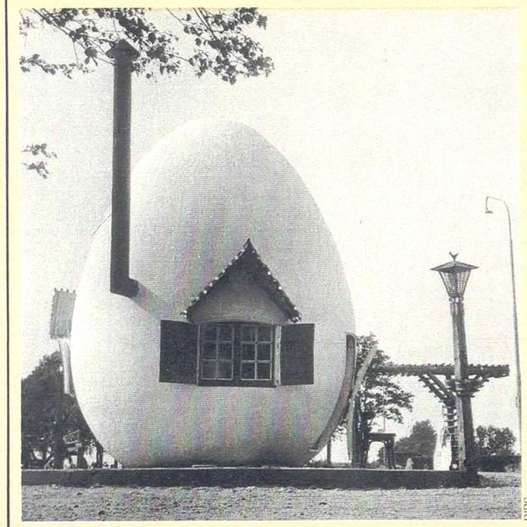
In the meantime, she dresses in a royal sari and feasts on the best of food while the railway authority wages a legal battle to have her moved on like a common bum.

A spokesman for the authority said: "She might be a queen, but to us she's just a pest." (*Star*)

Sounds to us like she's just a royal pain.–Editors

JAN VOSS/THE STAR-VISTA

THIS IS NO YOLK!



GIPS

When folks in Barneveld, Holland, get the munchies, they scramble over to the sunnyside of the street for an egg-ceptional snack at an egg-straordinary eatery.

The huge 18-foot egg-shaped drive-in sells salads, sandwiches, drinks, and, of course, eggs. (*Weekly World News*)

EDITOR'S NOTE:

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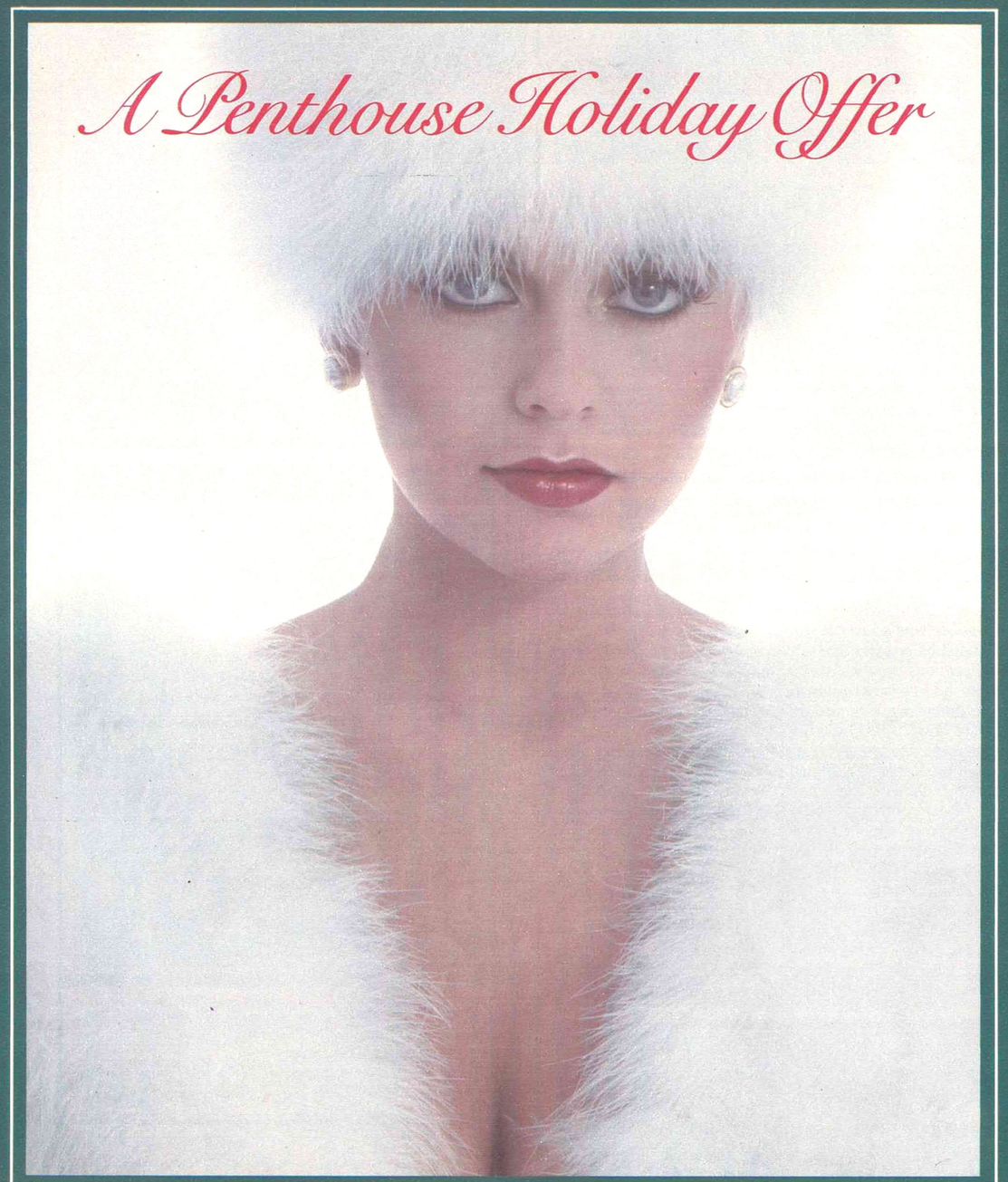

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PENTHOUSE

BODIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

ed Robert Redford.

Hardbodies were young and going for everything they could get, testing their limits. They wanted action, thrills, new experiences. As long as Ellis and McCloud presented themselves as the BBD, they could get almost any girl they wanted.

The weekend parties became a regular event. They started on a Friday afternoon and continued nonstop until Monday morning.

Scotty had instituted the "Dial-a-Date Program." Each guy in the house took a stack of Polaroid pictures with girls' names and telephone numbers, then called every girl, invited her to the parties, and told her to bring a friend. Scotty ran an assembly-line operation.

"Deal in volume," he repeated. "If we call 200 girls and 100 of them show up, we're set!"

The girls showed up at the parties. The reputation of the beach house spread as a place where the best girls and the cutest guys would party. McCloud and Ellis had become experts at dialoguing girls. They would print up invitations to their parties and pass them out on the beach or in the shopping malls. Their shoe box full of Polaroid snapshots grew until they had several hundred prime Hardbodies on file.

The guys at the beach heard about the parties and tried to get in. Scotty would have to limit the number of guys in the parties to keep the ratio of Hardbodies high.

McCloud and Ellis were getting laid regularly. After dialoguing a particular girl at a party, they had a routine they called "medicating, dunking, and dipping." They would "medicate" the Hardbodies with a relaxing glass of white wine. They would "dunk" them in the hot tub where they would sit around naked, kissing and drinking more wine. When the girl was ready to hop into bed, they would "dip" them.

McCloud and Ellis loved to score with the girls. In their salesman parlance, they called making love to the girl "closing the deal." Scotty called it "putting the shot in," and they would all joke about it the morning after.

The sweet smell of success was on the Program.

McCloud and Ellis got carried away by their new life-style. They were spending nearly $6,000 a month on their pursuit of Hardbodies. Both men had dipped into their savings and had sold off stocks. The rented limousine became a permanent toy. They would go out and pick up their Hardbody dates, drinking champagne as they drove to Beverly Hills for dinner. They would eat at expensive restaurants like Le Dome or Spago. Most of the Hardbodies had never eaten at a restaurant any fancier than a Taco Bell. Now they were sitting at the tables where the most powerful people in show business dined.

Chrissy Kelly was one Hardbody who had begun to hang out at the beach house. She loved to go to Le Dome because it seemed so rich. Chrissy's first introduction to beluga caviar revealed her priorities.

"Grrrrossss! Salty fish eggs?" she grimaced. "You don't expect me to eat that, do you?"

"It's beluga caviar," McCloud explained patiently. "It costs over forty dollars an ounce!"

Before the evening was over, Chrissy had consumed more than an ounce of the caviar herself. A week later she was thoroughly knowledgeable about the different grains and brands of all the caviar on the market. She was one Hardbody who quickly picked up on the good life. She loved to go for rides in the expensive cars, sprinting all over Newport Beach in the Porsche Speedster with the top down. She became so used to luxury that when a friend of McCloud's picked her up in an old Rolls, she asked, "What's the matter? Can't you afford a new Corniche?"

> Dialoguing a girl is telling her something she hasn't heard before," Scotty explained. "It doesn't matter if she believes you. You just want to get her attention."

Meanwhile, Scotty introduced his friends to the ultimate Hardbody aphrodisiac: this secret weapon was an "all access" backstage rock concert pass, a plastic passport called a "hard copy" or "laminate" that admitted the bearer into the inner sanctum of rock 'n' roll. Hardbodies lived and died for rock stars. To go backstage and meet bands such as the Police was like being in heaven.

Scotty had detailed the Mercedeses of some of the biggest concert promoters, and he could get the backstage passes from them. McCloud and Ellis would work the beach, asking the most beautiful girls, "Hey, would you like to go party with Rick Springfield?"

An invitation like that got an instant yes. They would limo over to the concert, catch the show, and then go backstage. Of course, Rick Springfield would always have his entourage around him and McCloud would say:

"There's Rick now. He's busy, but when he comes over to our beach house, I'll introduce you to him."

It was a lie, but the girls were being told what they wanted to hear. For a girl who had never been more than ten miles from her home, being in the *presence* of a rock star was enough.

For the final stage of the Program, Scotty filled his pupils in on the biggest secret.

Beautiful girls are Power.

The music promoters gave them backstage passes because they knew Ellis and McCloud would bring in beautiful girls, who would make their concerts more glamorous. In the expensive restaurants in Beverly Hills, rich people craned their necks to see who were the guys escorting the beautiful girls.

"A guy can have a million and still not be able to get laid," Scotty explained. "He will be envious of someone with a lot less money with two terrific girls on his arm."

McCloud and Ellis knew he was right. Their friends were calling up, begging, *begging* to be invited to their parties. They were getting calls from the secretaries of Hollywood stars and producers asking for invitations.

They had struck a gold mine and they knew it.

Every day McCloud and Ellis Nautilused and jogged on the beach. They ate vitamins, seldom drank, and never took drugs. They got their tans "in a booth." They dyed their hair, and McCloud even dyed the hair on his chest. They never told a girl their age. They made the girls guess and then agreed with them.

Their biggest innovation was the "buddy system." With so many girls passing through the house, it was inevitable that several men would sleep with the same girl. They made it a rule that if a girl wanted to sleep with any of their buddies, it was okay. Everything would be open and aboveboard. No jealousies were to be allowed to ruin a good thing.

The pact worked because they dealt in quantity. They openly admitted to the girls that they were "heavy players." They were interested in sex, not relationships. This seemed to turn on a lot of the girls, who were intrigued by their reputations and wanted to see how good they were.

McCloud and Ellis rated the girls in the car-trade terminology. A beautiful girl was "strong" or "solid." A great girl had "high numbers," meaning she rated in the "sevens or eights." A marginal girl who took care of herself was "buffed out," but needed a "reamo," or remodeling job. Around the beach house, they hadn't seen a girl who rated a "ten."

The parties grew so big that the beach house could no longer hold them. The neighbors in the tolerant community had begun to complain that people were making love within sight of their windows. To hold the increased capacity, Ellis arranged to rent nightclubs on Monday evenings, when the clubs were dark. He would send out hundreds of invitations. On the night of the party, McCloud and El-

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PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

DO YOU HAVE REMBRANDT'S BRAIN?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Great artists have talent, sure. You don't become a Rembrandt without it. But talent alone isn't enough. Successful artists tend to share distinctive personality traits that set them apart from other people.

This psychograph can give you an idea of how closely your personality fits the psychological profile that characterizes many artists. And you don't need a paintbrush or a sketch pad to take it.

The strongest experimental evidence for a distinctive "artist" personality was assembled by psychologists Jacob Getzels and Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, who reported their findings in the 1976 book *The Creative Vision: A Longitudinal Study of Problem Finding in Art.* This pair of researchers gave all sorts of psychological tests to students at the Art Institute of Chicago. They found that, while the artists did not differ substantially from other people in terms of intelligence, their profiles were startlingly different in other areas. More important, Getzels and Csikszentmihalyi followed their young artists' careers to find out who eventually succeeded and who faded in the stretch.

A similar study was conducted by psychologist Frank Barron of the Institute of Personality Assessment at the University of California, Berkeley. He tested artists at the San Francisco Art Institute and reported in his 1972 book, *Art in the Making*, that male artists tended to be "gentleman pirates." (Women artists, he found, were considerably less flamboyant and more naive than their male counterparts.)

A high score on the following questionnaire doesn't necessarily mean you're going to be a modern-day Michelangelo, but it may indicate that you have the rare, elusive panache common to top-rank artists.

1. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
   (a) I am extremely polite, probably *too* polite. People take advantage of me for that reason.
   (b) I'm quite polite, probably more polite than most people, but I don't let people walk all over me. If someone is impolite to me, I can turn nasty.
   (c) I suppose I'm as polite as the next guy. No more, no less. Actually, I've never given it much thought.
   (d) Politeness doesn't interest me. I do what I like, and if people are bothered by it, that's their problem.

2. When you've got a big problem to solve in your life or a complex task to do at work, how are you more likely to tackle it?
   (a) I seem to intuitively sense the solution and plunge right in.
   (b) I diddle with the problem for quite a while. I poke at it, try various approaches. I often make several false starts before settling on the best solution.

3. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "For virtually every problem there is a single, *best* solution that is more correct and effective than any other possible solution."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

4. Once you've embarked on the solution to a problem, how likely are you to make revisions?
   (a) I rarely make revisions. Once I feel I'm on the right track, I follow it through to the end.
   (b) I usually make many revisions in the course of completing a task or solving a problem. In fact, even when I've arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, I may throw it out and start all over again if I think I overlooked a better approach.
   (c) I suppose I'm between the two extremes. Sometimes I change my mind a lot and make revisions; other times I push straight through to a solution without even thinking about other alternatives.

5. Are you usually on time for appointments?
   (a) Yes, I'm extremely prompt.
   (b) I usually am, but not always.
   (c) I'm frequently late for appointments.
   (d) I'm almost never on time for appointments.

6. Would you say you're a very structured person, someone with very definite habits who feels uncomfortable when that structure and those habits are interfered with?
   (a) Yes, very much so.
   (b) I'm quite like that.
   (c) I'm somewhat like that.
   (d) I'm maybe a little like that, but not much.
   (e) I'm not like that at all.

7. How do you feel about the political system in the United States?
   (a) I think it's very satisfactory.
   (b) I think it's basically sound, although I'd be the first to admit that it could be better.
   (c) I think we have major problems—so many problems, in fact, that maybe we should be thinking about devising an entirely new political system.
   (d) To be honest, I think it sucks. We need change from top to bottom.

8. How often do you attend religious services?
   (a) frequently
   (b) occasionally
   (c) rarely or never

9. When you are going to be attending a social event, do you generally select your clothing so you'll fit in with the crowd (in other words, would you dress conservatively to attend a dinner party but flamboyantly if you were going to a kinky, late-night bash)?
   (a) yes
   (b) No, I dress quite conservatively no matter where I'm going.

Artists are likely to be relatively amoral, introspective, and less concerned with money than others.

PSYCHOGRAPH

(c) No, I dress quite flamboyantly no matter where I'm going.

10. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
    (a) When it comes to morality, some things are basically right and some are basically wrong. To be a full human being you have to make some moral judgments.
    (b) Nothing is absolutely right or absolutely wrong. Life is too complex to believe that. It's not up to me to make moral judgments.

11. How well do you think you understand other people?
    (a) very well
    (b) quite well
    (c) About average; sometimes I seem to understand people well, other times they mystify me.
    (d) not well at all

12. Would you say you're basically a rational or an emotional person?
    (a) very rational
    (b) quite rational
    (c) quite emotional
    (d) very emotional

13. Would you say you get angry more easily than most people?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

14. When you feel anger, which of the following patterns is it more likely to resemble?
    (a) When I get angry, it stays with me for quite a long time. I have trouble getting over it. I may brood about it and hold grudges.
    (b) My anger is like a firecracker. It comes fast and loud but it usually doesn't last long. Once I get it off my chest, it's over for me. I may be irritable, but I don't hold grudges.

15. When you take a vacation, are you more likely to:
    (a) visit a place you've already been to and felt comfortable at.
    (b) go someplace where you've never been but which has been recommended by others.
    (c) go someplace where you've never been and which has not been recommended to you.

16. When you go someplace on vacation, is the choice of your destination more likely:
    (a) to be a spur-of-the-moment decision made near the time of the vacation itself.
    (b) to have been a decision made after careful consideration well in advance of the vacation.

17. How important is it to you that a job have a good pension plan and good benefits?
    (a) Very important; I wouldn't take a job without them.
    (b) Quite important; I'd be reluctant to take a job without them.
    (c) Somewhat important, but not the determining factor in taking a job.
    (d) A little important.
    (e) Not at all important.

18. When you're in a situation that requires you to socialize, are you more likely to be:
    (a) reserved.
    (b) outgoing.

19. How often do you feel depressed?
    (a) very frequently
    (b) quite often
    (c) occasionally
    (d) rarely or never

20. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
    (a) A meaningful life is much more important to me than financial success.
    (b) A meaningful life is important to me, but I'd be willing to trade in some happiness and meaning if it would guarantee me financial success.
    (c) For me financial success and happiness are the same thing. I won't be happy unless I have a good deal of money.

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 20.

1. a-3, b-5, c-2, d-1
2. a-1, b-5
3. a-1, b-5
4. a-1, b-5, c-3
5. a-1, b-5, c-3, d-2
6. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4, e-5
7. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
8. a-1, b-3, c-5
9. a-1, b-3, c-5
10. a-1, b-5
11. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1
12. a-5, b-5, c-2, d-1
13. a-5, b-1
14. a-1, b-5
15. a-1, b-1, c-5
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-1, b-1, c-3, d-3, e-5
18. a-5, b-1
19. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
20. a-5, b-3, c-1

If you scored 74 to 100 points:
You appear to embody the "gentleman-pirate" personality that psychologist Frank Barron found to be common among male artists. Men in this category tend to have their own style, their own flair. They get noticed. They stand out in a crowd. They tend to be more self-sufficient and less macho than other men. They are also likely to be relatively amoral, introspective, and less concerned with money than others. However, they are not necessarily wild-eyed nonconformists. In fact, says Barron, "They see themselves as polite, sensitive, rational, empathetic, and fair, with some detachment and capacity for reserve." (Of course, they may not always appear so virtuous to others, but that's not the point. Their strong belief in themselves is what really makes these men tick.) When these personality traits are combined with a healthy dose of talent, the result can be high-level artistic success.

47 to 73 points:
You have some of the characteristics common to men in the category above, but you don't possess them in the same strong degree. Even if you had considerable talent, you might have trouble staying afloat in the turbulent currents of the art world. You may not have the ego strength or belief in yourself to survive the rebuffs that are often a prelude to artistic success. Men who score in this category but who still want to be artists might be best advised to look for work as art teachers or commercial artists, livelihoods where they'll be somewhat sheltered from the slings and arrows that are the lot of the solitary creative artist.

20 to 46 points:
You are not likely to be our next Picasso, and, frankly, you may not give a damn. In fact, you may consider most artists to be flaming assholes. If this is the case, it's probably all for the best, since you lack many of the psychological characteristics common to successful artists. This does not mean, of course, that you lack creativity; it just means that you should probably channel your creativity into more conventional endeavors.

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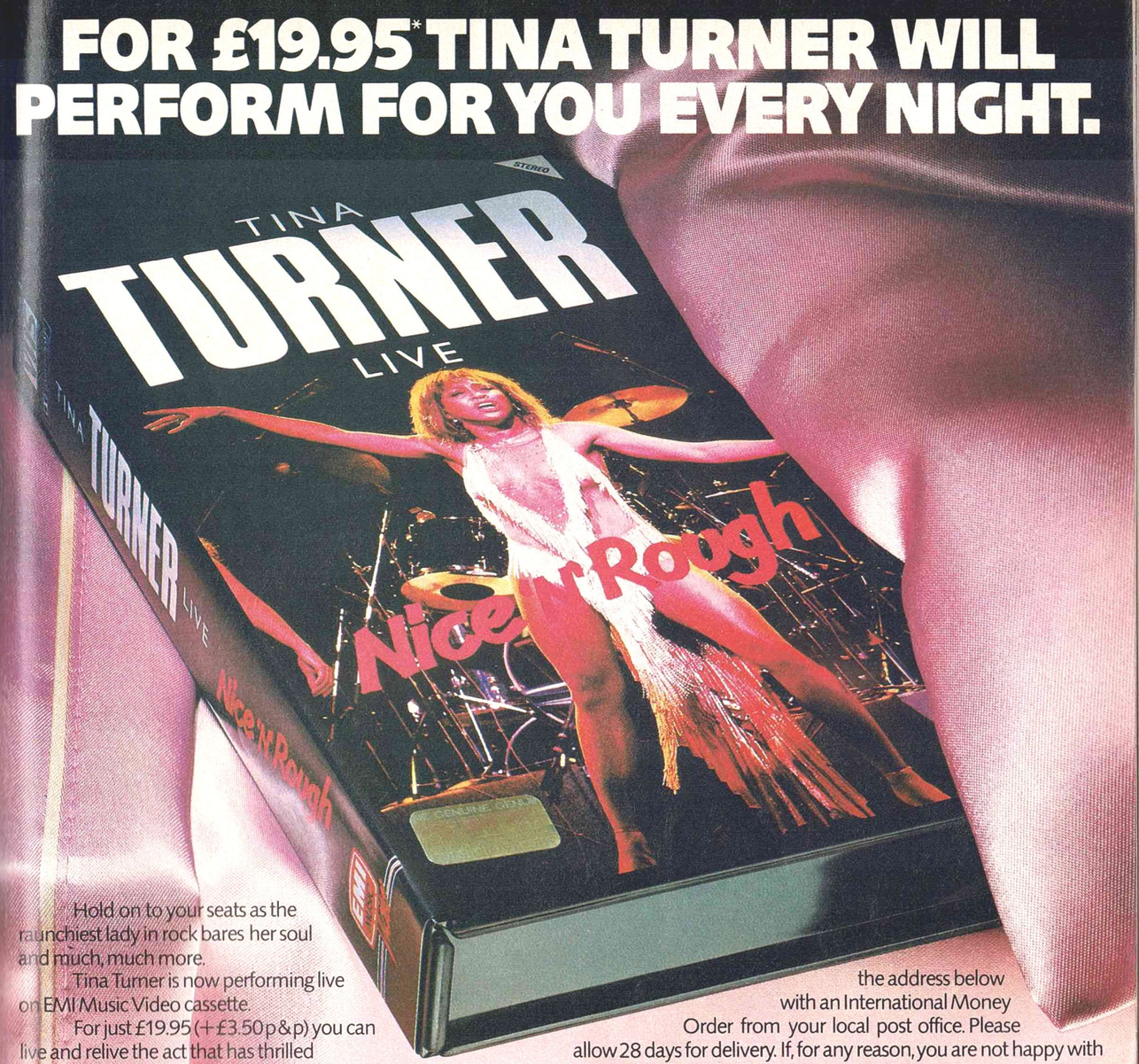

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PE5

Practical advice on how to
create your most
indispensable home accessory.

BAR ESSENTIALS

BY LAURENCE SHAMES

One of the differences between a house and a home is that a home has a bar. A bar transforms a place. A bar is a focal point of domestic ease and a haven of

Hair and makeup by Maria Macheda

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW UNANGST

hospitality. A bar is one of the ways we have of making a place our own.

A personal bar doesn't have to be fancy or magnificently stocked to work its magic. Sure, we all have daydreams of being the proud owners of handsome mahogany slabs behind which lurk liquors of every sort, glasses of every shape, and spigots that dispense every mixer ever devised. But let's face it—such gloriously equipped facilities are the domain of our local tavern keepers. The home bar exists—and *should* exist—on a far more modest scale. For most of us, a home bar consists of three or four bottles of booze, half a dozen glasses whose precise intended purpose we're never quite sure of, and maybe an ice bucket that arrived as a housewarming gift five years ago. The homeliness of these accoutrements should not detract from our enjoyment; on the contrary, it's precisely the casualness of a home bar that makes it such a relaxing entity.

Still, many people are daunted by the thought of getting a home bar under way. It seems complicated. There are so many decisions to be made. From brand of vodka to style of corkscrew, there are just too many options. But the good news is that none of the options is *wrong*. You're dealing with *tastes*, not eternal principles; and while there should be a certain logic to a home bar, as there should be to everything, it's a logic that can easily be grasped in terms of simple common sense. Herewith, then, is a smattering of nonmystical advice that will enable you to turn your house into a home with a minimum of fuss, expense, and anxiety.

LIQUOR

You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs, and you can't have a bar without opening bonded bottles, so let's start with the hard stuff. In selecting your liquor, the first question you need to ask yourself is, Who am I trying to please? If you're trying to please yourself and a small circle of friends whose tastes you already know, the process is a simple one. If, however, you want to lay in a broad enough supply to please everybody, there are certain bases you have to hit. Keep in mind, though, that a bar is a form of self-expression. Short of stocking every liquor produced, you are making selections that reflect your sensibility, that define the sort of host you are. This certainly doesn't mean you should buy the most pricey brands to impress your guests; it does mean, though, that you should give your liquor picks the same care as you would, say, picking out a shirt and tie.

Now, on to specifics. To my mind, the Eleventh Commandment is that a bar must always include Scotch whiskey. For sipping neat, I recommend the unblended, or single-malt, variety, or some of the fine twelve-year-old brands. These are expensive and should be treated accordingly—save them for yourself and for those of your friends who'll appreciate the difference, and for God's sake don't defile these precious fluids with any sort of mixer. For slightly less exalted Scotch drinking, any of the popular eight-year-old blends is perfectly serviceable—delicious, in fact, over ice or with a splash of water or soda.

The other indispensable brown liquor is bourbon and/or its close cousin, sour mash whiskey. Here again, premium brands are well worth the extra bucks if you intend to take it straight and savor the experience. Now, a better liquor straight is still a better liquor mixed, and it's purely an individual decision as to when the diluted product stops being worth the difference in cost.

Moving on to the clear liquors, you'll certainly want to have gin and vodka on hand. Martini drinkers tend to be rather outspoken about the brands they prefer, and while you'll never please everybody, a top-of-the-line, imported gin is called for when the liquor will be standing virtually alone. For tall drinks, especially those drenched in lime, a domestic product is dandy. As for vodka, those who enjoy a shot straight from the freezer will find the imports more rewarding—there really are intriguing differences among the Russian, Polish, and Scandinavian versions. For Bloody Marys, the brand of tomato juice is more critical than the liquor involved.

Well, those are the items that any self-respecting home bar *must* have. Now we come to the electives, the ones where individual flair and eccentricity emerge. White rum has lately been making inroads as a substitute for gin or vodka, and having it on hand will get you in the near-vanguard of the trend. Tequila is perfect for suggesting a bit of rowdiness, a hint of raucous adventure. On the more genteel side, nothing classes up a cocktail hour like a couple of those strange-colored aperitifs with the French and Italian names. After dinner, I personally crave cognac, and I delete it from the list of must-haves only because it has yet to become entrenched as the national institution it ought to be. Other fruit brandies (as opposed to liqueurs, which are sweetened), such as *framboise* (raspberry), also make worthy desserts. Which is not to slight the liqueurs—they are themselves wonderful confections, blissful over ice and with (or in) coffee.

Next, the question of wine. In no other category of alcohol consumption is the graph rising so steeply, and the time has come when every well-stocked bar should include some vino, lying patiently on its side till someone comes along to claim it. Before-dinner wines should be dry and light (though not necessarily white—in fact, red is the more satisfactory beverage in my book). For everyday on-hand wines, the Soaves from Italy are a good bet, as are the Riojas from Spain and the generic reds and whites from the better vintners of California.

MIXERS AND GARNISHES

Again, it's a question of audience. Try as we might to be gracious hosts, to think of everything, we inevitably please ourselves first and stint on things that we care less about. I fancy myself a real sport when it comes to liquor, but I confess that I'm an abject failure on setups. I'm lucky if I have a single bottle of tonic on hand, for instance. So, if you want to be a better host than I am, this is what you should have:

Club soda, ginger ale, quinine water, and 7-Up should do it as far as carbonated mixers are concerned. (If someone comes along and wants something mixed with Coke, try and talk him out of it for the sake of his own dignity.) Orange and grapefruit juices are handy items; tomato juice isn't necessary unless you've got your heart set on a batch of Bloodys. And don't forget those alcoholic items that are usually thought of as mixers: dry vermouth for martinis, Triple Sec for margaritas.

Now, as to the little goodies that go *into* the drinks: green olives and pearly onions

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

BARTENDER'S SHOPPING LIST

Herewith, a point-by-point account of what you'll want to stash:

Two bottles of Scotch: a ten- or twelve-year-old for sipping; an eight-year-old blend for mixing.

One good bottle of bourbon or sour mash, likewise for sipping; a less expensive one for guzzling in concoctions.

A British gin if you fancy martinis; a domestic product if you favor tall, iced cocktails.

An imported vodka if you're into shots; domestic is dandy for any other purpose.

In the name of asserting your individuality, white rum and/or tequila; in the name of preserving your digestive tract, make it a good tequila.

To class up the joint, a couple of aperitifs (e.g., Campari, Dubonnet, Cynar, Lillet).

Your very own house wines, a dry white and a dry red.

One bottle of good cognac.

Mixers to taste: club soda a must; quinine water seasonal; fruit juice as you like it.

Olives and onions for the martini crowd; citrus for adding tang and fending off the common cold.

A set of all-purpose tumblers and a set of red-wine glasses; six of each is generally enough—larger groups get plastic cups.

Two brandy snifters—one for yourself and one for the rare guest you deem worthy.

One waiter's-style corkscrew.

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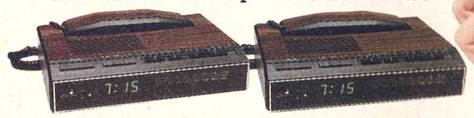
Deluxe model features a Cobra cordless phone with 300' range,* built-in speakerphone for hands-free conversation and 9-number memory for automatic dialing.

Includes a Cobra cordless phone with 300' range* you can take anywhere around your home. Automatic last number redial, mute button for privacy.

Cobra Standard Telephone-Clock Radios



Deluxe model includes a Cobra push-button telephone with 9-number memory for automatic dialing. Plus mute feature and automatic last-number redial.

Features a Cobra push-button telephone with mute button for privacy. Push and the caller can't hear while you speak to someone near you. Plus automatic last-number redial.

*Range may vary depending on local environmental conditions.

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

around and undid his shorts, then dropped them off. I carefully rubbed some oil on his cock and slowly massaged it. On impulse, I took the dough out of his hands and pressed it onto his dick. I kneaded and worked on it, fucking him with it. His cock would force a hole into the wad of dough as I pressed it on him, and as I'd slowly remove it, I would squeeze the hole shut so that each time he would have to form a new hole. (He said afterward that it was like fucking a super-tight cunt, but one that engulfed his cock and balls both.) I increased the tempo and fucked and kneaded him until he stiffened and shot his come deep into the wad of dough.

When he recovered, he removed my clothes and laid me on the kitchen table, spreading my legs wide open. He poured oil all over my belly, thighs, and pussy, and as he laid the dough on my open crotch and started to work it in, I was aching with excitement. It covered me from belly to ass, and the sliding and oozing of it on my oil-soaked body drove me crazy. It was like being licked by a huge, warm tongue.

My orgasm was so intense that I actually passed out for a few seconds. When I came to, Ed had forced his cock through the dough and was entering me. This time we both came simultaneously and then collapsed together, half on and half off the kitchen table.

The dough, of course, was a mess—loaded with sperm and cunt juices—but I do believe it made the best bread I've ever tasted. We'd certainly like to try this recipe again, but we're a bit worried. Is there a danger of getting a yeast infection from this activity?—B.G.

You are probably no more likely to get an infection from your bread by fucking it than by eating it, although I'm not enough of a medical expert to give you serious advice on this point. I am curious to know if your well-fucked dough was able to rise after so much sexual activity, and did you really eat it? It sounds like a lot of fun, anyway. So, readers, get kneading and make yourselves into real, live gingerbread men and women.

WHERE SHE LEFT OFF

I'm a nineteen-year-old male who has had a good share of sexual experience for my age. When I say "my share," I mean in variety. I don't have any problem picking up girls and usually don't have problems bedding them either. I am great at foreplay, and most of my partners are dripping through their jeans before I take them off (as I am young, most of the women I date wear jeans). I am proud of my ability to arouse my partners. I'm also proud of my ability to bring them to the big "O" any time I wish.

But that's not my problem. My problem is that while I'm pleasing my bed partners, I'm not getting pleased myself. There have been many times I've brought a lady to ecstasy while I haven't even come. Although I enjoy pleasing the ladies, I find it very frustrating not to have blown my load. Most of the time my partner is so fully satisfied she is exhausted, and I feel rude telling her that I still need to relieve myself. I did tell one chick that I hadn't "spent" yet, and she got pissed because she thought I was only being conceited. After I convinced her it was not conceit but my need for satisfaction, she started crying and cutting herself down, saying that she wasn't a good-enough lover. Needless to say, I avoided doing this again, because I like to please them mentally and spiritually as well as physically.

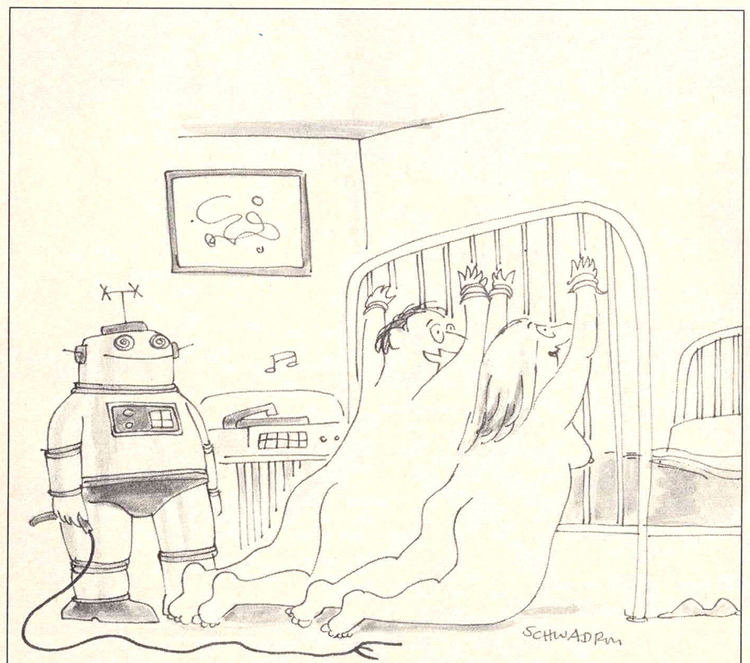
Now I usually go to the washroom afterward where they probably think I'm taking the common, ensuing piss-of-relief. Actually I'm finishing off the job. This doesn't happen all the time, but it happens frequently enough to make me feel bad and, in a strange way, kind of proud. What do you think I should do?

This letter may make me look conceited, and so it should, because I am. I figure the more I please, the better my reputation with women will be. The better my reputation is, the more opportunities I'll have at new ladies. The more ladies I have, the bigger my ego. Hence, the reality is earned.—D.M.

Well, if you're mostly concerned with scoring and expanding your Don Juan reputation, go on making the chicks cream in their jeans. (The fact that you are young, by the way, doesn't mean that there are no girls who wear dresses anymore.) Besides, dear fellow, if you call foreplay arousing a girl through her jeans, I think that your sexual education needs some working on. Foreplay is usually done with the jeans off.

In your case, you are simply too concerned with your own reputation to involve yourself sexually. Has any girl ever given you a decent blowjob or helped you to masturbate? You don't really have to do such things in the unromantic surroundings of a sink and a toilet. Maybe if you could manage to give up jerking off for a while, your penis would perform properly in a vagina.

Your answer lies within your own letter. You are a conceited little fellow with far too big an ego and not enough experience. So try to change your mental attitude and forget about boosting your ego. All you're thinking about while you're having sex is what the girl is going to say about your performance afterward. As it stands now, you are too conceited to have a relationship with a real woman, and probably the "young" girls you date are too inexperienced to handle an asshole of your caliber.



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His: Black kidskin leather jacket with coyote sleeves and leather loincloth shorts (about $1,500) with Norwegian fox collar (about $900), by Tony Chase Furs, 155 West Twenty-third Street, N.Y.C. (212-929-4796). Coyote headband (about $150) by Lenore Marshall, Inc., 333 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.C. (212-947-5945). Coyote-skin leggings (pair about $1,000) by Ben Kahn Furs. Hers: Cape of six blue foxtails (about $600) by Brothers II, 352 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.C. (212-695-8469). Chamois bikini (about $125) by Lynn's Skins, Inc.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID KENNEDY

Hair and makeup by Lucy Cedeno

An endangered species begs her he-man to liberate her from potential woe. His: Natural Russian raccoon cape/poncho with tails (about $4,500) made to order by Jerry Sorbara Furs, 150 West Thirtieth Street, N.Y.C. (212-594-3897). Rust suede loincloth (about $75) by Lynn's Skins, Inc., P.O. Box 2372, Grand Central Station, N.Y.C. (212-370-0142). Hers: Natural and dyed foxtail vest (about $495) by Just Fur Fun, Inc., 224 West Thirty-fifth Street, N.Y.C. (212-594-8211). Chamois bra and bikini (about $125) by Lynn's Skins, Inc. Jewelry shown on all three pages by Robin Kahn, 19 West Thirty-fourth Street, N.Y.C. (212-279-0633).

Creative design by George Hudacko

Man's den is his sanctuary, and whether the quest be for fire or fame, his day's rewards are gratifying. His: Beaver vest (about $2,500) by Ben Kahn Furs, 150 West Thirtieth Street, N.Y.C. (212-279-0633). Brown suede loincloth (about $75) by Lynn's Skins, Inc. Hers: Natural coyote coat (about $6,000) by Seymour Altman Furs, 150 West Thirtieth Street, N.Y.C. (212-563-3633). Coyote rug (about $4,000) by Ben Kahn Furs.

Note: All furs shown here are ranch raised, from animals bred and raised in the same manner as animals used for food and leather. None of the furs shown are from wild animals caught in traps.

STATUS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

is still the American sexual equivalent of the Rolls-Royce Corniche and the Rolex 18kt gold "President." Of course, a man who has all three owns Boardwalk by the rules of this particular form of Monopoly.

In actual sex (as opposed to sexual display) status is popularly defined by the male's ability to preserve an erection for prodigious lengths of time. (Often, I suspect, long beyond the point when his partner starts wishing he would get it over with.)

Sexual positions also confer a certain amount of status in the popular culture. Ever since Dr. Kinsey found that college-educated men were more open to unusual sexual positions and activities, it has been taken for granted that the willingness to perform oral or anal sex, or any variety of sexual games, confers status on the man, like a college degree, as does a concern for the woman's achieving orgasm. However, since men have a tendency to believe that what women *really* want is a heavily muscled brute with a huge penis who will rough them up and ravish them, I suspect what we're dealing with here is a complex, compensatory mechanism. Hence middle-class men have accorded status to the kind of sex Dr. Alex Comfort described in such detail in *The Joy of Sex*, to make up for the fact that they aren't, as a rule, the hulking, violence-prone brutes they believe women secretly want.

For women, status sex is a little harder to define, but it seems to follow rather old-fashioned lines. Although women are beginning to rise to positions of independent power and wealth, a wealthy husband still confers superior status, even for a woman who may be successful in her own right. Men seek out younger (and beautiful) women; women seek out older (and richer) men. This comes because in many respects status is more important to women than sex—indeed, the two are often indistinguishable. No doubt Mrs. Kennedy could have had her pick of men whenever she decided to remarry after the president's death, since she was beautiful, rich, and a celebrity, but no student of status would have been surprised that she chose Aristotle Onassis, one of the two or three richest men in the world—*despite* the fact that he was the shadiest of billionaires, an elderly and not particularly attractive man with a contentious family, and a notorious womanizer.

When it comes to men, women are very status-conscious and are inclined to regard high status as sexy in itself. Not for nothing was Henry Kissinger in his heyday quoted as saying: "Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac."

It is unlikely that Kissinger would have found it easy to date beautiful woman had he remained an obscure Harvard academic, but as America's most powerful and celebrated secretary of state, he had no problem at all, despite his roly-poly appearance, thick glasses, and strange accent. A date with Dr. Kissinger conferred instant status.

Given the fact that he was virile, handsome, rich, *and* the president of the United States, it is hardly surprising that the late President Kennedy had no difficulty in seducing beautiful women, but here, too, status plays a role. The president's reputation as a lover is legendary, but one famous star who slept with him in the White House has been heard to say that his performance was perfunctory, which she scarcely noticed at the time because all she could think about was the fact that she was in bed with the president of the United States. (When he was finished, by the way, the only question he asked was whether he was better in the sack than his father had been, since the star in question was old enough to have slept with both father and son.)

In short, women instinctively prefer men of status as partners, and are quite capable of persuading themselves that the experience was romantic and sexually fulfilling if the man's status is high enough, even though objectively they may know better. No woman ever leaves a king's bed unsatisfied, whatever happens (or fails to happen) there, as a wise Frenchman of the eighteenth century once pointed out.

Since status is involved in everything we do, it may be useful to define what status *is*—and to look at some of the ways in which we can acquire it.

Status can be defined very simply as arranging matters so that we are treated as a more important person than we are or think we are. Some people are beyond such concerns, of course, but not many: Queen Elizabeth II, perhaps, or the pope, or (for different reasons) Sister Theresa of Calcutta. In general, however, most of us aspire to be taken for a more important (or interesting, or attractive) person than we are—or at least as a more important, interesting, and attractive person than most of the people we know.

We do not want to stand in line with a lot of nobodies waiting for a table in a crowded restaurant. We want the captain to recognize us as a superior person and usher us in ahead of everybody else. We want the respect of the people who work with us (and more important, of the boss), and to the greatest possible degree we would like to inspire in others admiration, envy, and even awe.

Needless to say, this is no easy task for most of us, but it is by no means the impossible dream, if you're willing to put in some creative status work. There are three areas to concentrate on: (1) status thinking, (2) status behavior, and (3) status objects, the goal being to master and combine all three so as to transform yourself into a "status person."

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STATUS THINKING

Successful status-seekers think about it all the time, and see everything in terms of status. A raise is less important to them than a bigger office, a better title, or a space with their name on it in the company parking lot. Besides, they know that money follows status.

Merely *thinking* about status will in fact help you achieve it. Remember—your goal is not to appear one of the crowd but to stand out. One of the things that stunts status growth is the feeling you don't *want* your friends to conclude you think you're better than they are, or "different." The object of status is to appear to be better or different. If in your crowd people drink beer out of the bottle or can (a low-status act except at WASP picnics or the beach), ask for a glass or bring one of your own. If everyone around you swears, try not swearing for a change, which will give an impression of class, particularly to women, who traditionally think a man who doesn't swear is a gentleman.

Think about the way you look, the way you talk, the way you introduce yourself. Status people stand when everybody else is sitting, introduce themselves as if they know people are glad—even anxious—to meet them, and talk in a low voice so that people have to make an effort to understand what they're saying.

Above all, remember that it *matters* where you're seated at a dinner party or in a restaurant—or whether the doorman, at the sight of you, instantly snaps to attention and goes off into the rain to hail a taxi or get your car. It matters because status is cumulative. Each gain in status adds to your overall status, while a succession of status defeats or, as it is known in the East, "loss of face," ultimately reduces you to zero status.

Status thinkers do not leave things to chance, which is why they are sitting down eating their dinner while you're still standing in line behind the velvet rope. If you're going to a restaurant, book a table—if possible, get your secretary, or, if you don't have one, somebody who will pretend to be your secretary, make the reservation, implying by her breathless, hushed respect that you're a VIP. When you arrive at the restaurant, give your name to the maître d' and tip him *then*, before you're even seated. This will ensure he remembers your name, and he will almost certainly point out to the captain or the waiter that they should take extra care to see you're happy.

The *size* of a tip is not as important as the timing. Preemptive tipping buys immediate respect. The alternative is to follow the usual practice of tipping after you've already been served, by which time it's too late to buy respect or service. When a skycap at the airport picks up your bags—even *before* he picks them up—tip him! That way you can be sure he'll take yours directly to the ticket counter instead of picking up other people's baggage on the way. You can also be certain that he'll wait for you cheerfully and make sure you get on the fastest moving line, or get the first cab that comes along.

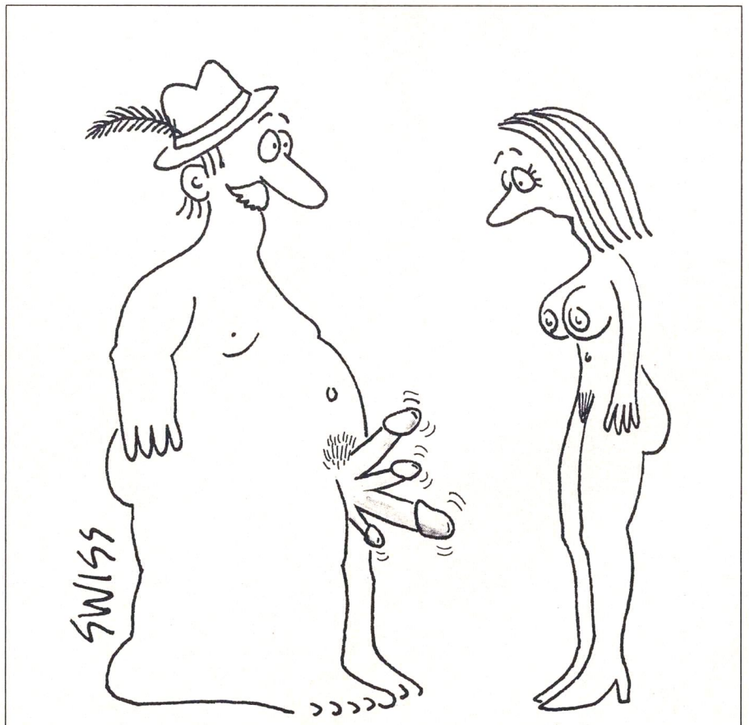
Status people will go to a lot of trouble to make sure that people know their names—the best way is to say it loudly and clearly, then spell it slowly, just to make sure, even if it's "Smith." At the pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel, where there are loudspeakers to announce calls, people have actually had themselves paged into successful careers. After several days of hearing the hotel operator call "New York on the phone for Mr. Steinway" (or "Mr. Zanuck for Mr. Steinway," "Mr. Lazar for Mr. Steinway"), the industry insiders at poolside naturally reach the conclusion that Herb Steinway is somebody they *should* know, and pretty soon they're actually calling him.

Status people are also observant—and fast learners. Some people go through life wearing short ankle socks and a pen clipped in the breast pocket of their jacket, apparently without noticing that more successful, statusy people wear long socks (so their ankles don't show when they sit down) and a folded handkerchief in their breast pocket. An observant person would conclude that here are two areas in which it would be relatively simple and inexpensive to make a change.

Status, in short, need not be expensive. It is often just a question of observing what other people are doing (or not doing) and emulating them. This is a particularly important point for those who work in large corporations. If the senior executives of your company wear dark suits and conservative ties, it's a fair bet that you won't be doing yourself any harm by dressing the same way. And while you're at it, you might note that status people's suits aren't wrinkled or baggy and their shoes are always shined—indeed, in many corporations a man comes around once a day to shine the senior executives' shoes, and it's a mark of status to be on his list. These small indications of status do matter in corporate life.

It's not a bad idea to keep a suit and a pair of shoes at the office. Status corporate people never get caught in the rain or get their feet wet (they have limos instead), and if they see you looking neat and freshly pressed on a day when most of your colleagues are walking around in damp, wrinkled suits and soaking shoes, they are naturally very likely to assume you're one of them.

Never go along with the herd. If the important executives arrive at 9:15, arrive at the same time, wait in the lobby, and go up in the elevator with them. Carry a briefcase, and if someone asks why you're late, say you've been at a breakfast meeting. Breakfast meetings have very high status in business life, since they're inconvenient and usually have to be done on what amounts to your own time.



"Gee . . .I don't know, Herr Mueller. I've never dealt with a Swiss Army Penis before . . ."

STATUS BEHAVIOR

If you act as if you have status, people will assume you do. Of course, some people are harder to fool than others—headwaiters are professional judges of status, for instance—but most people are so eager to think they have status themselves that they're quite prepared to believe *you* have status, too. I was once at a party when I noticed a furtive and rather oddly dressed little man circulating among the guests. He looked like either a "rubber" (a man who rubs himself up against women on crowded subways and buses) or a pickpocket, and I asked my hostess who he was. "I don't know," she said. I explained my suspicion that he was a gate-crasher. "Nonsense!" she said. "He must be *somebody*, or he wouldn't be here."

A well-dressed, nicely tanned man with an authoritative air and a brisk, let's-get-down-to-business attitude could probably walk into any meeting and sit down without being challenged. That, in fact, has happened to me. I was scheduled to attend a business meeting in an Atlanta hotel and walked into a room full of well-dressed executives—the wrong room, as it happened. I nodded at them, took a seat at the boardroom table, opened my briefcase to look at my notes, and discovered a few minutes later that I was attending a closed meeting of the Georgia Medical Society. If I had entered the room hesitantly, somebody would no doubt have asked me who the hell I was, but since I looked as if I knew what I was doing, nobody wanted to lose status by admitting they didn't know me. Also, I had arrived late, and being late is invariably a mark of status—not *very* late, you understand, but just late enough to imply you were doing something more important.

Status people, by the way, never hurry. I don't mean that they dawdle. I simply mean that they don't break into a sweat at the thought of being a few minutes late, or spend their lives looking at their watches or running down hallways. They assume people will wait for them—a few minutes at least—and know that as a rule nothing ever starts on time anyway. Besides, it's good status behavior to make your entrance when everybody else is already there. Why should you sit around waiting for the last person to show up when *you* can be the last person? Naturally, you shouldn't keep people waiting for long periods of time (until you've reached superstatus), but the important thing to remember is that *your* schedule is more important to you than *their* schedule.

Status behavior is simple enough once you get the knack of it. At conventions and meetings, for instance, do *not* wear a name tag. People assume a person without a name tag has superior status, or that they *ought* to know who you are.

Make a practice of remembering people's names, and even writing them down when you're introduced (one of those little leather note pads with gold corners from Gucci, Dunhill, or Mark Cross comes in handy for this). They will then be obliged to remember *your* name, and write it down. Your object must be to eliminate from your life the experience of having people say to you "Mr.—ah—who?" or "I've forgotten your name." The whole point of status is to reach that happy state when everybody knows your name, or thinks they ought to.

Perhaps the most important aspect of status behavior (which we've already touched upon but which can't be overemphasized) is simply *looking as if you belong where you want to go*.

If you're appropriately dressed and manage to convey by your unhurried calm that you're a person who has status—not an underling—you can usually go anywhere or do anything. In the corporate world, of course, status is so important that whole books have been written about it. I once saw two senior executives of a multibillion-dollar company arguing about which one had the longer limousine (an argument that was ended by having the chauffeurs measure the cars).

I was interested to see that when Nissan, the Japanese auto company, decided to build a plant to produce cars and pickup trucks in Smyrna, Tenn., they eliminated the executive and private dining rooms from the plans, even for the president. Everybody would eat in the company cafeteria.

This is a revolutionary and untried notion in modern American business, where status lies in privacy, until you reach the kind of superstatus enjoyed by chairmen of the board of Fortune 500 companies, who live unseen and inaccessible, like the Dalai Lama in pre-Communist Tibet, guarded by ranks of secretaries and assistants, with their own elevators (so they don't have to interrupt their chain of thought to say good-morning to ordinary employees), a private dining room, a private bathroom, often even a private gym, and a limo with blacked-out glass to take them wherever they want to go invisibly.

Of late, because of the fear of terrorism and kidnapping, security has become a mark of status at the top, by the way. One CEO of a major company keeps his limo waiting downstairs in the morning and the evening, but sneaks out the back way into an ordinary-looking American compact, with a chauffeur-bodyguard dressed in a business suit. His assistants use the stretch limo, presumably because they are more expendable than their boss, in case anybody tries to blow it up.

"It wasn't accidental or natural—I was simply taxed out of existence."

STATUS OBJECTS

Given that current sense of threat—nobody wants to be thought of as so unimportant that he's not in danger of being kidnapped—it is hardly surprising that one of the current status objects is a gold-plated Colt Detective Special revolver, sold by Bijan, the Beverly Hills men's fashion store, for nearly $2,000!

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Status objects are, almost by definition, things you don't need. You may need a car, but you don't need it to be a Rolls-Royce Silver Spur (about $150,000). You may need a watch, but it doesn't have to be a solid-gold Rolex (about $12,000—much more if you want diamond numerals and a lapis lazuli face). You may need a suit, but you don't necessarily have to spend over $1,000 for one at Morty Sills in New York, or Huntsman in London. But of course status objects don't come cheap. If they did, they wouldn't have status.

Whether you can buy status with objects depends a little bit on how much you're prepared to spend, but in America the answer is, yes, you can—up to a point. Status objects may not get you into what remains of old-line society (where people tend to inherit their status objects), but short of that, they will take you most places.

Nobody is truly immune. I once saw a photograph of Nelson Rockefeller at his Maine island retreat. He was wearing blue jeans—and a Gucci belt. Of course, it may have been a gift—status people receive status gifts—but the point is that Rockefeller was wearing it.

If a small item of status like that was important to Nelson Rockefeller, maybe it should be to you too. The main point is not, however, to accumulate flashy status objects in the manner of an Arab oil sheik or a Hollywood producer—it is never to be seen with *non*-status objects. A cheap sportsman's watch from L. L. Bean (or an army surplus watch) has status because it implies you're a no-nonsense, outdoorsy, practical guy. What *doesn't* have status is an imitation Rolex. Whatever you have should be genuine, and look as if you've chosen it for its own sake. It's all right not to wear cuff links, for example—status people are very big on shirts that button at the wrists, except for evening wear—but if you do wear cuff links, they should be small, expensive, and the real thing.

If you're going to spend money on status, start with the basics:

A well-fitted dark suit, not faddish, perfectly pressed.

A pair of plain, elegant, thin-soled black shoes, perfectly polished (the older they are, the better).

A good tan (there are tanning centers everywhere now).

A neat, simple, non-blow-dried haircut.

Good teeth. If nature didn't provide them, go to a dentist and get them fixed, cleaned, capped, or bonded—status people always have good teeth.

If you're in business, you may want to add to this a copy of the *Wall Street Journal* to carry under your arm and a briefcase of good quality, but well-worn and slightly scuffed.

If you live in a climate where a coat is necessary, a very valuable status object is a Burberry trench coat, with a removable lining, to be either worn or carried over your arm. It should not look new.

Status people do not fill their pockets with junk. In the first place, it spoils the cut of their suits. At the highest level of status, people don't need to carry anything. They don't need a pen—somebody is at hand to take dictation or notes. They don't need keys—people wait to open doors for them. They don't even need money.

You may not be able to reach this level of status, but you can start by cutting down on what you carry. You don't really need a pen *and* a pencil, a wallet full of credit cards you never use (one card is enough for most people), a dozen keys that don't fit anything, a pocket calculator, or half the things you'd probably find in your pockets if you took an inventory.

Also: status people don't *carry* things. A briefcase, maybe, if they're in business, or their luggage if they're running for the shuttle, but never paper bags, bulky packages, or plastic shopping bags.

It would be hard to list the status objects that are available, but it might be helpful to

> It's good status behavior to make your entrance when everybody else is already there. Why sit around waiting for the last person to show up when *you* could be the last person?

list those objects that are definitely *not* status, in no particular order of importance:

Anything made of plastic or vinyl.

Patent-leather shoes, particularly if they're white.

Tie clasps, no matter how expensive.

Pins and emblems worn in the buttonhole of a jacket.

Folding umbrellas (with umbrellas, status is to have the real thing, a big, *serious* umbrella, sturdy and black, not a fold-up gadget).

Aviator glasses (now a trademark of street hoodlums and muggers).

CB radios.

Large belt buckles worn with a suit (unless you're from the Southwest and they're antique silver).

Bumper stickers.

"Vanity" license plates, unless they're very witty, which is rarely the case.

An unlisted telephone number.

Beepers, unless you're a doctor.

Most hats.

Some things have *acquired* status lately, and should be noted in case they have escaped your attention:

It is now very acceptable to wear running shoes with a suit, since it shows you're walking to work. Your regular shoes will of course go in your briefcase, *not* in a bag or a knapsack!

Small Japanese cars have gained in status, but only if they're genuinely the small, economy models, which show that you're not interested in car status.

Tennis and skiing remain the high-status sports.

A white-wine spritzer remains the high-status drink, except among top businessmen, who still drink martinis.

Because of the fitness craze, light beer now has a higher status than more expensive beers.

The status meat is a veal scallopini. Beef, with its high cholesterol and fat content, has become low status, as have smoking, butter, desserts, and anything with cream in it.

The status lettuce is romaine, with endive a close runner-up.

An interest in gourmet cooking is now high status, but the backyard barbecue is a low-status event.

Some things have, as it were, *permanent* status value. These include:

A Rolex watch.

A Porsche (much higher status than a Mercedes-Benz).

Good-looking women.

Wearing suspenders instead of a belt, but only if they are the kind that fasten to the trousers with buttons, not with small, metal spring clips.

Old, well-fitting blue jeans of the traditional kind—not designer jeans.

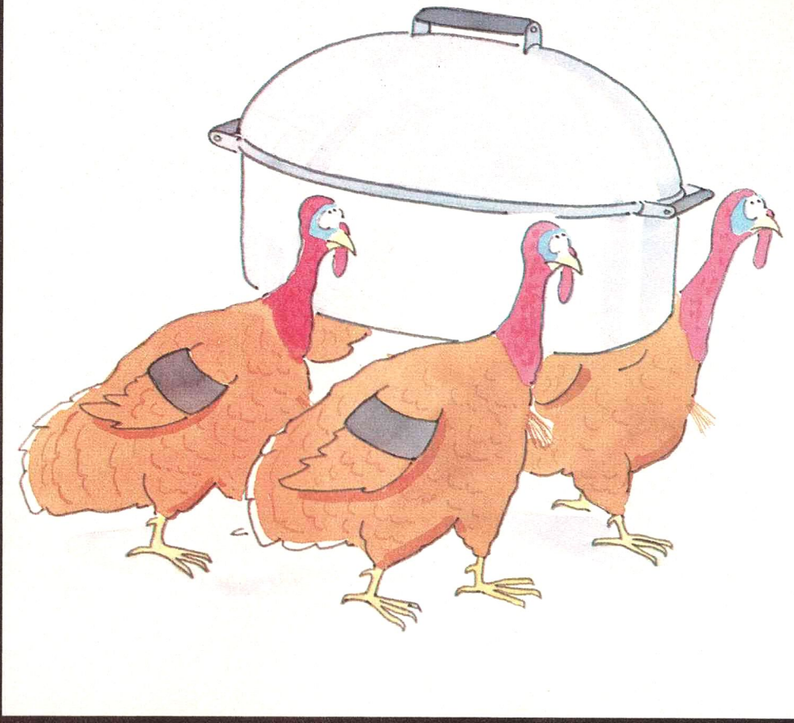
Beat-up sneakers.

Needless to say, the list can go on forever, but once you have developed a certain amount of status consciousness, you'll be able to add to it yourself.

Where you live will also make a difference. In Washington, for example, the big status symbol is lighting somebody's cigarette with a book of *Air Force One* matches, which is far more statusy than White House matches, since it implies you travel with the president. There are also two different kinds of White House matches to be had by the fortunate—those that simply read "The White House" and those with the Reagans' name, of which the latter has more status.

Status, you see, has one advantage over most sports: you can play it for a lifetime, right up to the end, with a status hospital, a top-name doctor, and a status funeral!

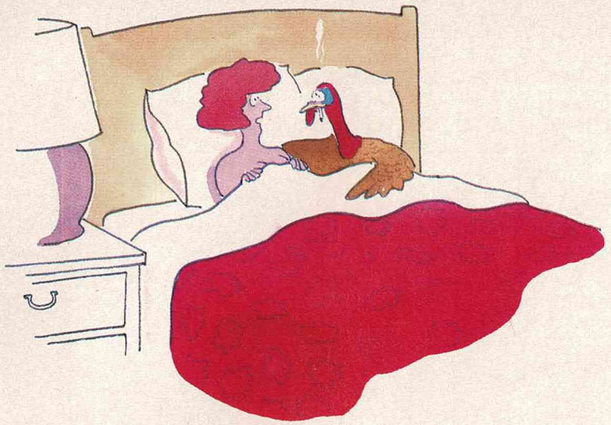
One female star I know, or rather knew, took her funeral so seriously that she drew up the guest list for it and kept it revised on a regular basis so that it would be up-to-date, with only "A-list" people, when the time came. When it finally did come, the funeral was a social event, complete with numbered invitations, Pinkerton guards, and gate-crashers. One guest sighed, looking at the graveside crowd of celebrities, and said, "If she could see this, she'd be happy she died!"



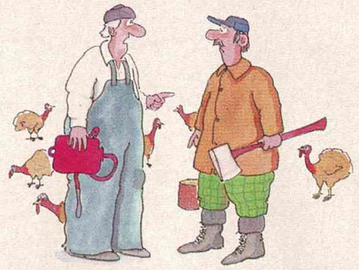
Thanksgiving advice
from the Penthouse Humor Department

GET STUFFED

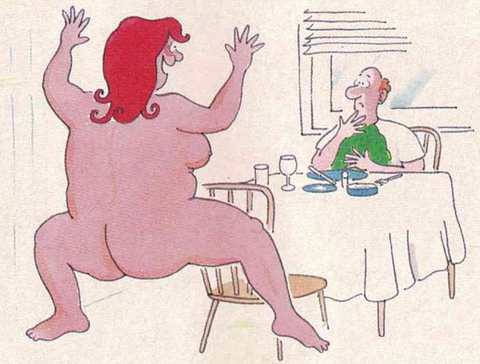
A CARTOON FEATURE BY
LEO CULLUM



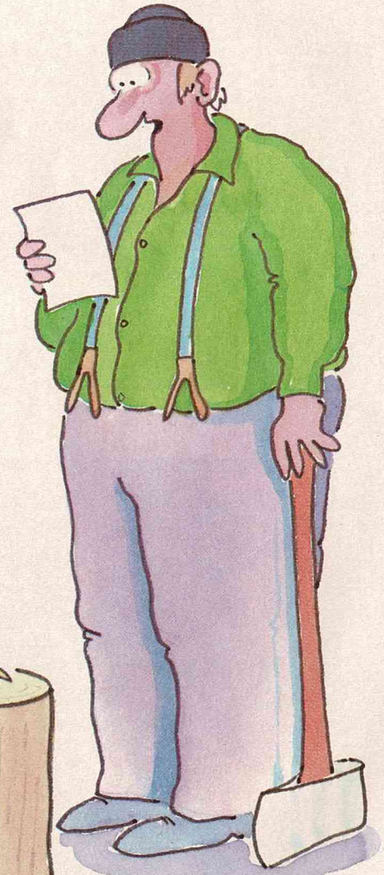
"I'm only doing this because it's a last request."



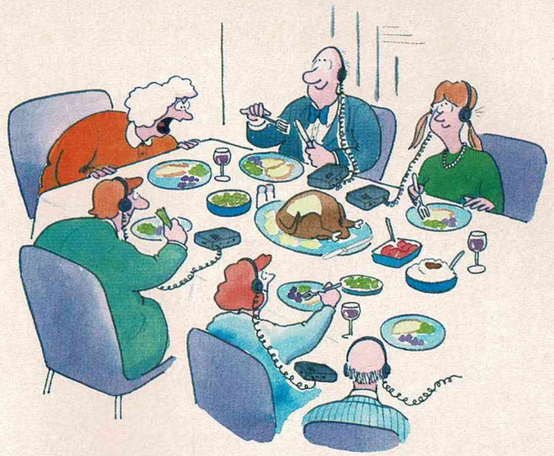
"No, no, last year you cut the heads off. This year you give the enemas."



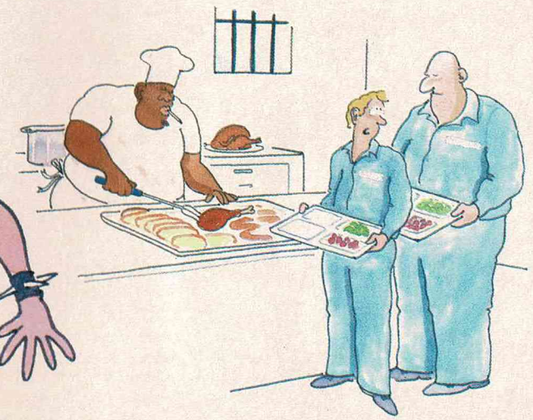
"Time to give thanks, Waldo."



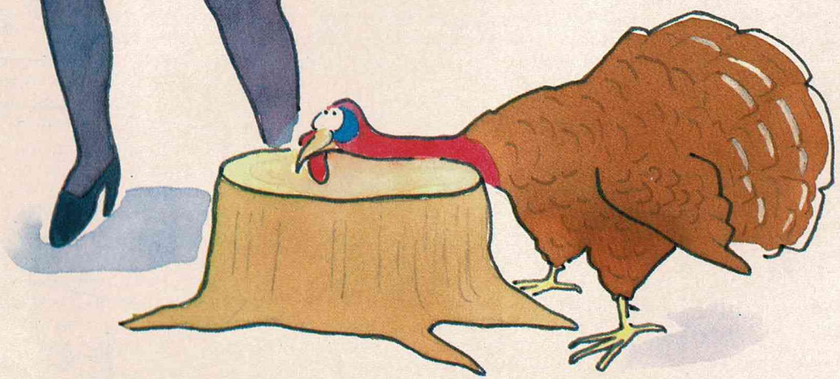
"You have the right to remain silent . . ."



"Pass the fucking potatoes!"



"What's a nice way to say you don't like dark meat?"



ROBOTS OF DAWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

"In theory, that is so, but I'm told hardly anyone takes that seriously these days. Dr. Fastolfe already has two children and can't have any more, but he still marries and applies for a third child. He gets turned down, of course, and knows he will. Some people don't even bother to apply anymore."

"Then why bother marrying?"

"There are social advantages to it. It's rather complicated and, not being an Auroran, I'm not sure I understand it."

"And Dr. Fastolfe's relationship to you. The truth, please. We are not in a position to dodge the truth in order to avoid embarrassment."

She looked up and met his eyes levelly. She said, "There is no embarrassment to avoid. Dr. Han Fastolfe is my friend, my very good friend."

"How good, Gladia?"

"As I said—very good."

"Are you waiting for the dissolution of his marriage so that you may be his next wife."

"No." She said it very calmly.

"Are you lovers, then?"

"No."

"Have you been?"

"No. Are you surprised?"

"I merely need information," said Baley.

"Then let me answer your questions connectedly, Elijah, and don't bark them at me as though you expected to surprise me into telling you something I would otherwise keep secret." She said it without noticeable anger. It was almost as though she were amused.

Baley, flushing slightly, was about to say that this was not at all his intention, but, of course, it was, and he would gain nothing by denying it. He said, in a soft growl, "Well, then go ahead."

Gladia's eyes had fallen to her lap again, and her face seemed to sink lower and to become a touch harsh, as though she were reaching into a past she would much rather obliterate.

"Our last meeting on Solaria—I hope you remember it, Elijah—taught me something. I touched you! I removed my glove, one that was similar to the glove I am wearing now, and I touched your cheek. The contact did not last long. I don't know what it meant to you—no, don't tell me, it's not important—but it meant a great deal to me.

"Contact with my husband was part of an occasional ritual that he went through because it was expected of him and, as a good Solarian, he therefore carried it through by the calendar and clock, and for the length of time and in the manner prescribed by good breeding. Except that, in another sense, it wasn't good breeding, for although this periodic contact was for the precise purpose of sexual intercourse, my husband had not applied for a child and was not interested, I believe, in producing one. And I was too much in awe of him to apply for one on my own initiative, as would have been my right.

"As I look back on it, I can see that the sexual experience was perfunctory and mechanical. I never had an orgasm. Not once. That such a thing existed, I gathered from some of my reading, but the descriptions merely puzzled me, and since they were to be found only in imported books—Solarian books never dealt with sex—I could not trust them. I thought they were merely exotic metaphors.

"And it never occurred to me, never once, that there might be pleasure in touching under other circumstances. Why should it occur to me? How could it occur to me?

"Until I touched you that time. Why I did, I don't know. I felt a gush of affection for you because you had saved me from being a murderess. And besides you were not altogether forbidden. You were not a Solarian. You were not—forgive me—altogether a man. You were a creature of Earth. You were human in appearance, but you were short-lived and infection-prone, something to be dismissed as semihuman at best.

"So because you had saved me and were not really a man, I could touch you. And what's more, you looked at me not with the hostility and repugnance of my husband, or with the carefully schooled indifference of someone viewing me on television. You were right there, palpable, and your eyes were warm and concerned. You actually trembled when my hand approached your cheek. I saw that.

"I don't know how long it lasted, it couldn't be for more than a moment or two, but for me time stood still. Something happened to me that had never happened to me before, and looking back on it long afterward, when I had learned about it, I realized that I had very nearly experienced an orgasm.

"I had had imaginings before, very vague uncertain things. A man and I, doing what my husband and I did, but somehow different—I didn't even know different in what way—and feeling something different—something I could not even begin to imagine when imagining with all my might.

"But one touch of your cheek, Elijah, and I knew. Isn't that amazing? After that I could imagine, and I went to Aurora remembering you, and thinking of you, and talking to you endlessly in my mind, and thinking that in Aurora I would meet a million Elijahs."

She stopped, lost in her own thoughts for a moment, then suddenly went on:

"I didn't. Aurora, it turned out, was, in its way, as bad as Solaria. In Solaria, sex was *wrong*. It was hated and we all turned away from it. We could not love for the hatred that sex aroused.

"In Aurora, sex was *boring*. It was accepted calmly, easily—as easily as breathing. If one felt the impulse, one reached out toward anyone who seemed suitable, and if that suitable person was not at the moment engaged in something that could not be put aside, sex followed in any fashion that was convenient. Like breathing. But where is the ecstasy in breathing? If one were choking, then perhaps the first shuddering breath that followed upon deprivation might be an overwhelming delight and relief. But if one never choked?

"Sex, permitted and free as water, has nothing to do with love on Aurora, just as sex, forbidden and a thing of shame, has nothing to do with love on Solaria.

"I could not move into the Auroran attitude, Elijah. I had not been brought up to it. With terror, I had reached out for sex, and no one refused—and no one mattered. Each man's eyes were blank, when I offered myself, and remained blank as they accepted. Another one, they said, what matter? They were willing, but no more than willing.

"In all this, Dr. Fastolfe was my friend. Dr. Fastolfe protected me against the lack of understanding on the part of Aurorans, and against their general contempt for Solarians. He protected me also against the despair that filled me after a while.

"No, we were not lovers. I would have offered myself, but by the time it occurred to me that I might do so, I no longer felt that the feeling you had inspired, Elijah, would ever recur. I thought it might have been a trick of memory, and I gave up. I did not offer myself. Nor did he offer himself. He was merely my friend at a time when I needed that so much more.

"There you are, Elijah, you have the whole answer to the questions you asked. You wanted to know my relationship with Dr. Fastolfe and said you needed information. You have it. Are you satisfied?"

"In telling me of the feeling that was inspired by the touch upon my cheek, you said something like, 'Looking back on it long afterward, when I had learned, I realized that I had very nearly experienced an orgasm.' But then you went on to explain that sex with Aurorans was never successful, and, I presume, you did not then experience orgasm either. Yet you *must* have, Gladia, if you recognized the sensation you experienced that time on Solaria. You could not look back and recognize it for what it was, unless you had learned to love successfully. In other words, you *have* had a lover and you *have* experienced love. If I am to believe that Dr. Fastolfe is not your lover and has not been, then it follows that someone else is, or was."

"And if so? Why is that your concern, Elijah?"

Baley said, "If you don't tell me, Gladia, I will have to tell you. I told you earlier that I am not in a position to spare your feelings."

Gladia remained silent, the corners of her lips whitening with pressure.

"It must be someone, Gladia, and your sorrow over Jander's loss is extreme. You sent Daneel out because you could not bear to look at him for the reminder of Jander that his face brought. If I am wrong in deciding that it was Jander Panell—" He paused a moment, then said harshly, "If the robot, Jander Panell, was not your lover, say so."

And Gladia whispered, "Jander Panell, the robot, was not my lover." Then, loudly and firmly, she said, "He was my husband!"

Baley's lips moved soundlessly, but there was no mistaking the tetrasyllabic exclamation.

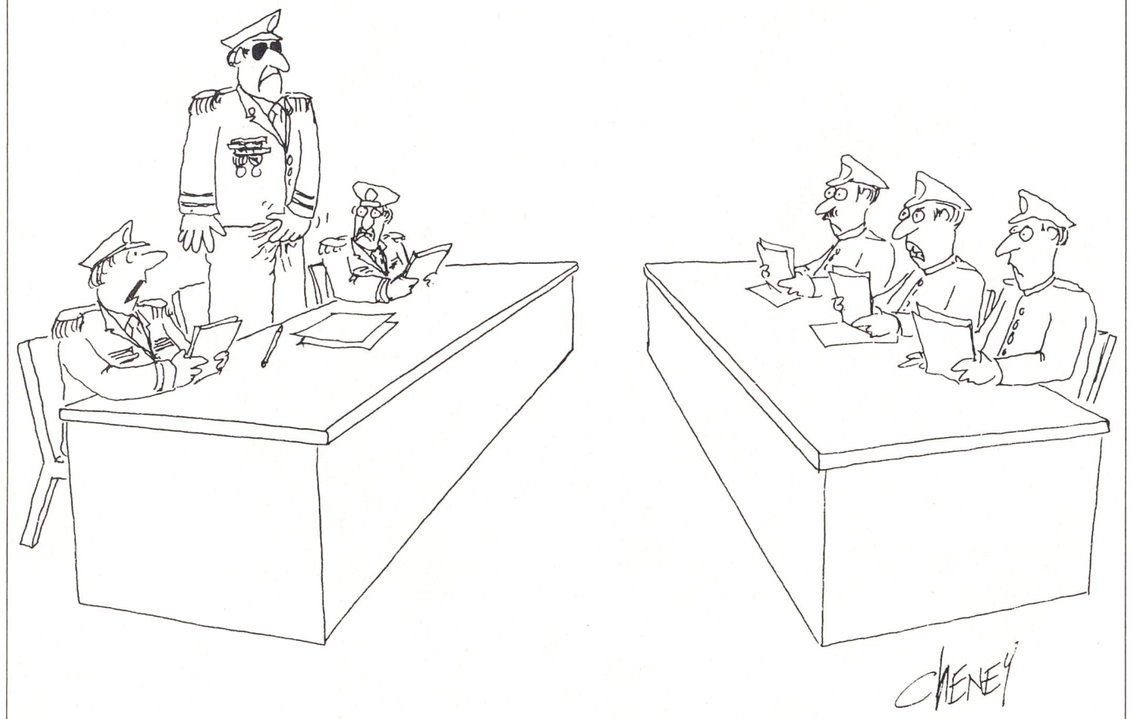
"Yes," said Gladia, "Jehoshaphat! You are startled. Why? Do you disapprove?"

Baley said, tonelessly, "It is not my place either to approve or disapprove. How does one distinguish between a lover and a husband on Aurora?"

"If two people live together in the same establishment for a period of time, they may refer to each other as 'wife' or 'husband,' rather than as 'lover.' "

"Is it also required that in this period of time one refrain from sexual relations with others?"

Gladia's eyebrows lifted in surprise. "Why?"



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"I merely ask."

"Exclusivity is unthinkable on Aurora. Husband or lover, it makes no difference. One engages in sex at pleasure."

"And did you please while you were with Jander?"

"As it happens I did not, but that was my choice."

"Others offered themselves?"

"Occasionally."

"And you refused?"

"I can always refuse at will. That is part of the non-exclusivity."

He started again, "Would it have seemed natural on Solaria to have a robot for a husband?"

"On Solaria it would have been unthinkable, and I would never have thought of such a possibility. On Solaria, everything was unthinkable. And on Earth, too, Elijah. Would your wife ever have taken a robot for a husband?"

"That's irrelevant, Gladia."

"Perhaps, but your expression was answer enough. We may not be Aurorans, you and I, but we are on Aurora, and I have lived here for two years, and I accept its mores."

"Do you mean that human-robot sexual connections are common here on Aurora?"

"I don't know. I merely know that they are accepted because everything is accepted where sex is concerned, everything that is voluntary, that gives mutual satisfaction, and that does no physical harm to anyone."

Baley said, "How did you come to possess Jander in the first place, Gladia? Only two existed, both in Dr. Fastolfe's establishment, and did he simply give one of them—half of the total—to you? Why?"

"Out of kindness, I suppose. He gave me Jander for company and I will never be able to thank him enough for it. It only lasted for half a year, but that half-year may be worth all my life beside."

"Did Dr. Fastolfe know that Jander was your husband?"

"He never referred to it, so I don't know."

"Did *you* refer to it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I saw no need. And no, it was not because I felt shame."

"Are you distressed that Jander is—is gone?"

"Need you ask?"

"Do you want to find out what happened?"

"Again, need you ask?"

"Then help me. I need all the information I can get if I am to begin—even begin—to make progress in working out an apparently insoluble problem. How did Jander become your husband?"

Gladia sat back in her chair and her eyes were suddenly brimming with tears. She pushed at the plate of crumbs that had once been pastry and said in a choked voice: "Ordinary robots do not wear clothes, but they are so designed as to give the effect of wearing clothes. I know robots well, having lived on Solaria, and I have a certain amount of artistic talent. I constructed a few designs for new models that would possess, in my opinion, more style and more interest than some of those in use in Aurora. When Jander was given me by Dr. Fastolfe, I had a robot who, of course, wore ordinary clothing. The dear doctor was, indeed, kind enough to give me a number of changes of clothing for Jander.

"None of it was in the least imaginative, and it amused me to buy what I considered more appropriate garb. That meant measuring him quite accurately, since I intended to have it made to order, and *that* meant having him remove his clothing in stages.

"He did so, and it was only when he was completely unclothed that I quite realized how close to human he was. Nothing was lacking and those portions which might be expected to be erectile were, indeed, erectile. Indeed, they were under what, in a human, would be called conscious control. Jander could tumesce and detumesce on order. He told me so when I asked him if his penis was functional in

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IN THE NOVEMBER

FORUM

SEX AND COCAINE

Since the Incas, cocaine has been prized as the ultimate enhancer of sexual arousal and performance. Modern studies suggest that cocaine boosts libidinal energy but that its abuse leads to sexual dysfunction. Psycho-pharmacologist Ronald K. Siegal and *Forum* editor Philip Nobile explore both the potential and the problems of this illegal aphrodisiac.

THE PROFESSIONAL SEX-FANTASY FULFILLER

Deanne is a professional fantasy fulfiller. In a typical week she is covered in wrapping paper and delivered as a "present" to a virgin boy on his nineteenth birthday; hides under an executive's desk and fellates him during business hours; or pays a special sick call to a hospital patient. By Charmaine Welles.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF LITERARY CENSORSHIP

Fifty years ago this month, Judge John Woolsey decided in U.S. District Court that it was legal to publish, buy, and read James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Literary censorship was dealt its death blow, and literature itself has never been the same. Attorney Joseph H. Cooper recounts the history of this landmark decision.

MASTERS, JOHNSON AND ME

Dr. Bernie Zilbergeld, a harsh critic of Masters and Johnson, faced harsh criticism himself at the recent Sixth World Congress of Sexology. His confrontation with the twin deities of sex therapy shows that asking embarrassing questions is both professionally and personally hazardous. Zilbergeld recounts the issues that led to his courageous stand—a stand that made news in *Time* and the *New York Times*—and proposes how the debate over treating sexual dysfunctions can be objectively resolved.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

that respect. I was curious, and he demonstrated.

"You must understand that although he looked very much like a man, I knew he was a robot. I have a certain hesitation about touching men—you understand—and I have no doubt that played a part in my inability to have satisfactory sex with Aurorans. But this was not a man, and I had been with robots all my life. I could touch Jander freely.

"It didn't take me long to realize that I enjoyed touching him, and it didn't take Jander long to realize that I enjoyed it. He was a finely tuned robot, who followed the Three Laws carefully. To have failed to give joy when he could would have been to disappoint, and disappointment could be reckoned as harm, and he could not harm a human being. He took infinite care then to give me joy, and because I saw in him the desire to give joy, something I never saw in Auroran men, I was indeed joyful and, eventually, I found out, to the full, I think, what an orgasm was."

Baley said, "You were, then, completely happy?"

"With Jander? Of course. Completely."

"You never quarreled?"

"With Jander? How could I? His only aim, his only reason for existence, was to please me."

"Might that not disturb you? He only pleased you because he had to."

"What motive would anyone have to do anything but that, for one reason or another, he had to?"

"And you never had the urge to try real—to try Aurorans, after you had learned to experience orgasm?"

"It would have been an unsatisfactory substitute. I wanted only Jander. And do you understand, now, what I have lost?"

Baley's naturally grave expression lengthened into solemnity. He said, "I understand, Gladia. If I gave you pain earlier, please forgive me, for I did not entirely understand, then."

But she was weeping, and he waited, unable to say anything more, unable to think of a reasonable way to console her.

Finally, she shook her head and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. She whispered, "Is there anything more?"

Baley said apologetically, "A few questions on another subject and then I will be through annoying you." He added cautiously, "For now."

"What is it?" She seemed very tired.

"Do you know that there are people who seem to think that Dr. Fastolfe was responsible for the killing of Jander?"

"Yes."

"Do you know that Dr. Fastolfe himself admits that only he possesses the expertise to kill Jander in the way that he was killed?"

"Yes. The dear Doctor told me so himself."

"Well, then, Gladia, do *you* think Dr. Fastolfe killed Jander?"

She looked up at him, suddenly and sharply, and then said angrily, "Of course not. Why should he? Jander was *his* robot to begin with and he was full of care for him. You don't know the dear Doctor as I do, Elijah. He is a gentle person who would hurt no one, and who would never hurt a robot. To suppose he would kill one is to suppose that a rock would fall upward."

"I have no further questions, Gladia, and the only other business I have here, at the moment, is to see Jander—what remains of Jander—if I have your permission."

Gladia stood up. Her gown, so simple as to be nothing more than a closely fitting sheath, was not black (as it would have been on Earth) but of a dull color that showed no sparkle anywhere in it. Baley, no connoisseur of clothing, realized how well it represented mourning.

"Come with me," she whispered.

Baley followed Gladia through several rooms, the walls of which glowed dully. On one or two occasions, he caught a hint of movement, which he took to be a robot getting rapidly out of the way, since they had been told not to intrude.

Through a hallway, then, and up a short flight of stairs into a small room in which one part of one wall gleamed to give the effect of a spotlight.

The room held a cot and a chair, and nothing else.

Jander was lying on the cot and Baley looked at him gravely. The robot was covered with a smooth and shiny material. The spotlighted wall cast its glow on Jander's head, which was smooth and almost inhuman in its serenity. The eyes were wide open, but they were opaque and lusterless.

Baley said, "Has Dr. Fastolfe inspected him?"

"Yes, thoroughly. I came to him in despair, and if you had seen him rush here, the concern he felt, the pain, the—the panic, you would never think he could have been responsible. There was nothing he could do."

"Is he unclothed?"

"Yes. Dr. Fastolfe had to remove the clothing for a thorough examination. There was no point in replacing them."

"Would you permit me to remove the covering, Gladia?"

"Must you?"

"I do not wish to be blamed for having missed some obvious point of examination."

"Well, then, go ahead, but *please* put the covering back exactly as it is now, when you are done."

The body was, perhaps, not quite human. The muscular contours were somehow simplified and a bit schematic, but all the parts were there: nipples, navel, penis, testicles, pubic hair. Even fine, light hair on the chest.

Baley hesitated, and then thrust one arm under Jander's shoulders and another under his hips, working them through to the other side. He did not consider asking for Gladia's help; that would be impossible. He heaved and, with some difficulty, turned Jander over without throwing him off the cot.

Baley withdrew his arms. Jander still felt warm to the touch. Presumably, the power unit continued to do so simple a thing as to maintain temperature even with the brain inoperative. The body felt firm and resilient, too. Presumably it never went through any stage analogous to rigor mortis.

One arm was now dangling off the cot in quite a human fashion. Baley moved it gently and released it. It swung to and fro slightly and came to a halt. He bent one leg at the knee and studied the foot; then the other. The buttocks were perfectly formed, and there was even an anus.

Baley could not get rid of the feeling of uneasiness. The notion that he was violating the privacy of a human being would not go away. If it were a human corpse, its coldness and its stiffness would have deprived it of humanity.

He thought, uncomfortably: A robot corpse is much more human than a human corpse.

Again he reached under Jander, lifted, and turned him over.

He smoothed out the sheet as best he could, then replaced the cover as it had been, and smoothed that. He stepped back and decided it was as it had been at first—or as near to that as he could manage.

"I'm finished, Gladia," he said.

She turned, looked at Jander with wet eyes, and said, "May we go, then?"

"Yes, of course, but Gladia—"

"Well?"

"Will you be keeping him this way? I imagine he won't decay."

"Does it matter if I do?"

"In some ways, yes. You must give yourself a chance to recover. You can't spend three centuries mourning. What is over is over."

She said, "I know you mean it kindly, Elijah. I have been requested to keep Jander till the investigation is done. He will then be torched at my request."

"Torched?"

"Put under a plasma torch and reduced to his elements, as human corpses are. I will have holograms of him—and memories. Will that satisfy you?"

"Of course. I must return to Dr. Fastolfe's house now."

"Yes. Have you learned anything from Jander's body?"

"I did not expect to, Gladia."

She faced him full, "And Elijah, I want you to find who did this and why. I must know."

"But Gladia—"

She shook her head violently as though keeping out anything she wasn't ready to hear. "I *know* you can do this."

Later that evening, he lay in the dark and went over the events of the day in quiet succession, hoping that something might occur to him that had eluded him before—but nothing like that happened.

So much for the quietly thoughtful, keen-eyed, subtle-brained Elijah Baley.

The mattress was again half enfolding him and it was like a warm enclosure. He moved slightly and it straightened beneath him, then slowly molded itself to fit his new position.

There was no point in trying, with his worn, sleep-seeking mind, to go over the day again, but he could not help trying a second time, following his own footsteps on this, his first day on Aurora—from the spaceport to Fastolfe's establishment, then to Gladia's, then back to Fastolfe.

Gladia—more beautiful than he remembered, but hard—something hard about her, or has she just grown a protective shell? Poor woman. He thought warmly of her reaction to the touch of her hand against his cheek—if he could have remained with her—he could have taught her—stupid Aurorans—disgustingly casual attitude toward sex—anything goes—which means nothing really goes—not worthwhile—stupid—to Fastolfe, to Gladia, back to Fastolfe—back to Fastolfe.

He moved a little, and then abstractedly felt the mattress remold again. Back to Fastolfe. What happened on the way back to Fastolfe? Was something said? Something not said? And on the ship before he ever got to Aurora—there was something that fit in . . .

Baley was in the never-never world of half-sleep, when the mind is liberated and follows a law of its own. It is like the body flying, soaring through the air and liberated of gravity.

Of its own, it was taking the events—little aspects he had not noted—putting them together—one thing adding to another—clicking into place—forming a web—a fabric.

And then it seemed to him, he heard a sound and he roused himself and climbed to a level of wakefulness. He listened, heard nothing, and sank once more into the half-sleep to take up the line of thought—and it eluded him.

It was like a work of art sinking into a morass. He could still see its outlines, the masses of color. They got dimmer, but he still knew it was there. And even as he scrambled desperately for it, it was gone altogether, and he remembered nothing of it. Nothing at all.

Had he actually thought of anything, or was the memory of having done so itself an illusion born of some drifting nonsense in a mind asleep? And he was, indeed, asleep.

When he woke briefly during the night, he thought to himself: I had an idea. An important idea.

But he remembered nothing except that something had been there.

He remained awake awhile, staring into the darkness. If, in fact, something had been there, it would come back in time.

Or it might not!

And he slept again. ○—

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

The most dripping, dripping, oozing, feminine, luscious, makes-me-crave Pet has hit your book again—Valerie Rae Clark—this time in August. Sensuous in every detail. Mesh stockings never looked sexier on any woman. Even the degree to which she opens her mouth makes me carnivorous. The dictionary thought of Valerie in printing the word *lust*. Just biting her shoe would satisfy me if I could see her pose for those photos. Just one scent of her body, that wild, warm, delicious, come-hither scent that attracts those who want it, could revive anyone who has just suffered heart failure.

I knew when I saw *Caligula* twice the second time was my revival, because the scent wouldn't leave me. Believe this: If Valerie dresses like the *Penthouse* spreads, I could work with her in bed for forty-eight hours. That's work?—*Jack K. Spittler, Elmhurst, N.Y.*

I have been reading your magazine for quite some time and am now taking time out to congratulate you. The pictorial of Francis McAmish in your July 1983 issue was truly fantastic. Only from your magazine have I seen such breathtaking art, deserving to be framed. And of Francis: she is beautiful. She has that look of innocence that is so rarely seen, even in the children of today. I pray this world will never try to steal it from her.—*Lynn Glaser, USN, Rota, Spain*

I can never ever before recall having such extreme pleasure as I had in viewing the pictorial of Francis McAmish in your July 1983 issue. Such a beautiful lady, and such excellence in photo-artistry!

Would there be the slightest possibility of seeing Francis and Patches again?—*Name and address withheld*

Here's another glimpse of Francis and her trusty mount (below).—The Editors

NOT JUST ANOTHER NAZI

Your story on Otto Albrecht von Bolschwing ("Not Just Another Nazi," August 1983 *Penthouse*) was both revealing and shocking. However, he was just the tip of the iceberg. The United States protected hundreds of Nazi criminals after World War II.

As mentioned, there was Klaus Barbie, the notorious "Butcher of Lyon." Somewhat less known is the case of the Byelorussian Nazis. Following the war, certain U.S. government agencies smuggled into the U.S. hundreds of Nazi collaborators from Eastern Europe, and they have continued to protect them from investigation and deportation. Some of these were Byelorussian Nazis.

We know why the U.S. aided these criminals: Supposedly they helped us in the cold war and would have helped us if war had broken out against Russia. Nobody seems to realize the Russians would have been crazy to start a war in those days. They lost millions of people in World War II and were in no position to go to war again. Besides, we had the Bomb and they didn't. In retrospect, there must have been a better way to go about this. There must have been more Nazis available for our purposes who were not guilty of war crimes (the Reinhard Gehlen type). It was the times (the pre-McCarthy and the McCarthy eras). Also, there was the fact that our military and intelligence operations were undoubtedly controlled by very conservative people, which made it easy for them to become friendly with Nazis in an effort to thwart Communism. Throw in a pinch of anti-Semitism (I have no proof, only theory) and you have the ingredients for a sorry mess, which will go into the books as a sordid chapter in the history of the United States.—*Karl Schindl, Elmhurst, Ill.*

In regard to your story "Not Just Another Nazi," by Christopher Simpson, there is no justification for what the CIA or the American government did, but then you must accept the fact that the American government is the most deceptive, degenerate, dishonest government ever to appear on the face of the earth.

But rather than go back forty years, why not investigate the fact that during the Vietnam War the U.S. Air Force was transporting arms and ammunition to Laos, and thereby to the Vietcong, which was then used to kill American servicemen.

I'm so sick of hearing about the U.S.S.R. and its threat to me when it's the U.S. government that's killing me. And let's not forget that U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt gave all those countries (Hungary, Poland, Rumania, half of Germany, etc.) to Russia at the Potsdam conference in the first place.—*Richard Hardy, Clearlake, Calif.*

Christopher Simpson's article does indeed raise many questions regarding just what justice is and how it is served.

I am not sure that any man can determine what justice is for all situations and circumstances, and I don't profess to offer an overall solution, for, again, I'm not sure there is one.

Otto von Bolschwing served effectively for the CIA in its operations in Eastern Europe, often risking his own life. Perhaps he was trying to make up for his past actions and alliances? Of course, nothing could "make up for" or change what happened during World War II, but neither did tracking down a person and stripping him of his U.S. citizenship in an effort to make him "pay" for crimes years past.

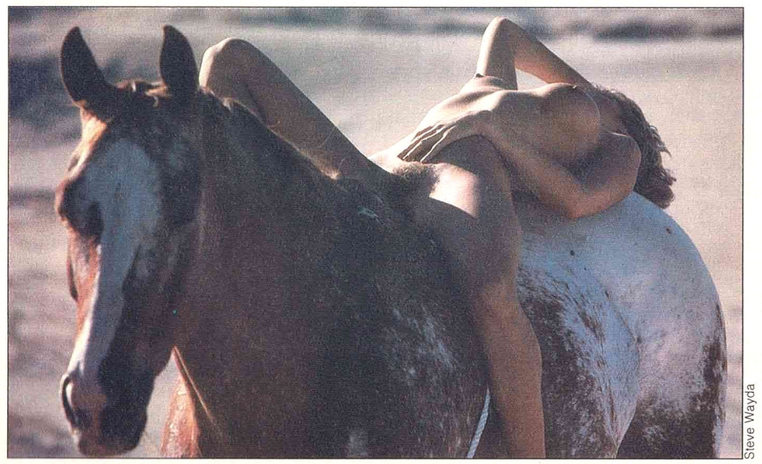
It would have been much easier for Bolschwing to run and hide after World War II as did many Nazis faced with prosecution and prison. But he stayed, in an effort to bolster the U.S. intelligence activities against a rapidly expanding Soviet sphere of influence.

Given the circumstances of post–World War II Europe, I don't believe that the CIA, in using Bolschwing's abilities and knowledge, was condoning his past actions or that the case proves to be a "stain on our honor," as suggested.

Bolschwing's case is unique in that because of his various contributions to U.S. intelligence, special considerations were made to him via the U.S. government. There was indeed a relationship and no indication that that relationship would be terminated—at least, none that he would be betrayed in his final years as he was dying.

In the Soviet Union, in 1938 or thereabouts, Joseph Stalin ordered the great purges to take place, in which historians estimate between 30 and 40 million people were killed. One does not usually hear about this "holocaust," although it represents a loss of life greater than the total casualties on all sides during World War II! Indeed, we shouldn't forget such atrocities, and we won't forget the tyranny and terror brought on by Hitler's Nazi state.

However, the political system and government that spawned such horrors as Stalin's purges still exists today.



Steve Wayda

Is justice served today by finding the old war criminals of World War II and dredging up their offenses?

I think not, for there is enough evil in the present world without our going back to the past.—*Darrall A. Dalberg*

THOUGHTS ON EMP

In your June 1983 "Advise and Dissent," Ann Marie Cunningham made a glaringly obvious error in stating that we cannot fight a limited nuclear war because of the effects of EMP. While a limited exchange of strategic nukes is not likely to stay limited, tactical nuclear warfare is practical to the extent that Russia is already well prepared to wage it.

An EMP strike above the continental United States would force us to launch missiles to avoid being trapped by a following direct strike. Our SLBMs at the very least would still be able to guarantee mutual suicide, which neither we nor Russia want. Wars are fought to be won in this day and age.

If we wish to live in peace, we must be ready for war. The unfortunate balance of terror that exists today should not be cause for losing the will to fight. Russia will not attack us unless the rewards outweigh the risks. We must resolve to make such an attack as rewarding as a grenade fight in a phone booth.—*A1c Mark Lasalle, USAF, Germany*

VIET VETERANS

Your July 1983 "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" is excellent and to the point—there is no way to compare twenty or thirty years' military or naval service with *any* civilian job. The Stockmans and the Aspins, *and* the Congress, have been chewing away on benefits since Jimmy Carter's short (thank heaven) administration, and more so under Reagan.

I served proudly with the Marine Corps as a navy corpsman through World War II, Korea, *and* Vietnam. Aspin served two years in the Pentagon as a junior officer, so he's on the Armed Services Committee. Stockman served in a theology school, so he can direct cuts in military retirement benefits. Great qualifications!!—*MCPO USN, Retired*

MOANS & GROANS

Displaying of naked women is deplorable and against the morals of God and man. Who gives you the right to display the female body before all to see?

Any female which accepts money from you and appears in your magazine has sold her soul to the devil and don't give me any of that crap that it is a state of art.

I wish someone or some organization would take it upon themselves and blow your corporation sky-high and see how much you laugh then, Mr. Big Shot.—*William Schlaak, Wautoma, Wis.*

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Listen. Do you want to know
a secret? Do you promise not to tell?

GAMES

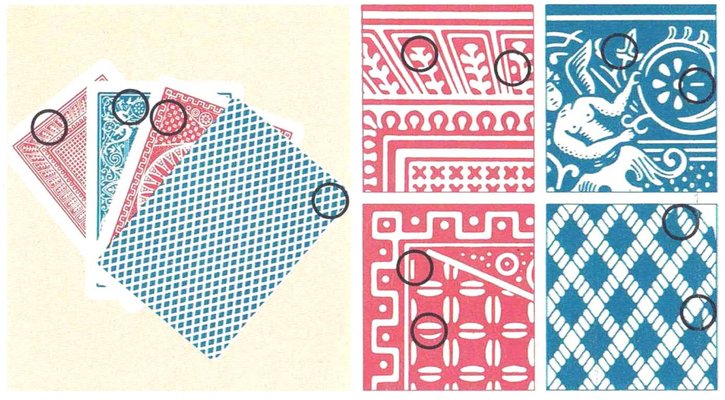
BY SCOT MORRIS

The most interesting secret in the world is the one you aren't supposed to know. The more "they" try to keep it from you, the more you want to know it, even though the information may be useless. Some secrets are world-famous because they are so jealously guarded. The formula for Coca-Cola syrup is supposedly known by only two senior officers of the company, who are forbidden by corporate policy to ride in the same airplane together. The formula itself may be rather uninteresting—sugar, caramel, caffeine, phosphoric acid, citrus, cinnamon, glycerin, and vanilla extract (and no detectable coca leaf or kola nut, as one analysis has it), but its being *secret* makes it so much more mysterious. The Pepsi-Cola recipe is certainly quite similar, but since Pepsi doesn't make a big deal about it, who cares?

The Freemasons' handshake would be of no interest whatsoever except for the fact that it is supposed to be such a big secret. The handshake is like a regular one except that you press your forefinger hard into the other person's palm, and your thumb "presses against the base joints of the second and third fingers." Once you know the secret, the whole rigmarole seems rather silly.

Capitalizing on the universal desire to find out things that others don't want us to know, William Poundstone has put together a collection of some of the world's most tantalizing confidentialities in a book, *Big Secrets*, published this fall by William Morrow. Poundstone devotes whole chapters to the Coca-Cola and Masonry mysteries, as well as to such arcana as the ingredients in various products from perfumes to toothpastes, the fraud-detection schemes on credit cards and currency, and the pop-paranoia theories about subliminal advertising and satanic messages recorded, backwards, on various rock records.

Some revelations are on shaky ethical grounds. We can't quite approve, for example, of his publishing the entire Rorschach inkblot test, or the multiple-choice driver's tests that are now used in New York and California. (We hate to think who we'll now be sharing the road with.) But most of Poundstone's revelations are relatively harmless, and often address well-known rumors. Here's a quiz. How much of what you know is so?



(Left) Where to look for markings on Aviator, Bicycle, Tally-Ho, and Bee, enlarged at right. Aviator: top bud shortened on the middle of three key stalks, making this a club; second leaf separated on next stalk makes it a king. Bicycle: the branch's left leaf is cut (heart) and the three o'clock petal on flower is a line (queen). Tally-Ho: the top half-moon is a line (ace), and in the horizontal row of three "coffee beans" the line is thicker on the first (clubs). Bee: in the right column of three complete diamonds, a mark at the top right of the middle diamond indicates a ten; in the complete diamond above and to the left of this, a mark at the top right indicates diamonds.

A BIG-SECRETS QUIZ

1. Burger King's french fries are coated with sugar. True or False? (T / F)
2. There is prune juice in Dr Pepper. (T / F)
3. There are anchovies in Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce. (T / F)
4. There are eggshells in an Orange Julius. (T / F)
5. There is seaweed in Yoo-Hoo chocolate drink. (T / F)
6. There is the sap of the desert yucca tree in root beer. (T / F)
7. There is a glandular secretion from civet cats in the formula of Chanel No. 5 perfume. (T / F)
8. What common product is often used as fake semen in porno movies?
9. Colonel Sanders was proud of his "eleven secret herbs and spices," but does today's Kentucky Fried Chicken still have them? Poundstone states that he commissioned a chemical analysis of the seasoning mixture sent to franchises and found only four ingredients. Two qualify as spices, none as an herb. What are the four not-so-secret ingredients?
10. McDonald's boasts about the "Secret Sauce" on its Big Macs. Poundstone's analysis of the ingredients in Secret Sauce states that it is "well within the definition" of a very common condiment. What is it?
11. McDonald's corporate policy dictates that a Big Mac is comprised of seven distinct ingredients stacked in thirteen layers. (We count the bun as a single ingredient; two of the layers are Secret Sauce.) Reading from bottom to top, as one might prepare the burger, what are the thirteen layers?
12. Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola have very similar ingredients. Some say that the major difference is in their citrus flavoring. Which fruit predominates in Coke? Which in Pepsi?

DECKS AND DOLLARS

One secret we're glad to know is that among savvy gamblers the favorite brand of playing cards is the United Airlines "giveaway" deck (or similar decks from other airlines, given free to any passenger who knows enough to ask for

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GAMES

one). The reason is that they are a plain color on the back, except for two company logos. The logos make it hard for a sharpie to bottom-deal or second-deal, and the solid background makes the cards very difficult to mark.

The easiest cards to mark are the ones with the busiest designs on their backs. These include major brands such as Bicycle, Bee, Aviator, and Tally-Ho. Don't think if your poker opponent pulls out a sealed and stamped box of name-brand cards, that he is necessarily dealing with a fair deck.

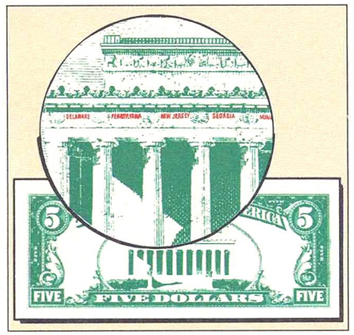
Premarked cards can be purchased from any gambling-supplies dealer and from many magic stores. An ordinary deck is marked by hand, then resealed in the box with a new cellophane wrap, a new tear-band, and an official U.S. Playing Card stamp.

The illustration on page 174 shows marked cards from four popular decks, Aviator, Bicycle, Tally-Ho, and Bee.

Aviator. The markings are in the stalks along the top margin. The first three stalks from the left corner signify suits: the bud on top is truncated for diamonds, clubs, and hearts, respectively. Spades are not marked. The two center stalks at the top of the card show the rank.

Each stalk has six petals. One of the petals is blocked out where it would connect to the stem. The left stalk encodes ace, king, and queen on the left side (from top to bottom) and jack, ten, and nine on the right. The right stalk, similarly, indicates values from eight down to three. The deuce is, again, unmarked.

Bicycle. If you suspect a Bicycle deck of being marked, look at the flower design in the upper left corner (all markings are duplicated at the bottom, of course, so that cards can be read from either end). The rank of the card is encoded in the flower. One of the eight petals, partially inked out, appears as a line. If the top petal is narrowed, the card is an ace. Clockwise from there, the marks are for king, queen, jack, ten, nine, eight, and seven. Lower ranks, six through three, are marked by blocking out the inner tips of petals at twelve, three, six, and nine o'clock. The deuce isn't marked.



Hidden states on the back of a fiver.

The suit is indicated in the three-leafed branch left of the flower, by inking out the leaf tips. Hearts, clubs, and diamonds are marked in the left, top, and right leaves, respectively. If no leaves are marked, the card is a spade.

Tally-Ho. Here the ranks are marked in the column of half-moon shapes along the side border—the chosen one being partially blocked out to appear as a straight line. Suits are in the topmost horizontal row of "coffee-bean" shapes. The center line is thickened to mark, from left to right, clubs, diamonds, or hearts. If there's no mark, the card is a spade.

Bee. This deck is a favorite among card cheats who like to deal from the bottom or to deal seconds. The busy pattern and the lack of a white border make it difficult for an observer to tell whether the top card actually leaves the pack or whether it has quickly slid back into place while another card was dealt.

Ranks are marked in the column of three complete diamonds in the upper right corner, just inside the right margin. A triangular extension of dark ink on the top right of the top diamond signifies ace. From there, counterclockwise, the marks indicate king, queen, and jack. The next diamond down is for ten through seven, and the next for six through three. Suits are marked similarly in the diamond to the left of this column, closest to the top margin. Diamonds-clubs-hearts is the order, with spades not marked.

Some of Poundstone's entries are interesting simply because they are little-known facts, if not secrets as such. For example, did you know that the names of twenty-six states are "hidden" on the back of a five-dollar bill? They are in two rows at the top of the Lincoln Memorial. You'll need an unworn bill and good eyesight (a magnifying glass or loupe will help), but they are there, just as they are on the real Memorial. The bottom row is easiest to read: it runs beneath the overlapping-circle designs that are directly above each column. From left to right, the row lists eleven states, in the order of their admission to the Union: Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, Carolina [*sic*], Hampshire [*sic*], Virginia, New York. Above this is a row naming fifteen states in even finer type. They are (here using their standard postal abbreviations) AR, MI, FL, TX, IA, WI, CT, MN, OR, KS, WV, NV, NB, CO, and ND.

Some claim that in the bushes to the left of the Memorial steps, outlined in large shadows, is the number 372. People have offered various speculations as to the meaning of this number, but the Treasury Department insists that it is a mere accident of engraving—it might *look* like a number, but it's just shadows.

This whole secrecy business reminds us of the Turtle Club, which we joined in college. We were sworn to secrecy, but since we're not in college anymore, and in the spirit of it all, we'll tell.

Turtles are exceptionally clean-living and clean-thinking people, it is said. To qualify for membership you must be able to answer at least four of the following questions cleanly and forthrightly:

1. What does a man do standing up, a woman do sitting down, and a dog do on three legs?
2. What can you find on a pool table that you can also find in a man's pants?
3. What goes in stiff and dry and comes out soft and wet?
4. What takes five minutes and lasts nine months?
5. What sticks out of a man's pajamas and is so hard you can hang a hat on it?

Answers on page 197

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LOW TAR CAMEL TASTE
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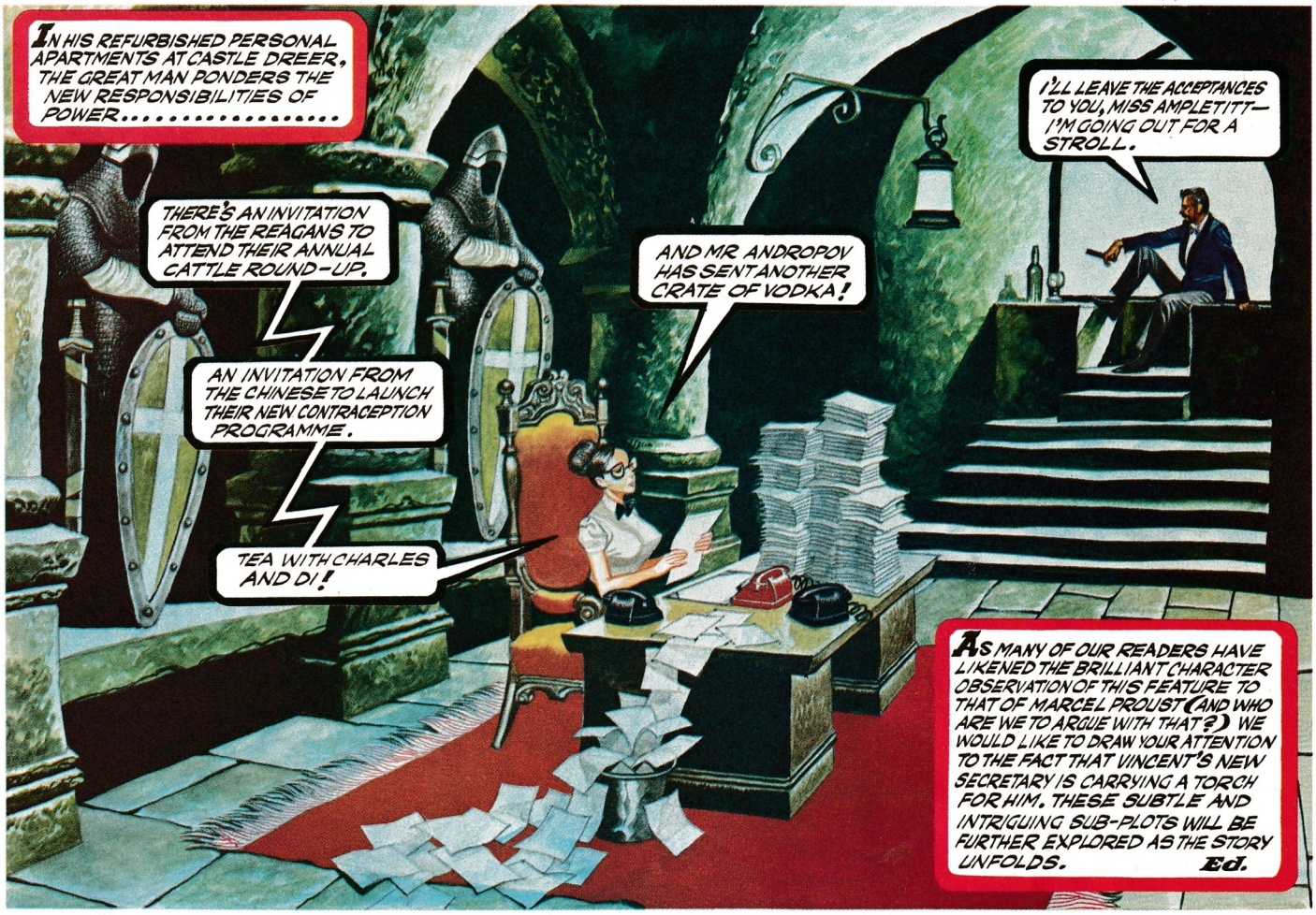
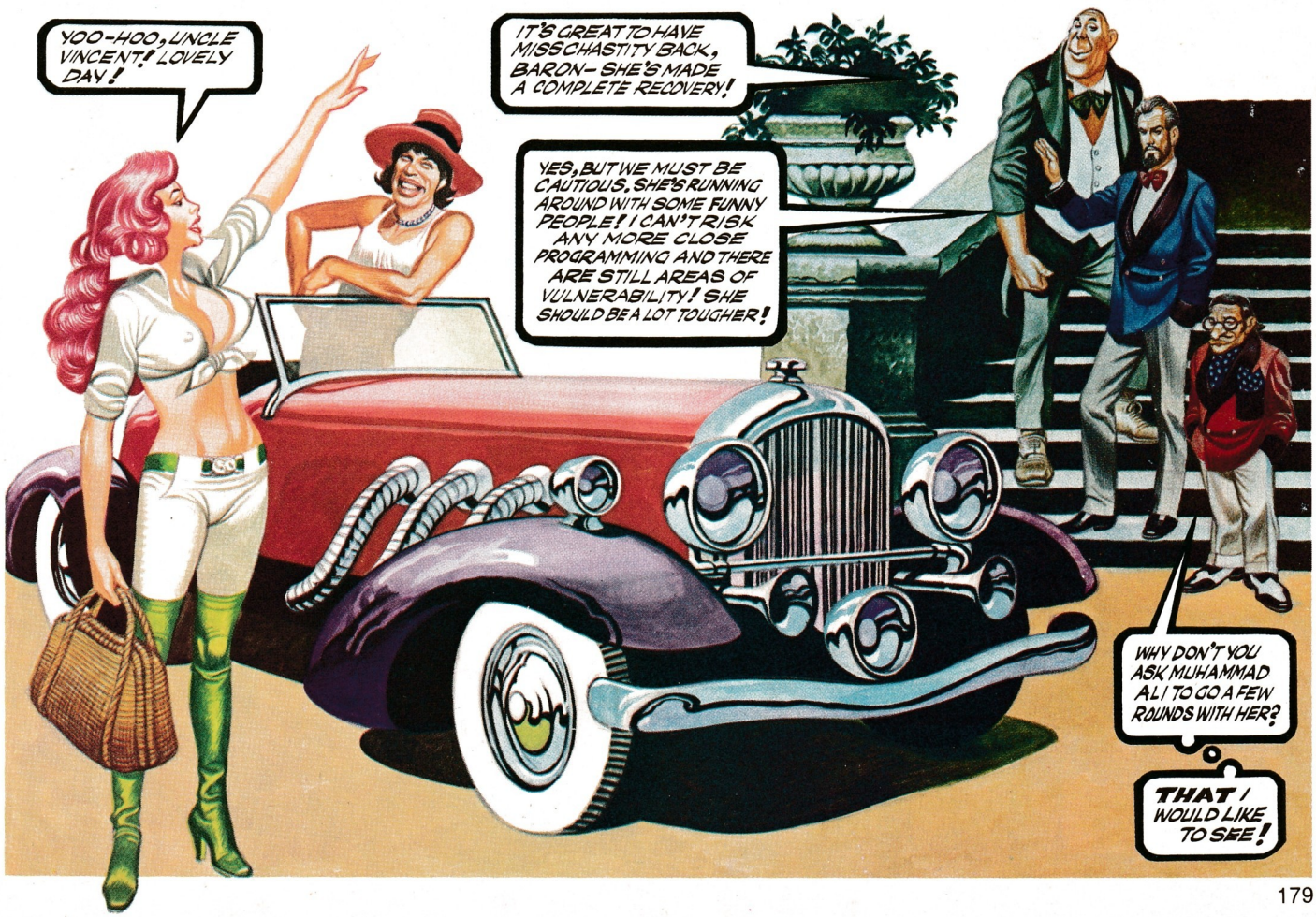
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
I THANK YOU FOR THE HONOUR YOU DO ME IN ELECTING ME GOVERNOR OF THIS HALLOWED HALL OF LEARNING. I AM SURE THAT BETWEEN US WE WILL MAKE THIS ACADEMY AN EXAMPLE TO THE REST OF THE WORLD!
I WOULDN'T PUT HIM IN CHARGE OF A MASSAGE PARLOUR!
PEACE
PROGRESS
the BARON VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN FINISHING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES
ALL TOGETHER NOW, LADIES — "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"
I GROW BETTER STUFF THAN THIS IN MY WINDOW BOX!
I'M CRASHING OUT OF HERE TONIGHT! I'VE GOT A JOB LINED UP AT A TOPLESS CARWASH!
IT AIN'T EXACTLY IVY LEAGUE — BUT IT LOOKS LIKE FUN!
I AGREE WITH THE PIGEON!
I THOUGHT YOU GOT ARRESTED FOR THAT SORT OF THING?
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A VOCATION YOU HAVE TO STAND BY YOUR PRINCIPLES!


IN HIS REFURBISHED PERSONAL APARTMENTS AT CASTLE DREER, THE GREAT MAN PONDERS THE NEW RESPONSIBILITIES OF POWER.....
I'LL LEAVE THE ACCEPTANCES TO YOU, MISS AMPLETITT— I'M GOING OUT FOR A STROLL.
THERE'S AN INVITATION FROM THE REAGANS TO ATTEND THEIR ANNUAL CATTLE ROUND-UP.
AND MR ANDROPOV HAS SENT ANOTHER CRATE OF VODKA!
AN INVITATION FROM THE CHINESE TO LAUNCH THEIR NEW CONTRACEPTION PROGRAMME.
TEA WITH CHARLES AND DI!
AS MANY OF OUR READERS HAVE LIKENED THE BRILLIANT CHARACTER OBSERVATION OF THIS FEATURE TO THAT OF MARCEL PROUST (AND WHO ARE WE TO ARGUE WITH THAT?) WE WOULD LIKE TO DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT VINCENT'S NEW SECRETARY IS CARRYING A TORCH FOR HIM. THESE SUBTLE AND INTRIGUING SUB-PLOTS WILL BE FURTHER EXPLORED AS THE STORY UNFOLDS. Ed.


YOO-HOO, UNCLE VINCENT! LOVELY DAY!
IT'S GREAT TO HAVE MISS CHASTITY BACK, BARON— SHE'S MADE A COMPLETE RECOVERY!
YES, BUT WE MUST BE CAUTIOUS. SHE'S RUNNING AROUND WITH SOME FUNNY PEOPLE! I CAN'T RISK ANY MORE CLOSE PROGRAMMING AND THERE ARE STILL AREAS OF VULNERABILITY! SHE SHOULD BE A LOT TOUGHER!
WHY DON'T YOU ASK MUHAMMAD ALI TO GO A FEW ROUNDS WITH HER?
THAT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE!

THAT'S IT! YOU'RE NOT JUST A PRETTY FACE, ARE YOU?
OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF IDIOTS—WISDOM!
SOMEONE'S COMING!
YE GODS! MY HUSBAND!

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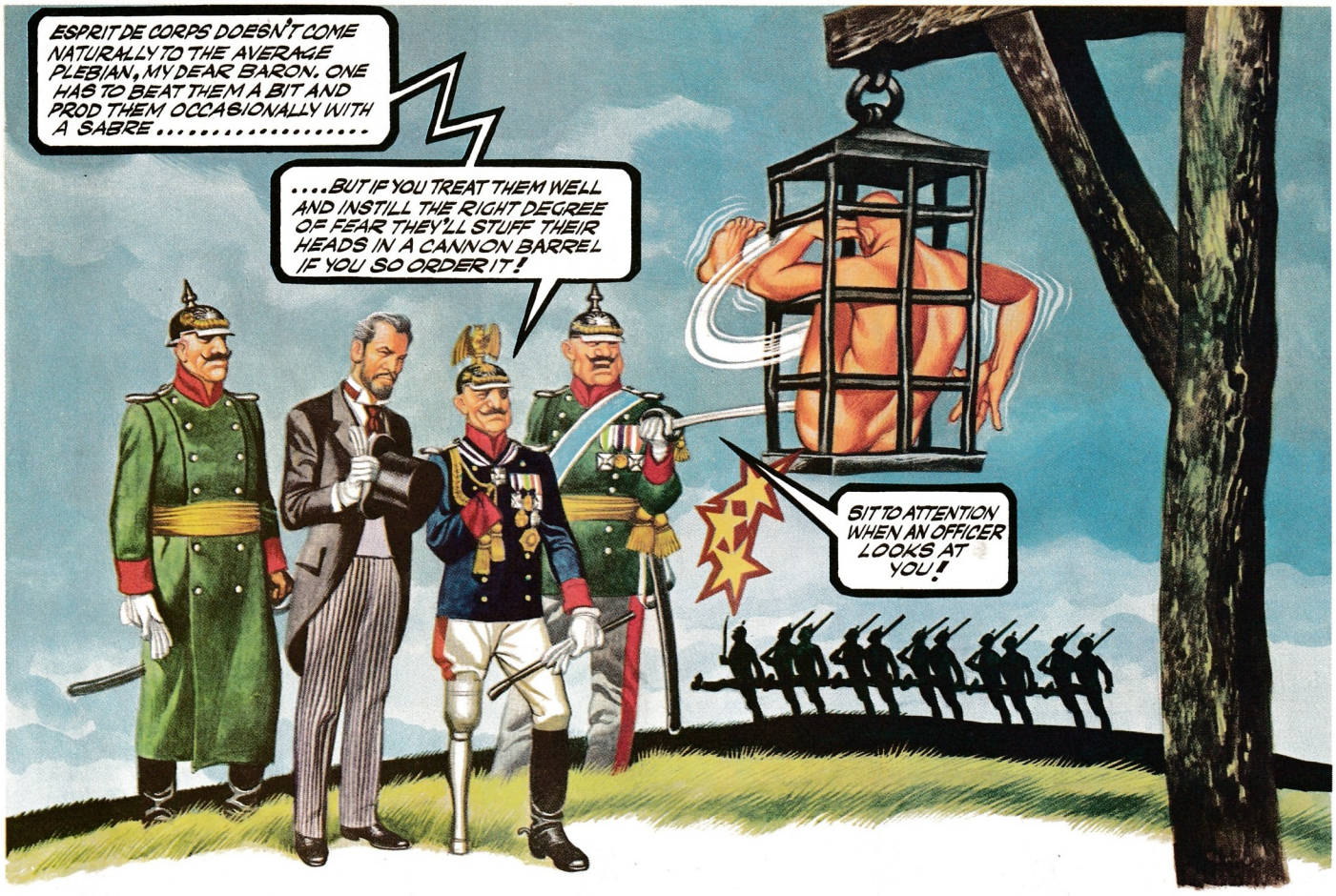
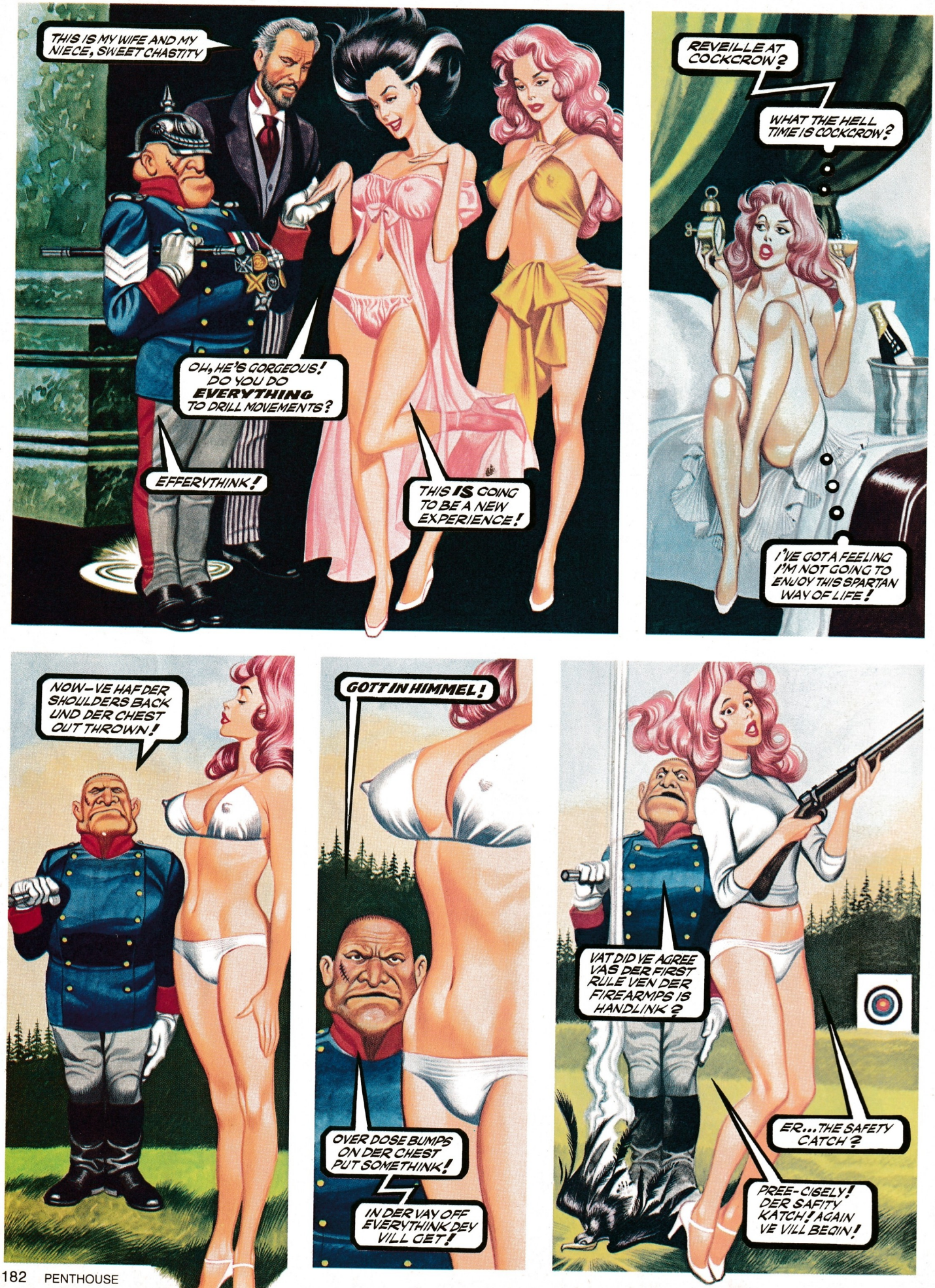
YOU COULD GET SOMEONE FROM THE MARINES? THE GREEN BERETS OR THE S.A.S? ER—JANE FONDA?
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS—THEY COULDN'T FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT OF A PAPER BAG!

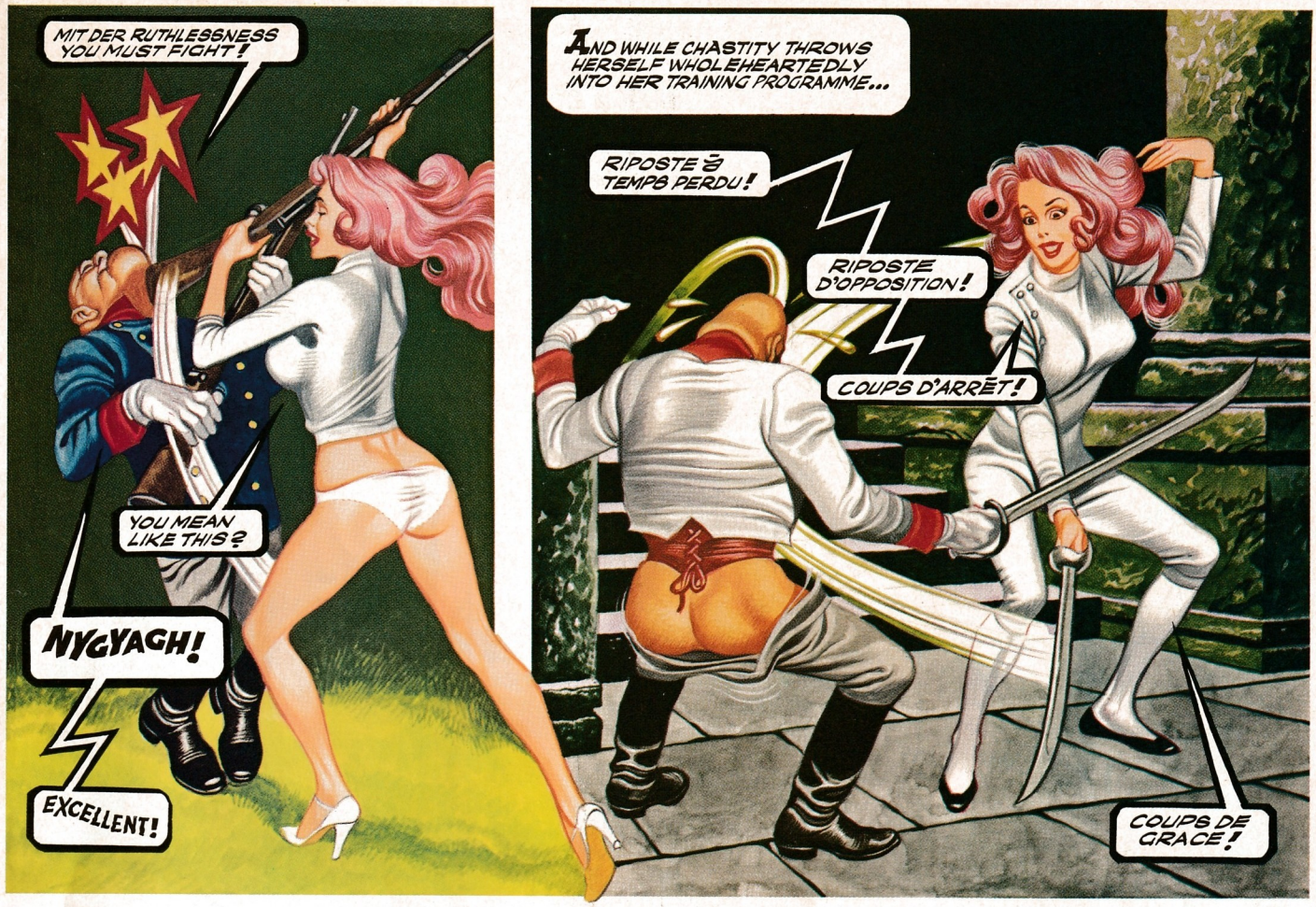
WE HAVE A FINE MILITARY ACADEMY OF OUR OWN—RIGHT HERE IN TRANSYLVANIA!


ESPRIT DE CORPS DOESN'T COME NATURALLY TO THE AVERAGE PLEBIAN, MY DEAR BARON. ONE HAS TO BEAT THEM A BIT AND PROD THEM OCCASIONALLY WITH A SABRE.....
....BUT IF YOU TREAT THEM WELL AND INSTILL THE RIGHT DEGREE OF FEAR THEY'LL STUFF THEIR HEADS IN A CANNON BARREL IF YOU SO ORDER IT!
SIT TO ATTENTION WHEN AN OFFICER LOOKS AT YOU!

HERE'S TO WAR, FRANKENSTEIN— THE INEVITABLE EXPRESSION OF MAN'S TRUE NATURE!

THIS IS THE MAN FOR YOU, BARON —PROVOST SERGEANT STIFFENRODD. ONE OF THE FINEST SOLDIERS THAT EVER SERVED UNDER ME!
SAH!
HE HAS NO INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY WHATSOEVER!
HIS MIND, APART FROM A CARBON COPY OF THE REGIMENTAL DRILL BOOK, IS A TOTAL BLANK!
HE'LL SERVE YOU WELL!


THIS IS MY WIFE AND MY NIECE, SWEET CHASTITY
OH, HE'S GORGEOUS! DO YOU DO EVERYTHING TO DRILL MOVEMENTS?
EFFERYTHINK!
THIS IS GOING TO BE A NEW EXPERIENCE!
REVEILLE AT COCKCROW?
WHAT THE HELL TIME IS COCKCROW?
I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M NOT GOING TO ENJOY THIS SPARTAN WAY OF LIFE!
NOW-VE HAF DER SHOULDERS BACK UND DER CHEST OUT THROWN!
GOTT IN HIMMEL!
OVER DOSE BUMPS ON DER CHEST PUT SOMETHINK!
IN DER VAY OFF EVERYTHINK DEY VILL GET!
VAT DID VE AGREE VAS DER FIRST RULE VEN DER FIREARMPS IS HANDLINK?
ER... THE SAFETY CATCH?
PREE-CIGELY! DER SAFITY KATCH! AGAIN VE VILL BEGIN!


MIT DER RUTHLESSNESS YOU MUST FIGHT!
YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?
NYGYAGH!
EXCELLENT!
AND WHILE CHASTITY THROWS HERSELF WHOLEHEARTEDLY INTO HER TRAINING PROGRAMME...
RIPOSTE À TEMPS PERDU!
RIPOSTE D'OPPOSITION!
COUPS D'ARRÊT!
COUPS DE GRACE!

...THE BARONESS ELEKTRA HOVERS ON THE SIDELINES, EAGERLY AWAITING THE RIGHT MOMENT
YOU DON'T SLEEP ON THAT THING?
YES! UND VAT IS MORE — I NEFER DRINK EXCEPT ON SATURDAY NIGHTS!

MEANWHILE, IN A PREFABRICATED SALOON IN THE YUKON, A THREADBARE THESPIAN RECITES TO A BEWILDERED AUDIENCE OF OIL RIGGERS!
HE LOOKS LIKE VINCENT! HE CAN'T BE VINCENT! VINCENT'S IN TRANSYLVANIA!
GET LOST!
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!
DROP DEAD!
BRING ON THE GIRLS!
WHAT IS A THREADBARE THESPIAN — WHO LOOKS THE SPITTING IMAGE OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN, DOING RECITING "THE BALLAD OF READING JAIL" TO A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE OF OIL RIGGERS?
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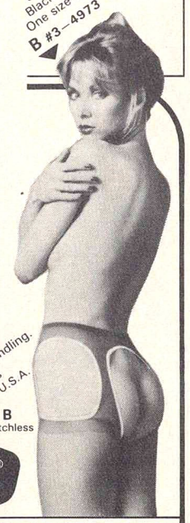

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BAR ESSENTIALS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

will make you friends for life. Celery sticks for stirring the aforementioned Bloody Marys will win you a reputation as a master of detail. Lime wedges will show your concern for your guests' vitamin C intake. Skip the maraschino cherries; they are an odious invention and should be avoided by anyone over the age of fourteen.

GLASSES AND ACCESSORIES

They're a crafty bunch, those glass manufacturers. Over the years, they've devised so many specialized shapes and sizes of glassware that the consumer has developed a terrible fear of mistakenly pouring a whiskey sour into a highball glass or a highball into a Collins glass. Fact is, though, you can get by perfectly well with two (at the most, three) sorts of glasses.

A good, all-purpose tumbler (eight to twelve ounces, and any shape that feels good in your hand; I prefer a squat, round, heavy-bottomed type) is perfect for any drink with ice in it. If it's just liquor and ice, pour three fingers and leave room to rattle the cubes; if a mixer gets into the act, fill 'er up.

So-called red-wine glasses (the rounded, bowllike ones) are in fact dandy for white wine as well and can do double duty for mixed drinks *without* ice. A martini straight up is 100 percent acceptable in a wine glass, as is a gimlet, a sour, or any fancy concoction you might whip up in the blender.

The only other sort of glass I think is worth the trouble having is a brandy snifter. Not only is this deep-hearted vessel the *only* way to really savor cognac, it's also by far the loveliest way to enjoy Scotch or bourbon *au naturel*.

When it comes to accessories, the would-be home bartender is faced with the nice paradox of overwhelming possibilities and underwhelming necessities. All you really need is a cocktail shaker and a corkscrew. A blender is nice, to be sure; but remember, there were daiquiris before there were Warings. A simple stainless-steel cocktail shaker, supplemented by due amounts of elbow grease, can do virtually everything a blender can. One bit of advice: get a shaker with a built-in ice strainer if possible; this minimizes instances of ice cubes skittering across your rec-room floor. As for corkscrews, of all the many designs on the market, the most rational is still the one you've seen waiters use a hundred times; it features a lever that gets propped on the edge of the bottle, so that you "jack" the cork rather than yank it. At a cost of only two to six dollars, depending on finish, this is the item you want.

And that about covers it. The only question that remains is, Where do you put your home bar once you've stocked it?

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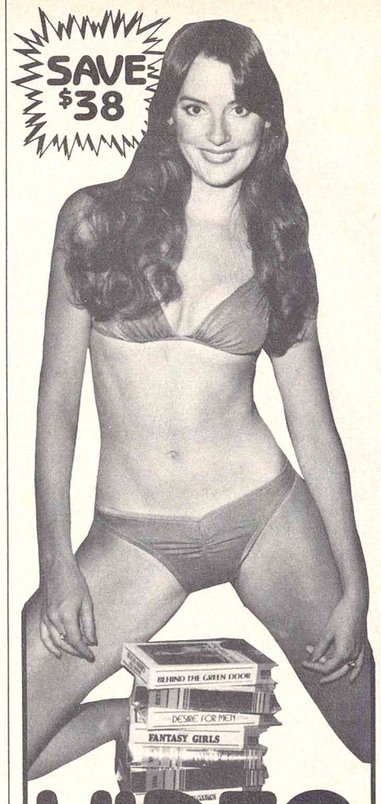

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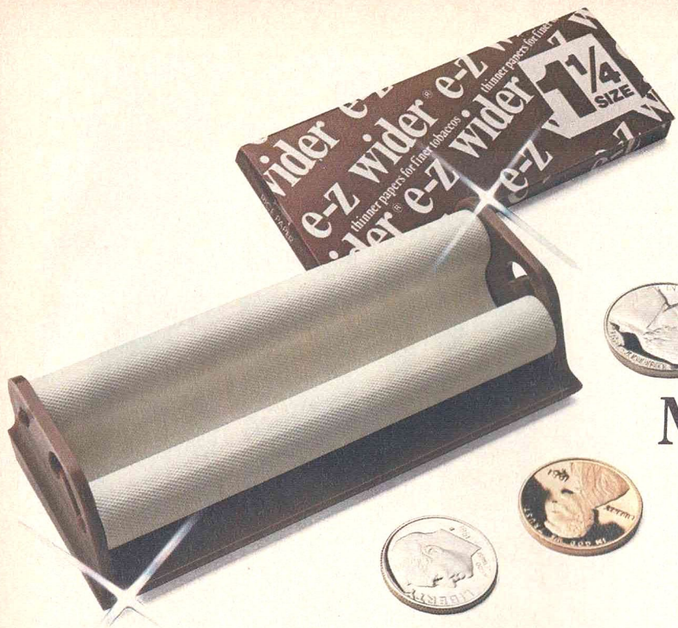

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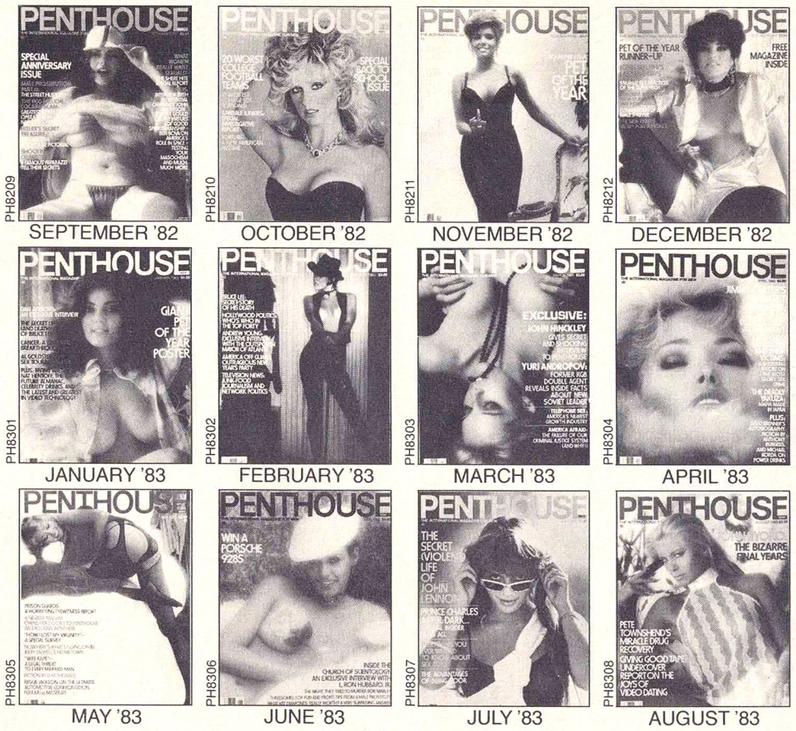

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

You're going to be my accountants. You can handle my PR." For about a year I had actors pretending to be office people and it was just hysterical. But then it went overboard, and it became a headache.

Penthouse: Ziggy was both an alien presence and a sneering, fuck-you sort of rock-star type—he was the rock 'n' roll alien inside every adolescent. But *Aladdin Sane* (1973), your next album and your next character, the one with the lightning bolt painted across his face, was darker, more decadent. Aladdin Sane or "a lad insane." Is that you?

Bowie: That's me having a go at trying to redefine Ziggy, and making him what people wanted. The *Ziggy Stardust* album told the whole story; there was nothing more to say. And I knew, when I was making *Aladdin Sane*, that the bottom had just fallen out of the whole idea. That was a tough period. I felt, for the first time and the only time, like I was working for somebody else. Tony DeFries and his Main Man organization had seemingly made me a star, and I felt obliged to do something to live up to Tony's expectations. Yeah, *Aladdin Sane* was kind of a sellout.

Penthouse: A lot of people think it's your best album. It certainly inspired the most lavish and elaborate stage show rock had seen up to that time, maybe the most elaborate one ever. But the show you mounted after *Diamond Dogs* was elaborate, too. Did you begin to realize then that there were limits to how elaborate your shows could get and still be rock 'n' roll?

Bowie: Yes, exactly. I was starting to feel that the costuming was the focus, and that's not what I wanted. I didn't intend for it to end up like another super-rock drag show, with every show bigger than the last—more costumes, lights . . . But one thing that seems to be a constant for me is that periodically I drop back and say, "Where did I come from? What am I doing? Let's go and examine some of the reasons why I wanted to do it in the first place." Like standing back from a canvas you've painted. And that was the first time.

Also, this was a period when I was mostly in America, seeing lots of soul shows, being taken to the Apollo Theater in Harlem. And that's when I started my whole affair with the Philadelphia sound and made *Young Americans*. Looking back, I think some of that music is quite funny to listen to. I was being very earnest. I really wanted to be a good soul singer; I was really quite naive in that way. I was hanging out only with blacks, wearing Puerto Rican clothes, chains and everything. And at that particular time I had a great commitment to drugs.

Penthouse: I understand you did some hanging out with Lou Reed and Iggy Pop, who weren't exactly strangers to drugs.

Bowie: I met them both the same night, at the same table at Max's Kansas City. There I was, with the two legends of our music! They were such spiky people, always digging into each other. . . .

Penthouse: You rescued both of them from a commercial and artistic slump.

Bowie: The first thing was that I just wanted to know about them, because they were so tremendous. Then I thought, "Well, if *I'm* having such success with records, maybe with my magic touch I can do stuff with them." It didn't turn out like that; I don't think I did a good job for Lou when I produced *Transformer*. But people had forgotten how great he was with the Velvet Underground, and at least I was able to . . . unearth Lou and Iggy, so that people became aware of them. And I'm very happy with the albums I produced for Iggy; I think he's got to go a long way to better *The Idiot* and *Lust for Life*.

Penthouse: In *The Boy Looked at Johnny*, a book about punk rock, two English writers, Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill, paint your friendship with Lou Reed and Iggy Pop as a kind of unholy trinity.

Bowie: That's a shame, because it was never their life-styles I was interested in, it was their music. The drugs I was interested in then were amphetamines and cocaine, because I always lived with such a fast-event horizon, and those drugs seemed to keep things happening. They kept me working as well. If I had to stay up three or four days to finish something, they gave me the ability to do that.

Penthouse: Unfortunately, you pay for it later.

Bowie: Absolutely; *I* paid with the worst manic-depression of my life. My psyche just went through the roof; it just fractured into pieces. I'd stay up for *weeks*. Even people like Keith Richards were floored by it. And there were pieces of me all over the floor.

I was living in Los Angeles, in a house with Egyptian artifacts, hallucinating twenty-four hours a day. And I began to see that physically and emotionally I had no time for anybody. I couldn't think outside of about here. [*He draws a tight circle in the air around his head.*] But coming out of it . . . My God! I felt like I'd fallen into the bowels of the earth; it took me two years, at least, to shake off the depression. I switched to drink to compensate, and it was a bottle of whiskey in the morning just to get rid of the depression. So I moved to Berlin and just went crazy. And it's a great place to go crazy. Nobody gives a damn.

Penthouse: Why Berlin?

Bowie: Because it was the antithesis of Los Angeles. The people there don't give a damn about your problems, they've got their own. They're not sycophants; they're tough and cynical. At the beginning of Hitler's rise, he knew Berlin was the one place he had to keep his thumb on, because it was so radical. There were so many left-wingers there, he really had to come down heavy. That same cynicism and radicalism are still there, and that was what I thought I had to put myself through. I thought if I could survive in Berlin without being mollycoddled, then I had a chance of surviving. Jimmy—Jimmy Osterberg, better known as Iggy Pop—helped an awful lot. He came over, got his own apartment, and the two of us hung out. He got me out of an awful lot of jams; that's friendship. The first two years there were pretty horrendous, in spite of everything he did, but going there, and getting out of LA—that was the best thing I could have done. It strengthened me not to be around the cocaine—and not to be around those people who would try to coax me back into it.

Penthouse: The albums that came out of your Berlin experiences—*Low*, *Heroes*, and *Lodger*—were collaborations with Brian Eno and had a lot of trancy, instrumental-repetition music on them. They also included some of your greatest songs—"Heroes," to name one—and most innovative music.

Bowie: I think for some time to come they're going to mean a lot to me.

Penthouse: A lot of what's going on with today's new-wave rock has its roots in those albums. Do you hear and see yourself in a lot of the new English stuff?

Bowie: I guess I look at it from this very jaded point of view. . . . But there's a certain . . . *vacuousness* that's always been associated with me that seems to be rampant now in England. People are struggling for the right images to conjure up this sort of cold nihilism. I must say, *my* images came from this terrific emotional input, from putting myself through an awful lot of desperate and tragic circumstances and experiences, creating problems for myself, which I take full responsibility for. But the images that came out were as real to me as the input that was going in. They represented my emotional fragmentation, my coping, and not coping, with certain situations.

I can't talk for other writers, but I get the feeling that a lot of what's being written in England by the new bands is from a superficial understanding of how such fragmented imagery is written and *why* it's written. Obviously I'm very close to my work in that way, but I still feel that a lot of my basic observations during those periods have so much more *meat* in their imagery than a lot of the imagery that's being put together in England. It's very presumptuous of me to say that, because I don't know any of them, who they are, where they've come from, and what they've been through. But I know I've been through those images, not just put them down on paper. I know what angst went into that stuff, and why it came out feeling so cold. Because I thought like that, I saw the world like that. And I don't believe they do.

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Let's keep the eagle around another hundred years.

But on the other hand, the pop-music scene in England has never been better integrated racially than it is now.

Penthouse: The pop scene in America has rarely been more effectively segregated. In fact, you really went against the grain when you hired a black producer, Nile Rodgers, to work on your latest album.

Bowie: I've never felt so much racism in America before. Nile Rodgers is very black-oriented, and when he was younger he was even more political. Working with him was an eye-opener, because he pointed out to me a lot of things I hadn't really noticed about America, about the changes that have taken place for him and how difficult it is now for him to get his music played on white radio or white television—and boy, he's talking *white* radio, *white* television. When I started watching the cable music channel, MTV, I found the racism extraordinarily blatant.

Penthouse: Yes, for a long time they seemed to be rejecting any video that was made by a black artist. Prince, Michael Jackson, and a handful of others have cracked that barrier and gotten videos on there, but I understand pressure had to be applied. As a matter of fact, I understand *you* applied some pressure when MTV interviewed you.

Bowie: They asked me the usual questions and I said, "Well, can I ask you a question for a change? Why have you opted for a white-music policy on your station?" And the answer that came back was so staggeringly obvious to them, they thought they were covered. They said, "Well, we get objections if we play black music." And I thought, *How can you sit there and actually* say *that?*

Penthouse: It seems odd that England's going the other way, because the political climate in the two countries seems to be so similar.

Bowie: But British pop music is such a . . . no, not a melting pot, thank God, because there's a great development that I find seems to be rampant all over the world: indigenous peoples and cultures are grouping together, with a kind of tribal feeling. In England, the Jamaicans, for example, are very Jamaican, yet they'll work with the whites, as long as it's recognized that they are one thing and the whites another. The melting-pot thing seems to be evaporating, and there's a new feeling of: yes, I *am* this, I *am* that, this is my culture and I'm proud of it . . . *now* I can work with you. And that, I think, is incredibly healthy. Because there's nothing more interesting and more challenging than meeting a person from another culture, and nothing worse than seeing a culture become dissipated and take on a kind of supermarket quality. If the Japanese are Japanese and the Africans are African, then they'll have something to offer each other.

Penthouse: What was it like working with Nagisa Oshima, director of *In the Realm of the Senses*, on *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence?*

Bowie: Working with him was my first experience of moviemaking that wasn't incredibly boring. I've spent more time making movies just sitting on my ass, waiting for my call, then doing ten takes of something and going away for another two or three hours while they change the lighting setup. Oshima canceled that out for me. Two takes and it was done, and then he'd take the film out of the camera and send it, literally in brown paper, back to Japan, where his editor put it all together. It was shot in sequence, the majority of it, and edited in camera. And for the first time I was caught up in the momentum of making a film.

Penthouse: Surely working with Catherine Deneuve and Susan Sarandon in *The Hunger* can't have been boring.

Bowie: Deneuve is great, totally unlike her public persona—a very funny woman, very witty. She's a real Parisian, and I found her incredibly charming. And I thought as an actress Sarandon was very dynamic. She pulled more out of the part than I thought was possible. I must say, I didn't imagine it would be that bloody towards the end. I very rarely go see bloody movies, so what I saw of it . . .

Penthouse: You seem to be spending as much time making movies as making music recently, if not more so.

Bowie: And I'm kind of ambivalent about it. In a way, I'm not sure I can take my film career seriously. I know why I'm doing it, what I want out of it: enough credibility to be considered as a potential director—that's what I want more than anything else. But until I made the Oshima film I never realized how much fun being an actor in movies could be. His approach was everything I've had out of music—freedom of choice, just being given wide parameters and being able to work in them any way that I wanted, deviating from the script, taking the nub of an idea for a scene and tossing it backwards and forwards with the other players to produce our idea of what we feel went down during that scene. Oshima made me consider how to look at a film script in the future, what I should look for in terms of my directors, how I'll be working with them. I'd like them to know that I want to contribute to the movie rather than just be in it. That's now going to be important.

Penthouse: Are you thinking about more stage acting? Your *Elephant Man* got amazing reviews.

Bowie: If I ever get offered another piece of the same quality. Everything I've been offered for Broadway since that has been absolutely awful.

Penthouse: How do you manage to put the same sort of intensity into every night's performance in a play like *The Elephant Man*? How do you avoid feeling repetitive and stale? Is it anything like singing the same songs every night on a rock tour?

Bowie: They're just the reverse. When I began doing *The Elephant Man*, I found I was very tight the first few weeks, and eventually I found I could interpret the part differently from night to night, basically by taking the feelings I'd had during the course of that day and taking them onstage with me. So Merrick would be very much as I was; if I'd been bored that day, he'd be a very bored Merrick. I've not applied that to rock; I found it the other way around. I would try to change the performance every night, and eventually I'd just run out of ideas and it would be the same performance for the rest of the tour. I'm trying to change that on this tour by drawing more on my experiences in the theater. But this is my first tour in a long while, and I find that I'm so excited and happy about doing it that it will probably be enough to get me through.

Penthouse: So here you are, barnstorming America again, this time as yet another character—David Bowie. You've got a black New York rhythm section and a white blues guitarist from Texas, and you're surprising people again. But rather than opening up an entirely new musical style, as you used to try to do on practically every album, you're going back and examining things you've touched on before but never explored in depth—funk, old-fashioned rhythm and blues, some jazzy ideas.

Bowie: The changes in my music seem to run parallel to my life. I feel as though a lot of things I did in the past have jelled, and there's some kind of cohesive whole now that there wasn't even five years ago. When I felt fractured, my music reflected that. At the moment, in music and in my life, I don't feel that I want to move into any startlingly new areas, that I would like to make the most of what I've done before.

Penthouse: You must be reliving a lot of things from your past by watching your son grow up. How old is he?

Bowie: Eleven. He's in and out on the tour, but I don't think that's any existence for a child. He has a lot of friends and is living what I hope is a reasonable childhood, without too many rock 'n' roll inflections. He's not a rock 'n' roll kid. But because of the kind of life I've lived, communication channels are very open between us. I hope and feel that he can always ask me about any kind of experience that he's going to go through, or wants to go through, or is going through, that he can refer back to me, 'cause I'll have done it. But I'm sure he'll find new things out there in a new world that I'll be completely out of touch with.

Penthouse: The kind of life you lead as a rock star doesn't seem to offer much opportunity to form lasting romantic attachments.

Bowie: I'm romantically unattached. Not on purpose—it just doesn't seem to come my way. Perhaps that's why I'm starting to write about it more.

Penthouse: Well, you'll know when it hits you.

Bowie: So they say.

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SAM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

me up. I found I was still pulling the trigger, and then I just, I don't know, it was trance-like . . . When the horn started blowing, I just ran away. I didn't know what else to do."

"You didn't want to be caught—is that the point?"

"Oh, I didn't want to."

"And you were not sure whether you had killed her or not?"

"I wasn't sure I shot anybody. You couldn't tell."

"And then you ran away?"

"Yeah, I just went back to my car."

"Did you walk or did you run?"

"I ran."

Berkowitz chose his first victim close to where he used to live. This is significant. Familiar with the surroundings, he killed Donna in what was emotionally his home territory.

About three months later, on October 23, 1976, he struck again. He told me:

"The second job was the Denaro-Keenan one [Carl Denaro and Rosemary Keenan in Flushing, Queens]. This was my second murder attempt with my .44. I walked up to the passenger-side window and opened fire. I was more frightened than they were. Only one bullet struck the young man, and he really wasn't the intended target. I had fired with one hand, and wildly. Boy, did I mess up. But really, I was very nervous.

"After the shooting, I ran to my car and drove off quickly to a White Castle [a hamburger place] on Northern Boulevard."

At the third attack, November 27, 1976, in Bellerose, Queens, Donna DiMasi and Joanne Lomino were shot and wounded. Berkowitz shot within five minutes of choosing his victims: "I saw them on the porch. . . . I then got out of the car, walked directly to the porch up the street, and fired."

Berkowitz was "nervous" during his first three shootings: "I realized I was doing something that was not only illegal but also dangerous. I, too, could have been killed or wounded. Perhaps the man in the car would pull out a gun and chase me. I didn't know what would happen. The possibility of an off-duty police officer or a patrol car passing through the vicinity when the shots were fired was also taken into consideration by me. So I guess I had a lot to fear."

With highly charged, narcissistic love, Berkowitz proclaims that he, too, could have been killed or wounded. The man in the car might pull out a gun and chase him. In making this remark, he had completely lost sight of who had started this murderous rampage.

In describing the fourth shooting, in Forest Hills, Queens, on January 30, 1977, where Christine Freund and John Diel were hit and Christine died, his tone was completely different:

"This did result in a homicide, to my joy at the time. However, this shooting was different than all the others, for two reasons. One, because I used two hands to fire the gun. Two, because I didn't have any fear. At this point I imagine I didn't care much anymore, for I finally had convinced myself that it was good to do it, necessary to do it, and that the public wanted me to do it. The latter part I believe until this day. I believe that many were rooting for me. This was the point at which the papers began to pick up vibes and information that something big was happening out in the street. Real big!"

This is a telling point. The public, in its fascination with this cunning killer, at least unconsciously spurred him on. It was like a game in which he pitted himself against an entire city. Berkowitz had become bolder and had abandoned caution when it came to his fifth attack. On March 8, 1977, he shot Virginia Voskerichian to death on a street in Forest Hills. He told me:

"Brazenly I traveled through that same neighborhood only a few weeks after the first shooting there. I spotted a girl walking up the street. She was pretty, slender, and dressed nicely. Without really looking about, because my eyes were focused di-

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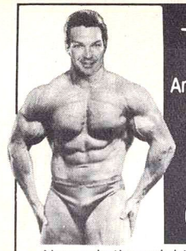

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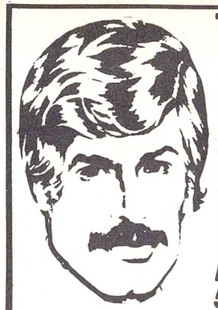

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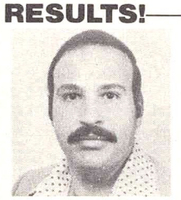

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rectly on her only, I just pulled out my revolver from a plastic bag and I shot her once in the face."

Why did he pick this particular person?

"I don't know why I chose her," he said. "I could hardly make out her facial features in the darkness. However, I was on the street for several hours—just walking, thinking, and prowling. Now that I look back on this, none of it makes any sense."

His murders didn't make sense. Yet the way he committed this one shows that he unconsciously wanted to be caught. This was the only time he killed in the early evening, at 7:30 P.M. All the other killings were carried out between midnight and 3:00 A.M.

The sixth shooting occurred a little over a month later, on April 17, 1977—a double murder of a young couple (Valentina Suriani and Alexander Esau) on the service road of the Hutchinson River Parkway.

"It was my best 'job' because it resulted in two deaths. Plus, I left my first carefully concocted note on the scene. My shooting pattern improved greatly due to my fearlessness, which slowly developed, and my two-handed shooting method. Four shots were fired. Three hit the victims out of four fired."

This time he gave the first hint of who he was, carefully omitting his real name, only calling himself "Son of Sam."

The seventh shooting was on June 26, 1977, in Bayside, Queens: "Two [Judy Placido and Salvatore Lupo] were wounded and I was angry. I don't see how that girl lived."

What is common to all of Berkowitz's murders is that his mind raised obstacles to killing. One week before he was arrested, he was on a "mission to Long Island."

"I went out to the Hamptons in the first week of August," he told me. "I had instructions to kill many people in Southampton. I had the guns with me and came to Southampton [in fact, it was East Hampton] late in the afternoon. I drove to the beach, Asparagus Beach, Amagansett. I sat on the sand a couple of hours. It started to rain and I had to go then."

"You had intended to kill someone and you couldn't kill because it began to rain?" I asked.

"Yes."

He wasn't a man who killed only upon orders of demons. They had ordered him to go out that day in August and kill. He had decided to do otherwise. Thus, he could control his murderous impulses, and his murderous behavior had been voluntary, deliberate.

Berkowitz's sexual feelings played a significant role in his mass killings, yet for a long time he minimized, even denied, that sexual emotions had anything to do with his murders. During my first interview with him, as I questioned him about his relationship with women, he began to talk about the demons who had wanted so much from him.

"What did the demons you refer to want from you?" I asked.

"The demons wanted my penis," he answered abruptly.

By then he felt he already had said too much, and he absolutely refused to go on. He wasn't ready; he had entered a mine field of explosive feelings, from which he hurriedly retreated.

Nearly a year passed before we took up the subject again. By this time he was in Attica prison. He was more relaxed than when we had talked at Kings County Hospital. He had gained weight. My previous contacts with him had been in an official capacity, as a forensic psychiatrist of the court. I had been requested to determine his fitness to stand trial. Now I wanted an answer to a question: Why did he kill?

There were several topics Berkowitz and I touched upon for the first time that day at Attica, but one remark in particular struck me.

"I joined the army," he declared, "in order to lose my virginity."

I remembered well that at Kings County he had bragged to me that he had lost his virginity at sixteen, when he had oral sex with a girl. His claim had sounded hollow at the time. In reality, Berkowitz's first sexual experience, as he later admitted, was in Korea when he was about nineteen years old. At Attica he told me that in Korea, if you wanted "to have oral sex, you went to one town, and if you had to have sex naturally, then you went to a different town. I was most satisfied when I did it to them, when I sucked them [cunnilingus]. They had to be clean, however."

The way he says "if you had to have sex naturally" suggests that he himself felt a lack of desire for actual sexual intercourse. His preoccupation with oral sexuality to the exclusion of genital intercourse, both in fantasy and in reality, suggests his immature sexual development—he preferred petting and fondling to adult genital intercourse.

Another sign of Berkowitz's undeveloped sexuality was his use of masturbation as a substitute for sexual intercourse. At the time Berkowitz went into the army, he masturbated compulsively several times a day, every day. Even when he raved against sex as a sin and was actively enrolled in every available church program, he couldn't wait to go back to his room in the barracks and masturbate. When he masturbated, he always fantasized he had a girl. And, he said, "When I did it, most often my fantasy involved oral sex between heterosexual couples. . . . I always fantasized about girls. Now I cannot go to sleep unless I masturbate first."

More and more in his sex life, fantasy had become his reality. While his neurotic shyness induced him to masturbate rather than approach a girl sexually, he never learned that a girl was capable of giving him better and greater pleasure.

His sexual fantasies about women were almost constant, but he did little to realize them in real life. He was a loner. In fact, he was afraid. Afraid of being impotent, he

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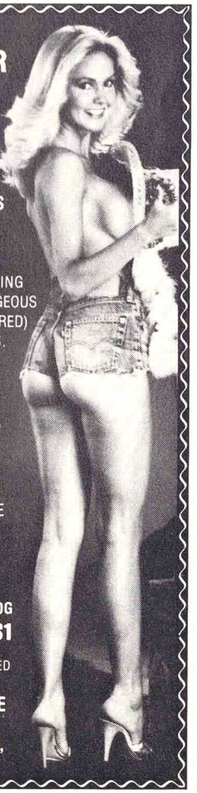

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blamed women for his own shyness: "When I returned home from the army, I tried to go out with some of the girls in Co-op City. They didn't find me attractive."

"How did you feel about it?" I asked.

"I began to hate girls. I always hated them," he said.

Almost every waking moment, he once told me, he found himself fantasizing, and he was greatly troubled by his fantasies. They were almost all either sexual or violent. "I'm really quite perverted," he confessed.

Berkowitz's sexual shyness did not grow out of thin air; it was rooted in the circumstances of his childhood. He knew from a very early age that he was an adopted child, and lived with the fear of being deprived of basic physical and emotional gratification. Having lost one mother, his biological mother, he feared he might also lose his second, adoptive one. This is, in fact, what happened. Pearl died of cancer when David was fourteen. This loss caused him so much anxiety and grief that it overwhelmed his feelings of love, inhibiting their natural expression.

Immobilized by a lack of maternal love, he had become too shy to approach a girl. In his early childhood, he fantasized about being close to the girls to whom he was attracted, but in reality he stayed far away from them. To complicate matters further, his relationship with his adopted mother, the most important woman in his early years, was always characterized by ambivalence. "I never liked to kiss," he recalled. "I remember Mom when she kissed me, but it wasn't affectionately."

When he lost Pearl at the beginning of his adolescence, love and affection became for him feelings intimately bound up with loss and separation—a poor preparation for adult relationships.

Berkowitz also associated physical affection with competition and antagonism. He told me, "He [his adoptive father] made me leave the room when they wanted to be alone. I resented it. I felt deprived. It was my father who took me out of the room. I asked him, 'What are you going to do, kiss?'"

Here we see the classical psychological confrontation of childhood in which the young boy battles the father for the affection of the mother. The beginning of self-determination is the child's way of coming to terms with this struggle, if he is to grow successfully into adolescence. But Berkowitz's ego was not secure enough for him to assimilate and transcend this experience. He could only turn toward his own fantasies to find an outlet for sexual desires.

If Berkowitz's sexuality was affected at this time by this unresolved Oedipal conflict, so also was his attitude toward authority figures. At one point during our initial conversation at Attica, having just discussed sexual matters, he launched into a diatribe against God: "I hate God, and I don't like him because of all the things he did. I blame him for taking my mother. I hate him for taking both my grandmothers. They both died. I hate him for making me, my life. . . . But I think he is a liar. He has disappointed me."

He continued: "I fear God, his power, his ability to kill, hell, a personal terror. God has a grip on me and many others via fear."

His fear of God was the same fear he had of his father when he challenged him for his mother's attention. He had to be his mother's favorite.

Within our sexual fantasies themselves, violence often plays a part. In the disturbed (though not necessarily psychotic) mind, however, these feelings literally fuse together, and the person may act accordingly. Such was the case of sexuality and violence in the life of David Berkowitz. Violence took over his sexually colored aggression. He confessed to me that he "had fantasized about shooting women for a long time." Although he had nobody in particular in mind, he knew it would be pretty women.

He fantasized about shooting women, and he fantasized about having sex with them. His hostile feelings toward women made him sometimes want to "cause bodily harm, but not while having sex." But despite this assertion, it is clear from the link he makes between the two that his sexual and murderous fantasies were very much closer to each other than he realized.

It is probable that as a child he had seen his adoptive parents making love and had since repressed that primal scene. In 1977 he was to be a witness to another love scene as he stalked Stacy Moskowitz and Robert Violante: as he explained, he had noticed a couple sitting in a car for an hour. He was sitting in the shadows in the playground, and their car was in the streetlight, so he could see whatever they did.

"They kissed and embraced," he recounted. He sat there watching them—and watching them aroused him. "I had an erection. They got out of the car and entered the playground. Then they went back to the car. "I had my gun out, aimed at the middle of Stacy's head, and fired. One bullet struck her head and another nicked her. I didn't even know she was shot, because she didn't say anything. Nor did she moan. Then I got in my car and drove off."

In observing the young couples, he felt he participated in the lovemaking, and to an intense degree he was also a voyeur, which he greatly enjoyed. In a twisted way he had become both a voyeur and a participant. He too wanted to partake in the act. When he shot his victims he was transfixed, continuing to pull the trigger as if he were both emotionally and sexually engaged.

I often wondered, in the course of my interview, why Berkowitz had chosen as his victims women in parked cars. As I became more and more knowledgeable about the case, his use of the car as part of the murder strategy grew in significance.

In one of my early letters to him, I had asked him if one of the couples he had shot was having a sexual tryst at the time.

"I'm trying to remember if Esau and Suriani were having sex. I know they were embracing," he replied, "but I can't remember if they had their clothes off or not. If they did have their clothing off, and were engaged in sex, then I would be somewhat justified in killing them. Sex outside of marriage is a heinous sin."

I kept returning to the subject, finally suggesting to him that since he had been so upset at the idea of Betty Falco, his real mother, "sitting in those parked cars with Kleinman," he may have felt some connection. He later wrote me:

"Betty never told me that she ever sat in a car or that she was impregnated in a car. But it is true that many unwanted children are brought into this world as a result of careless sexual encounters in automobiles. As for these parked cars, I cannot say what drew me to them. Maybe you could take an educated, professional guess. I'm at a loss to explain the hidden motivations. Maybe it was just a question of opportunity—a chance to catch them off guard and with their pants down, to catch them unawares, so to speak."

My educated guess is that he was indeed trying to "catch them off guard and with their pants down"—literally. His reunion with Betty Falco was enough to send him off on his murderous expeditions, enough to make him want to catch a woman with her pants down and to punish her—he was that furious and that disappointed with his newfound mother. The style of the killings was also in all probability related to his feelings about her. In his mind there was a connection between her and the young girls. He may have been associating his victims—young girls—with his own mother when she was young and had become pregnant with him. It was as if he wanted to relive a situation he had fantasized about, a situation associated with both sexual pleasure and the "sinfulness" of his natural mother.

I remembered what he had told me at Kings County Hospital—that he had no feelings about his first victim, Donna Lauria. Asked further about it, he admitted:

"I was literally singing to myself on the way home, after the killing. The tension, the desire to kill a woman, had built up in me to such explosive proportions that when I finally pulled the trigger, all the pressures, all the tensions, hatred, had just vanished, dissipated, but only for a short time. I had no sexual feelings. It was only hostile aggression. I knew when I did it, it was wrong to do it. I wanted to destroy her because of what she represented. I never knew her personally. I knew what she represented."

"What?" I asked.

He answered, "A pretty girl, a threat to me, to my masculinity, and she was a child of God, God's creation. I couldn't handle her sexually."

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BODIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

lis would be out front to greet the girls and their friends. They hired a videotape crew to tape them being hugged and kissed by all the beautiful girls.

Scotty didn't enjoy these parties as much as the ones on the beach. And the old beach crowd was being replaced by a new group of businessmen, who were attracted by the girls. McCloud and Ellis were inviting all their contacts and working deals while the businessmen enjoyed the cute girls. McCloud and Ellis were determined to earn back some of the money they had invested in the Program. They were using the parties to gain entry to the upper echelons of L.A.

For Scotty, a lot of the fun of hustling had gone out of the Program. It had started out as a pure philosophy. Now it was being commercialized and he didn't want to be part of it. Even so, after living on the beach, the idea of going back to his garage apartment in Costa Mesa didn't sit too well with him. He had been anticipating this problem for some time, and he had been restoring old Porsches, selling them, buying others, and repeating the cycle until he had some money in the bank. To show his independence, Scotty stopped driving the Pantera that Ray McCloud had lent him and began driving his own vintage car, a Porsche 911.

At one party he overheard Gary Ellis bragging about his natural abilities with women.

"I've created a philosophy I call the Program," Ellis boasted. "If you use it, you can get any woman you want. Every girl is looking for a bigger and better deal. If you can create her fantasy of herself, you'll have her."

Scotty knew it was time to leave.

The final break came one Sunday morning after a big party. McCloud and Ellis were standing in the kitchen, holding court with their Beverly Hills friends.

"The buddy system means if you're my buddy, you meet my girls."

"You guys make me sick," Scotty interrupted. "I've created a couple of monsters. You guys don't care about the girls. You care about getting the biggest scores and impressing your friends. You guys are abusing the Program."

McCloud came right back at him.

"Guilty!" McCloud said. "I specialize in girls from outlying areas, girls who have *never* been to a great restaurant, never been backstage at a rock concert, never ridden in a limousine. Hell, I'm a beachfront finishing school!"

"We take the girls shopping, buy them the right clothes, introduce them to modeling agents," Ellis said. "If they can make it, then we've given them the ultimate bigger and better deal."

"Every guy wants to fuck those girls," McCloud chimed in. "They fantasize, they dream about it. The difference is that we're doing something about it!"

That was all that needed to be said.

Scotty grinned and shrugged his shoulders. He went around the house gathering up all his toys. They had stolen his program, but he didn't care.

"Stay in touch, kid," McCloud called as Scotty walked out the door.

"I'll do that," Scotty called back.

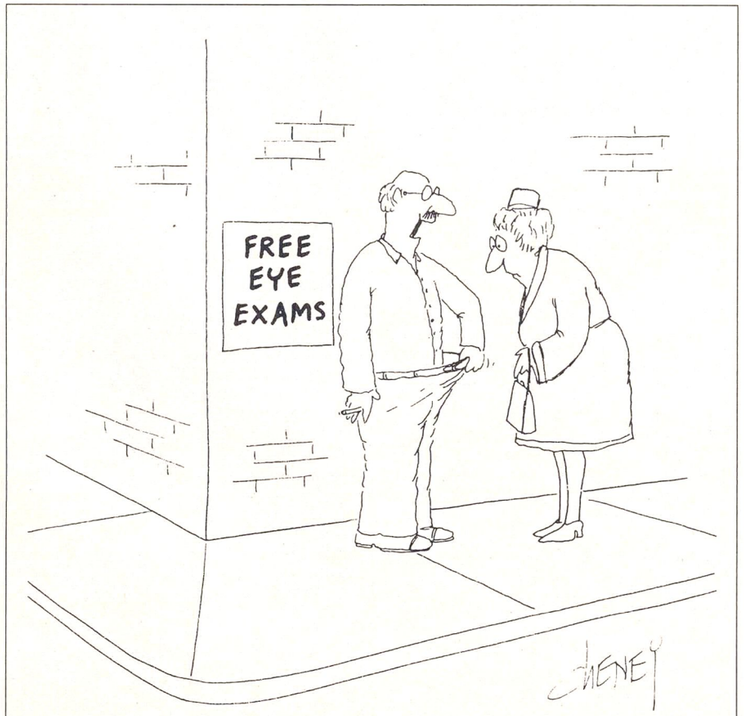
"And come to the party we're having next week," Ellis added. "The Stray Cats are going to be there."

Scotty breathed a sigh of relief when he walked out on the beach. A fresh breeze was kicking up some fine tubular breakers. Each breath of salt air filled him with a happiness he had not felt in a long time.

He walked down the Strand. It was still early in the day, but already a bunch of Hardbodies were working on their tans. Scotty recognized a few of them, younger ones, even more beautiful and sexy.

He stopped by a tall, relaxed Hardbody wearing a Porsche T-shirt. He froze in his tracks, then backed up in exaggerated pantomime so she would notice him. She was stretched out, but she pulled down her sunglasses and smiled at him.

"You like Porsches?" he asked. "I've got a cherried-out 356 convertible that's the most beautiful in the world. . . ."



"How many do you see?"

A HARDBODY'S LEXICON

Bob and Weave—A girl on Quaaludes
Buddy System—*Mia chica es su chica*
Buff Job—A marginal girl who uses what she has
Closing, a Done Deal—Getting ready to Put the Shot In
Dialoguing—Thirty seconds of fast-talk to get a phone number
Fins, Dolphins—The filmy jogging shorts Hardbodies look so great in
Guns—Top-end bikini filling
Knockout Blow—See Put the Shot In
Maillot—A revealing woman's swimsuit
Marble sack—A revealing man's swimsuit
Nasty—A kinky girl
On the Board—Getting something going
PE—A Pussy Eater, lesbian
Put the Shot In, To Hammer—To make love
Reamo, Roll and Tuck—Remodeling job, i.e., plastic surgery
Solid, Strong, High Numbers—An attractive girl
"There Are No Tens"—The perfect girl doesn't exist
Tools—The car, the Jacuzzi, the elements of seduction
Torqued Out, Amped—Post-drug anxiety or restlessness, boredom

GAMES

ANSWERS FROM PAGES 174 and 176

BIG SECRETS

1. True. According to Poundstone, the president of Burger King says the fries are sprayed with a sugar solution. The sugar "caramelizes in the cooking fat, producing the golden color that customers expect." Without this coating, the fries would be the same color outside as inside—a pasty white.
2. False. There's no prune juice in Dr Pepper.
3. True. Whole anchovies go into Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce, and the mixture ages for two years before bottling. By that time the sauce has "digested" the fish, leaving only its flavor.
4. False. There are no eggshells in an Orange Julius "unless specifically requested by the customer," said a company spokesman.
5. True. According to Poundstone, seaweed is the "carrageenan gum" once referred to on the label.
6. True. The yucca sap keeps the bubbles from breaking, giving root beer its characteristic head.
7. True. The ingredient isn't "bobcat urine," as some rumors have it, but it is a civet cat secretion, produced when the animal is stressed.
8. Ivory Liquid.
9. The Colonel's 1966 patent (#3,245,800) for a "process of producing fried chicken under pressure" tells exactly how to cook the birds but doesn't reveal the "eleven secret herbs and spices."

Poundstone's analysis found four ingredients: flour, monosodium glutamate, salt, and pepper. There were no detectable herbs whatsoever, and only the two commonest spices, salt and pepper.

10. The main ingredients in McDonald's Secret Sauce are a thin, pourable mayonnaise, with a little tomato paste for color, and some chopped pickles. By most definitions, this is Thousand Island dressing.
11. Bottom bun, Secret Sauce, lettuce, cheese, meat, onions, middle bun, Secret Sauce, lettuce, pickles, meat, onions, top bun.
12. Coke has more orange, Pepsi has more lemon.

TURTLE CLUB

1. Shake hands.
2. Pockets.
3. Chewing gum.
4. Johnson's wax.
5. His head.

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THE $1,000,000 INTERNATIONAL PET OF THE YEAR

In just a few weeks, *Penthouse* magazine will present a worldwide television spectacular: the International Pet of the Year Pageant, featuring over forty-four of the world's most elegant and sexy women, including our own U.S. Pet of the Year, whose identity will be revealed in the December issue. They will be competing for the richest prize in beauty contest history—a staggering $1 million in cash and gifts. In this behind-the-scenes report, author Lawrence Linderman shows how Bob Guccione's revolutionary concept of a beauty contest extravaganza, with girls as real as the girls in *Penthouse*, has become television history.

UPI

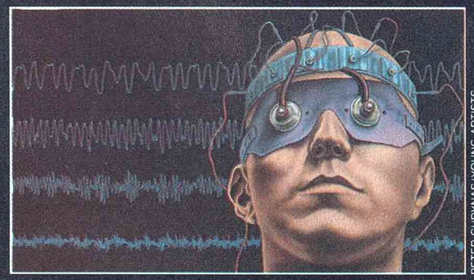
THE LEGEND OF KAREN SILKWOOD

Karen Silkwood is widely believed to have been murdered when she was about to reveal startling antinuclear information to a *New York Times* reporter. Since her death nine years ago, antinuclear activists, feminists, and labor-student coalitions have adopted her as someone worthy of sainthood. Next month a movie about her life, starring Meryl Streep as Karen, is scheduled for nationwide release. But as *Penthouse* reporter William Tucker discovered, Karen Silkwood was a far cry from the way she is popularly portrayed. In what is bound to be one of the most-talked-about articles of the year, Tucker also shows how the facts of her death have been obscured by many people to serve their own purposes.

HERMAN KOKOJAN/BLACK STAR

OPERATION RHEINGOLD

As the Communist East Germans increasingly tighten their grip on the citizens of East Berlin in 1961, Caspar, the nephew of Chairman Walter Ulbricht, becomes embroiled in a dangerous cat-and-mouse game involving German freedom fighters and American spies. In this special preview of his new novel, William F. Buckley, Jr., America's leading conservative writer, proves once again that he is also a master of espionage, surpassing even his previous Blackford Oakes best-sellers. Buckley's thriller, *The Story of Henry Tod*, will be published by Doubleday & Company.



PETER GUDYNAS/YOUNG ARTISTS

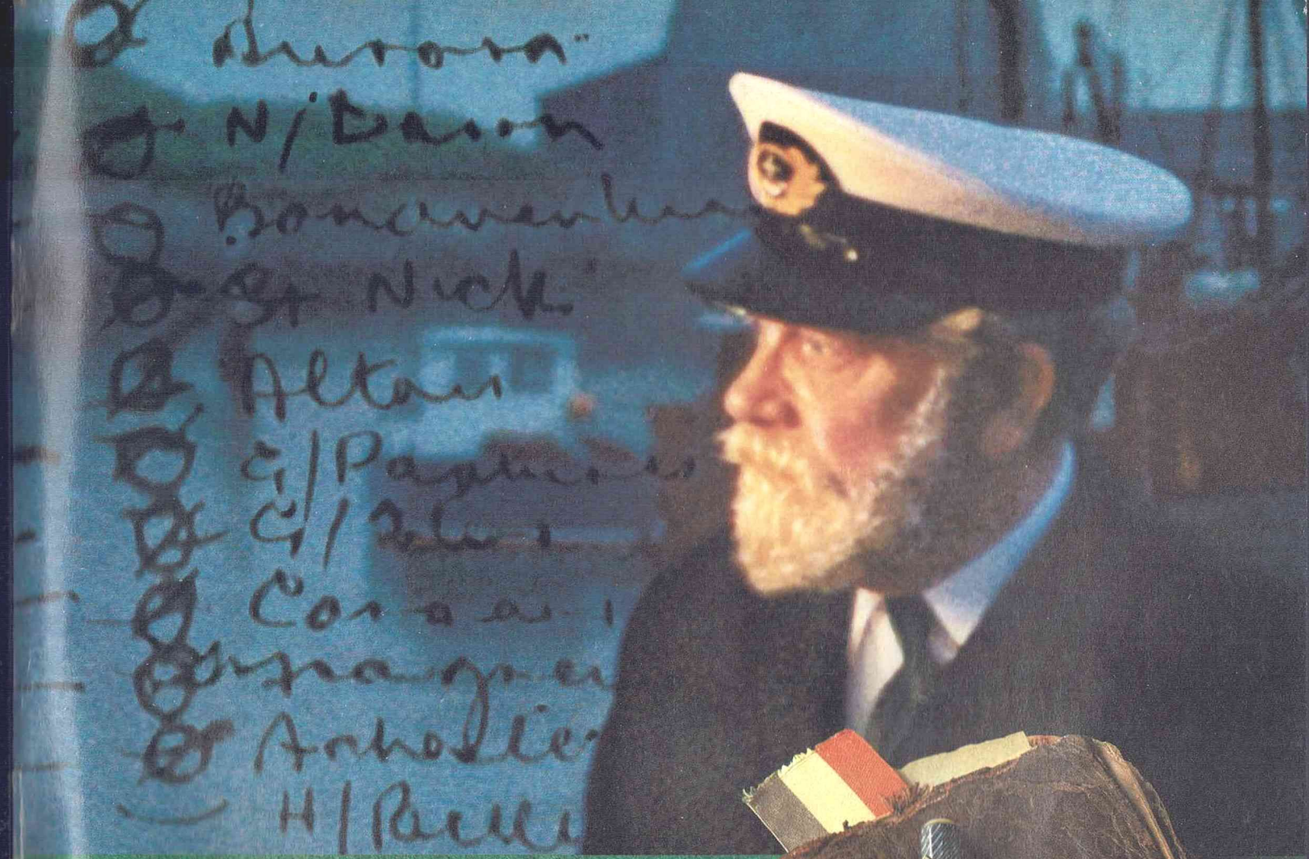
CLOCKWORK MEN

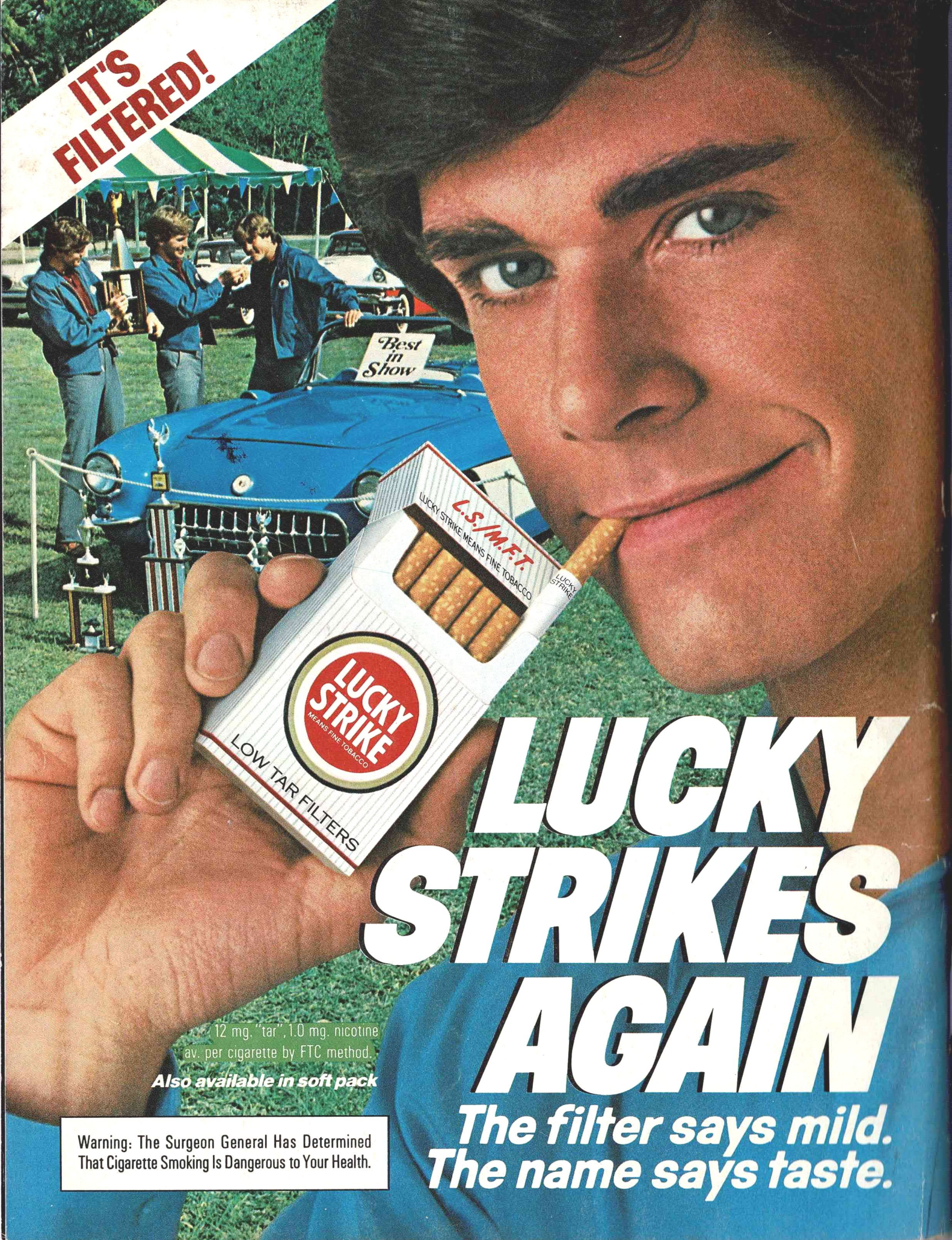
In a best-selling novel of 1973, *The Terminal Man*, author Michael Crichton told a harrowing tale of science fiction in which a group of neurosurgeons, with power on their minds, contrive to wire an individual to a computer in order to correct and command his behavior by remote control. Now—ten years later—Crichton's nightmare vision has come true. Ashley Montagu, one of America's leading social scientists, and Floyd Matson expose the growing threat of psychosurgery and electrical stimulation of the brain as ways to control any citizen with a so-called potential for violence. Excerpted from their forthcoming *The Dehuman Syndrome* (McGraw-Hill), this is a persuasive argument against the mass production of good behavior.

CHRIS WALTER/RETNA

LAY, LADIES, LAY

The best rock 'n' roll has always been about sex. So why have men gotten most of the attention and been proclaimed the biggest rock stars? Contributing Editor Nick Tosches rectifies this unfairness with a survey of some hot beauties who grace today's new-wave rock scene. The beach is littered with all sorts of Go-Go's, Waitresses, Belle Stars, Bananaramas, and so on. Some girls are great, others are fair, and a few sound like they fry eggs on their G-spots. Bow Wow Wow!

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